CLAUDIAN the POET

His Elegant HISTORY of

RUFINUS,

A moſt corrupt and rapacious PRIME MINISTER to the Emperor *THEODOSIUS*.

MOUNT *ÆTNA*

Poetically Deſcribed;

With a Curious and Exact Account of its

FIERY ERUPTIONS.

To which are added

The moſt beautiful Paſſages in CLAUDIAN, STATIUS, ORPHEUS, ARATUS, and EURIPIDES, rendered into *Engliſh* Verſe.

ALSO

LETTERS Moral and Entertaining.

By Mr. *HUGHES*.

LONDON,

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To Her GRACE the

DUTCHESS of *Bedford.*

MADAM,

THE Relation I bore to the dear Author of the following Collection will acquit me, if I am as partial in my Opinion of them, as earneſt in my Wiſhes for their Succeſs: And whether I con-

ſider them as an Orphan that wants Protection, or a Monument erected to his own Credit, it becomes me to gratify what would have been His higheſt Ambition, humbly to ask the Patronage of the moſt Benevolent, or to conſecrate them as a Teſtimony to the moſt Honourable and Diſtinguiſh'd Worth.

Had he lived to introduce them to the World, his Poem on the *Fourth* of *November* would have pointed out a Patron, to whom every thing that regards the Cauſe of Liberty could with

moſt

moſt Propriety be addreſs'd. Fired with Zeal for the Subject, and warm with Admiration of Patriot Virtues, He would have been able to do ſome Juſtice to your Noble Conſort, and his Illuſtrious Anceſtors.

A Subject equally agreeable would have directed him where to inſcribe the EPITHALAMIUMS, and given a fair Occaſion to celebrate an Event, which has fixt the Applauſe of his own Sex, and ſilenced the Envy of ours.

For my-ſelf, unequal to Characters which demand a maſterly Judgment, and unable to de-

ſcribe your Joy, which requires the utmoſt Delicacy of Sentiment and Language, I muſt be content to expreſs my ſincere Wiſhes for the Continuance of it in the Words of the Author,

Live Happy Both, crown'd by the Pow'rs above;
Abundant be your Joys, and permanent your Love!

I am,

with the greateſt Reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful,

and moſt obedient Servant,

SARAH HUGHES.

TO THE READER.

THE *ingenious Author of this* MISCELLANY, *ſoon after he had prepared the Poems for the Preſs, was ſeized with a* Hectic *Fever, of which having languiſhed about Six Months, he died on the* 17*th of* January 1731, *in the* 46*th Year of his Age. The Publication has been ſo long delay'd by ſeveral Accidents needleſs to be mentioned. They were writ (a few only excepted) when he was very young; and as he was afterwards continually engaged in publick Buſineſs, he had little Leiſure to reviſe and correct them. However, it is hoped the Reader will find that they are animated with a truly poetical Spirit; and that ſome both of*

the Original Poems *and* Tranſlations *are ſo elegantly turn'd, as to ſeem not unworthy the Hand of his juſtly admired Brother,* JOHN HUGHES, *Eſq;*

Mr. Le Clerc *inſerted ſeveral Lines from* Grotius's *Poem on the Death of* Arminius, (*which is here tranſlated,* p. 101.) *at the end of his Funeral Oration for that learned and pious Divine,* Philip à Limborch; *and, in his* Bibliotheque Choiſie, *Tome* 24, *p.* 367, *he gives this juſt Character of them:* "*They de-*
"*ſcribe the Miſchiefs and ill Conſequences of*
"*the Diviſions among Chriſtians, and the Du-*
"*ties of Divines upon that Occaſion, in ſo*
"*juſt and lively a manner, that* I *have read*
"*nothing comparable to them in ſuch ſort of*
"*Compoſitions. They are not a dull* Imitation
"*of the Antients, who never writ any thing*
"*like them; but (if* I *may ſo ſpeak) the No-*
"*ble Enthuſiaſm of a Heart filled with the*
"*Love of* Virtue, Charity *and* Peace; *and*
"*thoroughly convinced of the Weakneſs and*
"*Imperfection of all Human Knowledge.*

As to the Letters *in this Collection, which were written occaſionally,* feſtinante calamo,

and

and never intended for the Preſs, it is preſumed they will recommend themſelves to the Approbation of the Reader by that Vein of Piety and Good Senſe which runs thro' the Whole.

Beſides what is contained in this Volume, the Author publiſh'd, in the Year 1714, *a Tranſlation of the Rape of* Proſerpine *from* CLAUDIAN, *in three Books; and the Story of* Sextus *and* Erichtho *from* LUCAN's Pharſalia, *Book 6, in Octavo. Theſe Tranſlations, corrected and enlarged with Notes, were reprinted in Twelves in the Year* 1723. *It appears by the following Excellent Letter to Mr.* FABRICIUS, *that he intended to have preſented this Book to that Learned Divine. He alſo obliged the Public, in the Year* 1717, *with a new and accurate Tranſlation of* SUETONIUS's *Lives of the Twelve* Cæſars, *illuſtrated with uſeful and entertaining Notes, and adorn'd with Cuts; and tranſlated ſeveral Novels from the* Spaniſh *of* Cervantes, *which are inſerted in the* Select Collection *of* NOVELS *and* HISTORIES, *printed for* John Watts, 1729.

VIRO

VIRO CLARISSIMO,

Et de Re Literariâ præclarè merenti,

JOANNI ALBERTO FABRICIO,

Apud Hamburgenſes S. S. Theol. D. & Prof. Publ. S. P. D. J. H.

VIR EXIMIE,

BInas haſce Verſiones, ex Claudiano & Lucano, in patriam Linguam, quas novem ante Annos juvenili Ardore feſtinanter adornavi, quum ad Examen maturius nuper revocabam, tot ferè ubique Erroribus ſcatere deprehendi, ut plurimum erubeſcerem, eas Publici Juris eſſe factas. Quapropter, quantum Occaſiones meæ ſinerent, protinus

protinus me accingebam eaſdem cum Originalibus ſedulò conferre, pravas Interpretationes emendare, &

Malè tornatos Incudi reddere Verſus,

Ut prioribus Maculis jam tandem abſterſis, in medium denuo prodirent limatiores, & Lapſus qui primam Editionem ſævè deformabant, hujus iteratæ felicior cura emendare poſſet, & redimire. Cujus voti denique compos factus, Tibi hunc parvum Libellum, Summi Honoris & Obſervantiæ Gratiâ, quibus nomen tuum V. C. libentiſſimus proſequor, tranſmitti curavi.

Tam tenue munuſculum lætâ fronte precor, non dedigneris accipere; quod te facilè conceſſurum perſuaſiſſimum mihi habeo, quippe nequaquam fieri poteſt, quin tibi, qui *artes tam fideliter didiciſti*, ſint mores ab omni faſtu & ſupercilio, quæ docta nomina ſæpe turpiter dedecorant, abhorrentes. Me quidem tale judicium de te concipere jubent tua Scripta, quæ non tantùm Eruditionem penè incredibilem, ſed & indolem ſuavem & candidam gratiſſimè exhibent. De aliorum ſcriptis quam acutè ſimul & humaniter judicas, dum tua talia fingis ut vel aſperrimum judicem minimè debeant declinare. Nemo ſanè eſt, qui bonas Literas vel à Limine ſalutavit, quin tuos magnos & egregiæ Famæ Labores, quibus eas proſperè promoviſti, & ultra, ut fido & ſpero, adhuc es promoturus, omni admiratione ſuſpiciat iiſque ſummoperè delectetur. Bibliotheca tua utraque, Latina ſcilicet & Græca, ut de cæteris tuis eximiis ſcriptis in præſentia taceam, facilè tibi condent *Monumentum Ære perennius*; & memoriam tuam Omnibus, Doctrinam Græcam & Romanam, Divinam atque Humanam, ſincerè colentibus, chariſſimam

ſanè

ſanè & immortalem pariter efficient. In tanto, fateor, opere, non ſatis mirari poſſum Cognitionem illam accuratiſſimam non illorum tantùm Authorum, qui Orbi literario erant familiares, ſed & illorum etiam, qui viros in hæc Palæſtrâ ſatis exercitatos non rarò effugerant, & quorum Nomina & Opera penè evanuerant.

Quantâ Diligentiâ utriuſque Linguæ Scriptores enumeraſti! Quàm breviter, & quàm plenè tamen, & hiſtoriam ſcriptoris, & quæ ſcripta ejus extant, proponis! Curâ quam enucleatâ omnes Editiones, ſive confectas, ſive promiſſas, & in hodiernas Linguas Transfuſiones, harum omnium virtutes & vitia leviter ſimul attingens, Lectori exhibes! Rem adeò implexam, & tantis tenebris altè obſeptam, cui tot erant Libri evolvendi, ſcrutandi, & penitùs ruminandi, tot & tam diſcrepantes opiniones tanti agminis variorum Authorum, ejuſdem ſtadii partem decurrentium, ſolerter expendendæ, non ut aliorum Labores facili & turpi furto ſegniter exſcriberes, ſed ut ex tam vaſto cumulo, tuâ ipſius manu, tanquam totius molis Architecto peritiſſimus, Ædificium quoddam exornatum, ſolidum, & ſibi omni parte συμμετρον pulchrè extrueres. Ad ardua hæc omnia officia ritè & felicitèr exequenda, opus erat non tantùm induſtriâ indefeſsâ, ſed etiam integerrimo judicio & perſpicaciſſimo ingenio, i. e. talibus judicii & ingenii acumine & eminentiâ, qualibus te, V. C. præditum eſſe uno ore Orbis eruditus haud illibenter agnoſcit.

Vale, digniſſime Vir, & teſtimonium hoc minimè fictum propenſiſſimi in laudatiſſimum tuum nomen deſiderii, benevolâ interpretatione gratum habeas, dum DEUM O. M. enixè rogo, ut te diù ſoſpitem reddat, vitamque

vitamque in longam ſenectutem protrahat, ad HAMBURGHI tui honorem, ad bonarum Literarum auctionem, & Eccleſiæ ſuæ ædificationem & commodum.

Dabam Londini, menſe
Septembris, Anno 1724.

P. S. Epiſtolam hanc per tot menſes antehac conſcriptam interpellationes improviſæ ad præſens tempus diſtulere, ex quo evenit, ut alterum volumen penè paravi, quod citò prælo ſubjicere ſpero, in quo continentur varia opuſcula, ex Græco, Latino, & Hiſpanico Sermone in vernaculum tranſlata: Horum agmen ducit Cornelii Severi Ætna, ſi modò Severi ſit, de quo aliquantiſper me adhuc hærere fateor ob rationes, quas in Præfatione expoſiturus ſum.

THE

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PROSE.

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PROSE.

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ERRATA.

Page 10. ver. 13, for *his* read *the.*
Page 17. ver. 5, from the bottom, read *may be.*
Page 37. ver. 7, read *the* Pierian *Cave.*
Page 48. ver. 14, read *Hermus.*
Page 111. ver. 6, from the bottom, read *rolls.*
Page 119. ver. 1, read *I once was.*
Page 138. ver. 7, read *One.*
Page 152. ver. 9, read *the Sight.*
Ibid. ver. 11, read *chearly.*
Page 152 & 153, read *Adonis.*
Page 154. ver. 9, read *its Deluge.*
Page 155. ver. 3, read *my shaded.*
Page 158. ver. 6, from the bottom, read *the Day.*
Page 164. ver. 15, read *Intrusted.*
Page 170. ver. 15, read *Cleonæ.*
Page 177. ver. 3, read *O! how.*
Page 230. line 4, from the bottom, read *to an.*
Page 271. line *penult.* read *comport with.*
Page 280. ver. 7, read *Show'rs.*
Page 290. line *ult.* read *of Breath.*

ÆTNA.

ÆTNA.

A

POEM.

Tranſlated from the *Latin*.

The TRANSLATOR's

PREFACE.

THE *Author of the* Latin *Poem of* Ætna *is unknown, as appears by* Donatus *in his Life of* Virgil. Barthius, *in his Notes on* Claudian, *refers it to* Manilius, *and in his* Adverſaria *to ſome Chriſtian Writer. Others have aſcrib'd it to* Virgil, *and others to* Cornelius Severus, *his Cotemporary, under whoſe Name it is publiſh'd by* Le Clerc: *But the* Teſtimonia *he annexes to his Edition are far from juſtifying this Opinion.* Scaliger, *the Father, aſcribes it to* Quintilius Varus; *but the Son ſays it muſt be* Severus's, *from the Authority of* Seneca, ex Verbis Senecæ, Corn. Severi eſſe neceſſe ſit; *tho' that Paſſage of* Seneca *enforces no ſuch Concluſion, for* Seneca *only ſays, that* Severus *was not diſcourag'd from writing on this Subject by its having been already treated by* Ovid *and* Virgil, Ne Severum quidem Cornelium uterque deterruit; *which by no means determines this particular Poem to be* Severus's *Work.*

Work. That it is not Virgil's, *ſeems evident from the Diſagreement in Style obſerv'd in this and the known Pieces of* Virgil. *It has not the Clearneſs of Expreſſion, nor the Method, which is viſible in* Virgil's *Writings, even in his juvenile Performances. Both* Virgil *and* Ovid *have indeed occaſionally mention'd the ſurpriſing Effects of this celebrated Mountain, but it does not appear that either of them compos'd a ſeparate Poem upon it; and I imagine it is only from thoſe looſe and general Preſumptions, that this Work has been referr'd either to* Virgil *or* Severus, *it having deſcended without a Name.*

However, tho' Scaliger *the younger ſeems too raſh in aſcribing this Poem ſo poſitively to* Severus, *he is undoubtedly right in the Judgment he forms of the Work itſelf, that it belongs to a maſterly and truly-poetical Hand, and that no Copy has ſuffer'd more by Age, and has been tranſmitted to us with greater Errors.* Scaliger *himſelf has taken particular Pains to reform it; and* Le Clerc *has alſo made conſiderable Improvements. But, after both their Attempts, it ſtill remains ſo perplex'd and defective, that, I preſume, whoever compares the* Latin *and the Tranſlation, will readily forgive the Errors in the laſt.*

ÆTNA.

ÆTNA.

Tranſlated from the Latin.

ÆTNA, that from her broken Cells expires
Wide Inundations of exploded Fires;
The fruitful Cauſes of the furious Flame,
The ſtern Convulſions that diſturb her Frame,
Shall be the Subject of my following Song,
(For Nature's Wonders do to Verſe belong.)
Inſpirer of the Muſe, propitious ſmile;
From *Xanthos*, *Delphos*, or the *Delian* Iſle,
Reſort to bleſs my Numbers, God, and bring
The tuneful Siſters from their ſacred Spring,
To crown my Vows; if you ſupply your Store,
I ſafely ſhall purſue a Path untrod before.
Who has not heard of *Saturn*'s Golden Reign?
When none with Labour ſow'd the fruitful Grain,
Nor clear'd from riſing Weeds th' encumber'd Plain;

But annual Harveſts freely fill'd the Floor,
And Vines, unpreſs'd, ſupply'd their gen'rous Store:
When fragrant Honey from the Leaves diſtill'd,
And Oyl ſpontaneous dropp'd upon the Field.
While Men, invited by a Life ſo ſweet,
Made quiet Cottages their humble Seat.

Such Themes, by daily Uſe, are common grown,
And better than the preſent Age are known:
Who has not ſung th' adventrous Youth of *Greece*,
To *Colchis* ſteering for the Golden Fleece?
Troy laid in Aſhes by th' *Argolic* Train?
The Mother weeping for her Children ſlain?
The Serpent's Teeth? the Feaſt *Thyeſtes* made?
The Fraud of *Theſeus* to the Fair betray'd?
And whate'er daring Deeds have been expreſt
By antient Poets, and in Fables dreſt.

A Theme untouch'd our Verſe attempts to ſing;
From whence th' unwaſted Fires of *Ætna* ſpring;
What Cauſes give them Vent, when, from below,
Huge molten Rocks with frightful Roar they throw:
On all around deſcends the ſulph'rous Stream,
And ſweeps the Country with the driving Flame.

No Faith is due to what the Poets feign,
That *Vulcan* do's within the Caverns reign,
And lab'ring at the Forge, rolls out the Tide
Of furious Fires, and ſhakes the Mountain's Side.
As if a Care ſo ſordid cou'd employ
The ſacred Pow'rs inhabiting the Sky;

But far remote in Heav'n ſublime they reign,
And the baſe Toil of Human Trades diſdain.
As fond is, that beneath the hollow Cave
Their noiſy Shop the brawny *Cyclops* have,
With heavy Hammers on ſtrong Anvils beat
The dreaded Bolt, and mighty Strokes repeat.
A ſhameleſs Fiction, ſo abſurd and vain,
As no pretended Proofs can e'er maintain.
Nor leſs prophane is, that the Giants Brood,
Oppreſs'd beneath, eject the fiery Flood.
This impious Race, they ſay, with mad Deſign,
To ſtorm the Starry Seats did boldly joyn,
Jove to depoſe, and rule with dreadful Awe;
And on the vanquiſh'd Heav'n impoſe the Law.
Down to the Groin a Human Form deſcends,
But in a Serpent's Folds their monſtrous Figure ends.
Huge Mounds, to help the hideous Battel, riſe;
On *Pelion Oſſa*, and on *Oſſa* lies
Olympus' Bulk, and ſwells within the Skies.
From theſe with fearleſs Inſolence they ſtrove
To ſcale the Spheres, and win the Seats above.
The furious Band attempt the trembling Sky,
And to the Combat all the Gods defy:
While *Jove*, in Terror, caſt his Lightnings round,
And hiſſing Bolts, with formidable Sound.
Th'enormous Crew aſſail, with barb'rous Cry;
With wrecking Winds he vindicates his Sky,
And rattling Thunders ruſhing from on high.

The Gods all haſten at the fierce Alarms,
And run unanimous to ready Arms.
Mars fought amain, and ev'ry Deity;
But long their Fears in equal Balance lye,
'Till *Jupiter* his Maſter-Thunder play'd,
And their proud Piles in ſhatter'd Ruins lay'd.
Cruſh'd with their Works, the Rebels were ſubdu'd,
With Mother Earth, who ſtill their Strength renew'd.
Then to the World was Peace reſtor'd, and then
Gay *Bacchus* viſited the Skys agen;
The Gods triumphant take their former Place,
And for their Heav'n ſecur'd, receive the Victor's Grace.
Enceladus by *Jove*, above the reſt,
With bell'wing *Ætna*'s monſtrous Weight was preſt;
He ſweats beneath the Load, and ſtill expires
From his wide Jaws, the Flakes of mounting Fires.
Such empty Fictions the fond Vulgar hold,
By ſportive Wits in lofty Poems told.
As idly they pretend in Verſe to ſhow
The gloomy *Manes*, and the Ghoſts below;
The Realms of Death, where ruthleſs *Pluto* reigns,
The *Stygian* Waters, and the dreery Plains:
To them we owe the *Dog* with triple Roar,
And *Tityus*' Bulk which ſpreads ſev'n Acres o'er.
Thee, *Tantalus*, they vex, in Plenty plac'd,
That ſtill provokes, and ſhuns thy ſtill-deluded Taſte.
They ſing how *Minos* gives the Shades their Laws,
With *Æacus*, and clears the dubious Cauſe.

Condemn'd

Condemn'd by them, the ſad *Ixion*'s bound,
Fix'd on his reſtleſs Wheel, that rolls for ever round:
With other Legends of imagin'd Scenes,
Which in her Womb the ſecret Earth contains.
Nor here they ſtay; ev'n into Heav'n they pry,
And trace the hidden Actions of the Sky:
They know the Civil Wars of Gods above,
The Forms in which they fought forbidden Love:
How for *Europa*, *Jove* a Bull became,
And now a Swan, to win his *Leda*, ſwam:
How glitt'ring in a precious Show'r he roll'd,
And vanquiſh'd *Danaë* in a Rain of Gold.
Such Liberties as theſe the Poets take;
But I of Truth a ſtrict Relation make;
I ſing what fervid Springs of Matter fry
In *Ætna*'s Hollow, and the Flame ſupply.
Where-e'er this ample Ball extends around,
And the deep Ocean rolls its Waves profound,
It is not ſolid all, but Pores divide
The ſever'd Globe, and yawning Caverns wide;
And like an Animal, in Veins below,
To feed its Life, its Blood the Waters flow;
And in its Bowels ratling Winds are bred,
Which, ſtrugling upwards, break their darkſome Bed.
Or when the crude Materials of the World,
In rude Diſorder and Confuſion hurl'd,
Were portion'd out, and gave a beauteous Birth
To the new Forms of Heav'n, and Seas, and Earth;

Heav'n drew the purer Seeds, the Sea the next,
And lumpiſh Earth was of the coarſeſt mixt;
A diſcontinu'd Body; as in haſte
A huddled Heap of Stones together caſt,
And ill-compacted, of unequal Size,
Hollow beneath, and all disjoynted lies:
Such is the Globe; not one united Maſs,
But broken Channels thro' her Bowels paſs.
Or thus at firſt theſe ſecret Pores were ſluc'd,
With Earth coëval, and not ſince produc'd;
Or elſe the Winds, in cloſe Confinement pent,
Shatter the Soil, to force a various Vent;
Or Waters, ever-running, waſh away
The wearing Ground, and ſilently decay;
Or Fires, ſuppreſt beneath, with Rage demand
An upward Paſſage thro' the ſunder'd Land;
Or all theſe Elements together jarr,
And meet diſcordant in inteſtine War.
But here the Cauſe 'tis needleſs to purſue,
When the ſure Fact is manifeſt to View.
For who that ſees ſuch num'rous Fountains ſpread,
And ſtart emerging from their ſecret Bed,
Can doubt that Vacancies in Earth are bred?
Nor can they ſuch a copious Stream ſuſtain
By Vapours only, and by falling Rain,
But ample Hollows muſt include below
The plenteous Fund, from whence the Torrents flow:

And rolling Rivers frequently are found
To diſappear, and plunge beneath the Ground;
In roomy Gulphs abſorb'd, they periſh quite,
Or blindly running on, conceal'd from Sight,
Guſh ſudden up, and iſſuing out again,
Revive their Current on the diſtant Plain.
If ſpacious Channels thus the Soil divide,
T'imbibe the Treaſures of the ſmother'd Tide;
A Track for riſing Fountains muſt be found,
And various Voids muſt perforate the Ground.
If Rivers, ſwallow'd up, are wholly loſt,
Or rais'd again, a ſecond Birth can boaſt;
Unknown before, if others make their way,
And from new Sources a new Stream diſplay,
Where is the Wonder, that the working Wind
Shou'd ope it ſelf a Paſſage, when confin'd?
Of this undoubted Proofs we may receive,
And the rent Earth can ſad Examples give;
Breaches immenſely wide, of dire Affright,
And Chaſms vaſt, where the deſcending Sight
May ſtrange Abyſſes view, and Ruins hid in Night.
Ev'n ſavage Beaſts can with their Feet, we find,
Delve deep in Foreſts ample Caverns blind.
So ſpacious are the downward Dens they frame,
That Floods of Water ſcarcely fill the ſame.
From all theſe Inſtances thus clear to View,
If juſt Deductions ſtrictly we purſue,

We ſhall conclude, that in the dark Profound,
The like Effects may eaſily abound.
For Fire, by Nature fierce and violent,
More fierce becomes in ſtreighten'd Caverns pent,
And reſtleſs ſtrives, and breaking ev'ry Band,
Works out its Way, and ſeparates the Land;
And when the ſtony Ground reſiſts their Courſe,
Th'indignant Flames a Paſs obliquely force.
This ſhakes the trembling Earth; when, coop'd beneath,
Thro' ſubterraneous Veins the Spirits breathe,
And kindle Motion, which cou'd never be,
If Earth were ſolid, and from Clefts were free;
No Prodigys, that cauſe ſevere Delight,
Or Spectacles uncouth wou'd fill the Sight,
But the dull Ball wou'd reſt a dead, unmoving Weight.
If we ſuppoſe theſe Fires are only bred
In ſuperficial Hollows, and are fed
In upper Chinks; 'tis falſe, and daily Sight
Diſproves our Error, and will ſet us right;
For where the Cells an open Mouth diſplay,
The falling Fires ſoon languiſh and decay;
And the free Winds, compreſs'd in Space no more,
Abate their Fury, and no longer roar:
But when in narrow Priſons they're inclos'd,
They heave and ſtruggle, in their way oppos'd,
And puſhing thro' the ſhatter'd Soil, repair
To ſhake their Wings aloft, and skim in upper Air.

The furious Blaſt o'erturns the trembling Wall,
And tott'ring Towns, at once ſupplanted, fall.
From hence the faireſt Omen we may frame,
(If an Event ſo ſtrange, Belief may claim)
The World ſhall change its preſent Form again,
And Chaos re-aſſume his ancient Reign.
Since Earth is riven thus with ſecret Flaws,
The buſy Winds thro' various Veins ſhe draws;
As *Ætna* clearly ſhews; nor need'ſt thou here
Seek for the Cauſes, which ſo plain appear;
For many Wonders which the Hill ſupplys,
From evident Originals ariſe.
There yawning Breaches gape, and level here
Her Sides entire without a Wound appear:
And the deep Rock reſiſts the fiery War.
Amid the Strife, ſome Parts are firmer fixt,
And ſtand the Flames, which prey upon the next.
From theſe rude Shocks th'embowell'd Mountain wears
A dreadful Aſpect, and indented Scars.
The myſtic Theme inflames the learned Mind
The certain Cauſe of the ſtrange Fact to find.
The Fires will ſoon an Information give,
And what our Eyes behold, we muſt believe.
So might we try and prove it by the Touch,
But the fierce Flames forbid a near Approach;
And the hid Pow'r who rules th'inteſtine Fray,
To Diſtance drives all Witneſſes away.

Yet

Yet may we judge what tortures thus the Hill,
And who conducts so great a Miracle.
Now Clouds of burning Sand involve the Sky,
And flaming Fragments now are whirl'd on high,
Rent from the Mountain's Root; and all around
The bell'wing Caverns thunder with the Sound.
And now the Burnings labour with the Weight
Of dusky Ruins in their cloudy Flight;
Jove from above the hideous Strife admires,
The mounting Fogs, and Floods of licking Fires;
And fears the Giants shou'd rebel again,
Or *Pluto*, weary of his sooty Reign,
Shou'd seek to win his Heav'ns serener Plain.
And fearing this, with his Almighty Hand
Holds down amain, and helps the strugling Land.
Aloft the Stones and putrid Sand are borne,
And as they pass the Tunnels overturn;
Not of themselves they mount, but wanting Stay,
By rushing Winds are hurry'd on their Way;
The mix'd Ingredients are compell'd around,
And toss'd and bandy'd in the vast Profound.
This kindles Burnings in the Mountain's Frame;
The fanning Winds provoke the languid Flame;
For tho' the Fires their Vehemence retain,
And press for Passage, yet they press in vain,
For Want of Aid to lift them from below,
But swiftly follow, when the Spirits blow;

The Wind, as Head-Commander, leads the Way,
The ready Fires the leading Wind obey.
Now having ſhewn the Soil, and whence proceeds
The ſwelling Wind, and what the Burning feeds,
I'll ſing what makes the fierce Convulſions ceaſe,
How the huſh'd Hill is lull'd in ſudden Peace:
Immenſe the Labour which I here prepare,
But the Reward will anſwer to my Care.
Man ſhou'd not, like the Brutes, whoſe only Good
Is with a downward Head to graze their Food,
On Nature's Wonders ſtare with ſtupid Eyes,
But ſearch the ſev'ral Springs from whence they riſe,
And worthily aſſert his Kindred Skies:
How many Elements, and what, explore,
The World compoſe, and why they are no more:
If a laſt Period waits the mighty Frame,
Or rolling Ages ſtill ſhall flow the ſame.
To know the juſt Dimenſions of the Sun,
And certain Compaſs of the changing Moon;
Why in the Year twelve times ſhe runs her Race,
Which he but once compleats with tardier Pace:
What Stars obey one Meaſure in their Dance,
And which, erratic, variouſly advance:
The Times and Laws the twice ſix Signs retain;
Why the faint Moon foretells deſcending Rain;
Why fluſhing red her Planet warmly glows,
While the fierce Sun a paler Aſpect ſhows;

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And as they paſs the Tunnels overturn;
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The mix'd Ingredients are compell'd around,
And toſs'd and bandy'd in the vaſt Profound.
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What Stars obey one Meaſure in their Dance,
And which, erratic, variouſly advance:
The Times and Laws the twice ſix Signs retain;
Why the faint Moon foretells deſcending Rain;
Why fluſhing red her Planet warmly glows,
While the fierce Sun a paler Aſpect ſhows;

Why change the Seaſons; how the Spring is loſt
In Summer, Summer is by Autumn clos'd,
Moiſt Autumn is in hoary Winter drown'd;
The Chace continu'd in perpetual Round.
To know the diſtant Polar Stars, and whence
The Comets ſhed their baleſull Influence;
Why *Lucifer* appears at Dawn of Day,
At Ev'ning *Heſperus* with kindling Ray;
When ſlow *Boötes* ſhines; why *Saturn*'s Star
Is wayward, griping; *Mars*' provokes to War,
And which on Seas befriend the ſailing Mariner.
The Bearings of the ſwelling Sea to know,
And various Courſes of the Skies foreſhow,
Orion's Track, and *Sirius*' ſultry Way,
Their ſev'ral Aſpects, and their ſev'ral Sway,
With ev'ry Miracle in Nature's Store,
Not blindly blended in the ruder Ore;
But in their proper Seat to range the Whole,
Is the ſublimeſt Pleaſure of the Soul.
But Earth firſt claims our Thoughts, and ſearching
As nearer us, than the Cœleſtial Sphere:
Vain Hopes and Madneſs of a mortal Mind
To ſeek the Secrets of the Skies to find,
And ſlothfully to ſlight a Scene that lies
So nobly great, and juſt before our Eyes!
Our Pains on Trifles meanly we employ,
For paltry Gain, inceſſant Labours try,
And paſs the worthy Arts and uſeful Science by.

By Day and Night the Peaſant tills his Lands,
Till callous from the Glebe return his horny Hands;
The Nature of the ſev'ral Soils he proves,
Which ſuits with Corn, or Vines, or ſhady Groves;
Where Graſs will thrive, or Foreſts ſhoot on high,
And which will beſt the feeding Flocks ſupply;
Dry Ground, he knows, will fatning Olives pleaſe,
And with the rougher Elm the wet agrees.
His Mind and Body thus are drudg'd amain,
To fill his Casks, and heap his Barns with Grain,
And Ricks with Fodder for his bleating Train.
Still greedy thus of Gain without a Bound,
In Thirſt of Gold we break th' embowel'd Ground,
The trailing Silver in its Veins exquire,
With delving Ir'ns and Force of ſearching Fire.
Let each with gen'rous Arts improve his Mind;
Theſe are the Fruits becoming of our Kind:
Be then our Study, Nature's Works to know,
And the ſtrange Cauſe of *Ætna*'s Fits below:
Let us not trembling view the lab'ring Hill,
As Heav'n were threat'ning in the Miracle,
But ſee what ſhuts the Winds, and feeds the Fires,
And what all ſuddenly ſtill Peace inſpires;
What violates the Truce, and arms agen
The hoſtile Fray, and tumults all the Den:
Whether the Flames their ready Rage renew
In open Cells above, expos'd to View;

Or Earth, thro' narrow Pores attracting Air,
Wakes with the Wind the loud tempeſtuous War:
For where the Mountain elevates on high
Her ragged Spire, within the clouded Sky,
Here freely ſhe admits the paſſing Air,
With open Paſſage, and rejects it there;
Thro' ſev'ral Gaps ſhe lets a diff'rent Wind,
Which multiply their Fury, when combin'd:
Or Exhalations, iſſuing from beneath,
Preſs for a Vent, and thro' the Crannies breath;
Or Waters, ent'ring thro' the Mountain's Side,
Force the fierce Spirits onwards as they glide,
And daſh into a Heap whate'er reſiſts their Tide.
As in an * Organ, firſt the puſhing Air,
A Maſs of Waters do's before it bear,
And ſwiftly in their Turn, their liquid Kind
Drives thro' the hollow Pipes the vanquiſh'd Wind,
Which ſtrongly from its ſtrait Confinement ſent:
Comes loudly rattling thro' the narrow Vent;
Still as the Waters preſs, the Spirits ſound,
And ſpread the bubling Symphony around.
So Water, meeting Air in *Ætna*'s Womb,
Contends with Fury in the narrow Room,
Loud Groans, and Murmurs dire from the deep
Mountain come.
Beſides, like Cauſes ſpring the breathing Wind
Below, as here in open Air we find:

For

* Organon Hydraulicum.

For when the Fires on various Bodies prey,
Some, diſengag'd and looſen'd from their Stay,
Fall thro' the Void, and with the weighty Blow
Strike others off, and bear them down below.
If you ſuppoſe that other Things beget
Theſe Hurricans of Wind, 'tis certain yet
The burſting Caverns, tumbling in, expel
The ſtrugling Air from the demoliſh'd Cell:
So where a River has o'erflow'd a Field,
A breathing Gale the ſteaming Vapours yield;
And from the Valleys Exhalations riſe
In heavy Miſts within the troubled Skies:
Ev'n ſlender Streams impel their ambient Air,
With bluſt'ring Atoms, fuming from afar.
If then in open Air, the ſwelling Wind
Such Pow'r obtains, what is it when confin'd?
Pent in, it puſhes round with reſtleſs Force,
When Waters meet, and choak it in its Courſe:
As in the Billows of the toſſing Sea,
The laſt protrudes the former on its Way,
So the preſs'd Spirits, with reſiſtleſs Might,
Hurry along groſs Bodies in their Flight,
Thro' burning Veins, till with the piercing Flame,
The Matter melts, and from her hollow Frame,
Hot *Ætna* vomits out a fiery Stream.
If you believe, thro' the ſame Pores the Wind
Deſcends, and do's returning Paſſage find,

A thouſand Things, which clearly ſtrike our Eye,
Diſprove th' Opinion, and the Fact deny.
Tho' the blue Air ſerenely breathes around,
And open Beams ſhine golden on the Ground,
A pitchy Cloud, which humid Vapours fill
And double Night, o'er *Ætna* hovers ſtill,
And loftily ſurveys the Labours of the Hill;
No Fires diſperſe it, but with th' ambient Air
It lightly wheels around, and ſettles here.
Yet on the ſteepy Crown, where ragged Flaws
The Mountain wears, and opes her yawning Jaws,
The Natives dare with Rites the Gods adore,
If the huſh'd Fires, ſubſiding, ceaſe to roar.

You ask then, ſince the bellowing Spirits fly,
And tear the Rock, and hurl the Flames on high,
Why with the Force they never burſt around
The hollow Arches, that ſupport the Ground:
To this; ſo ſwift their nimble Torrent flies,
They 'ſcape the feeble View of human Eyes:
Thus in Luſtrations, when the Prieſt the Band
Beſprinkles round, and waves the ſacred Brand,
The whirling Sparkles on our Bodies hit,
And harmleſs dye, as ſoon as they alight;
And kindling Flames on ſmoking Altars laid,
Burn up direct, nor on the Hedges ſpread,
Nor ſcorch the Graſs upon the flow'ry Plain;
The Trees their leafy Honours ſtill retain;

While od'rous Fumes from burning Incenſe play,
And the mild Fires affect no farther Prey.
Thus whether from above the Winds conſpire,
Or bred below, 'tis they awake the Fire;
Black Clouds of Sand they wildly toſs on high,
And glowing Stones in dreadful Vollies fly,
And with affrightful Roar aſſail the Sky.
So when the Groves outrageous Tempeſts rend,
This Way and that the rattling Branches bend;
Againſt each other laſh th' entangled Boughs,
And chafe and kindle with the furious Blows.
But here the Vulgar's ſtupid Tale beware,
That the ſpent Hill, its Loſſes to repair,
Is calm a while, till re-inforc'd again,
New Floods of Fire are ſpouted on the Plain.
The Pow'rs that o'er th' inteſtine Fray preſide,
Are not with Stores ſo ſcantily ſupply'd,
But endleſs Magazines at hand provide.
'Tis true, a Truce ſucceeds; but whence the Cauſe,
Is yet unknown; and oft her grinning Jaws,
Choak'd up with Ruins, hold th' included Wind,
Beneath the Rubbiſh, in the Jail confin'd.
Then the chill'd Mountain, weary'd in the Fight,
Securely may clomb without Affright:
But quickly rallying, with impetuous Sway,
The Winds burſt thro' th' oppoſing Bands their Way;
The Fires rekindle, with new Rage ſupply'd,
And ſtream afreſh adown the Mountain's Side,

Subvert whate'er reſiſts them as they go,
And overwhelm the ruin'd Fields below:
When the Winds ceaſe, 'tis true the Storm is o'er,
But the Hill yields an unexhauſted Store
Of ready Food, in ev'ry ſecret Vein,
To feed the fainting Fires, and raiſe again;
Still boils the Sulphur, and inceſſant fries
A clammy Liquor, and the Flame ſupplies;
And fat Bitumen in its ſecret Mine,
And all combuſtible Materials joyn:
For ſuch as theſe the horrid Soil compoſe,
As ev'ry Stream that from the Mountain flows,
By its infected Waters clearly ſhows.

One Part is rocky, and diſſolving feeds
The Fire with Oyl, that from its Veins proceeds;
And other Stones are found, without a Name,
Which melt, and foſter the perpetual Flame;
But the prime Matter is the Miller's Stone,
Which claims in chief the Mountain for its own;
By Sight and Touch, you never wou'd ſuppoſe
A Flint ſo hard cou'd ſecret Fire incloſe;
But if you try it once with claſhing Steel,
A Blaze of Sparkles will the Truth reveal:
Caſt in the Flames, it ſoon becomes their Prey,
And readier runs than Ir'n, and melts away;
Becauſe its Nature, eaſily expell'd,
Is vanquiſh'd, when in ſearching Fire 'tis held.

Yet

Yet its own native Flames ſecurely dwell,
And fear no Force within their hollow Cell;
And ſcarcely can the ſullen Stone be brought
To vomit out the Fire with which 'tis fraught;
Slow it receives it in its trailing Veins,
But when admitted, ſtubbornly retains.
Yet can we not conclude, that this ſupplies
The chief Materials whence the Burnings riſe,
Becauſe it boaſts the greater Part alone
Of *Ætna*'s Hill, and is the Maſter Stone,
With Properties indu'd, ſurprizingly its own.
This farther Voucher to the Truth remains;
All other Matter that the Hill contains,
Once ſet on fire, is quite conſum'd, or lyes
A Heap of Aſhes dead; this Stone defies
The fierceſt Flames, and all their Vigour tries;
Endures the hot Attack, and ſlowly burns,
And yielding at the laſt to the dry Pumice turns.
In other Parts tho' flaſhing Fires ariſe,
The languid Stone, as its pale Hue implies,
Sufficient Matter for the Flame denies.
Th' *Ænarian* Iſle, 'tis thought, was once the ſame,
Tho' now the Soil has choak'd the ſmother'd Flame;
And thus for Years the Fields that lye between
Naples and *Cuma*, cold and quench'd have been,
And ſtill tho' Sulphur iſſues from the Vein,
'Tis only gather'd up, and ſold for Gain.

An Iſle there is, 'tis ſung by blazing Fame,
Whoſe circ'lar Figure has produc'd its Name,
Which more than raging *Ætna* do's abound
With Sulphur, tho' all ſolid is the Ground;
The rugged Stones the Seeds of Fire compriſe,
But rarely thence or Fumes or Flames ariſe,
Or the weak Flame, exhauſted, quickly dies.
Sacred to *Vulcan*'s Pow'r, another Iſle
Was once on fire, but now th' extinguiſh'd Soil,
Quench'd for the greater Part, affords a Bay
For ſuff'ring Veſſels from the boiſt'rous Sea.
The ſmaller Part continues burning ſtill,
Tho' with leſs Fury than th' *Ætnean* Hill:
Ev'n this long ſince had ceas'd, but from below,
Thro' private Paths, freſh Veins of Matter flow,
And fanning Winds, thro' hollow Channels ſent,
Awake the Fires, and buiſily foment.
But from the Thing itſelf the Truth is plain,
Nor ſhall we ſeek the certain Cauſe in vain;
For from the Mountain's Cells, diſpers'd around
Its ſhatter'd Sides, hot glowing Stones are found;
Which plainly proves the Milſtone do's ſuſtain
The furious Burnings with its copious Vein,
Which languiſh when this fails, and dye again.
When flaming out afreſh, th' indignant Stone
On ev'ry Hand with fierce Exploſion thrown,
Fires others with the Fall, and melts them down.

Nor

Nor is it ſtrange the Fires above decay,
While inwardly they work their eager Way,
And the fierce Milſtone do's new Miſchief form,
And give the Signal of a ſecond Storm;
For when the ruſhing Winds begin to blow,
And threat an angry Deluge from below,
A rocking Earthquake ſhakes the ſolid Ground,
And ſullen Groans and Murmurs dire reſound,
And Flakes of livid Flames are belch'd around:
Then to ſome diſtant Hill's ſecurer Height,
With utmoſt Speed precipitate your Flight,
For hiſſing Streams o'erflow the wretched Coaſt,
And Fragments of the Rock aloft are toſt,
And loads of Sand are wildly whirl'd on high,
With hideous Roar, and blacken all the Sky.
Theſe horrid Inmates thus diſmiſt, the Hill
Relents, and its convulſive Pangs are ſtill;
The Tempeſt paſt, huge Heaps are ſeen around
Of mingled Ruins, that o'erſpread the Ground;
Like ſlaughter'd Soldiers, tumbled on the Plain,
And in the Trenches they aſſail'd in vain.
The Stones, thus burnt, in a coarſe Scurf expire,
Like the baſe Dregs of Metals purg'd by Fire;
And the dire Deluge of the mingled Maſs
Of melted Flints, ſhot thro' the narrow Paſs,
(For in the Mountain's Womb the raging Flame
Diſſolves them, as the Forge's heated Frame)

In copious Streams do's from the Summit flow,
And rapid rolling ruin all below;
Twelve Miles in Length extends their ſultry Courſe,
Nor riſing Mounds retard their fatal Force;
If Woods oppoſe or lofty Hills, with Scorn
The Hills they maſter, and the Woods they burn,
Sweep all before them with reſiſtleſs Sway,
And th' unctuous Soil recruits them in the Way.
But if the furrow'd Ground in Vales below,
And ridgy Fields their fierce Career foreſlow,
The Waves behind advance with hideous Roar,
And preſſing onward, puſh the Waves before.
So ſwelling Surges of the Sea, the laſt
Impells the firſt, and in its turn is chas'd.
Thus on their Way, the burning Waves proceed;
At length, diſcharg'd in ſome deep River's Bed,
They ſtop their headlong Race, and cooling there
By ſettling Waters, their firſt Hardneſs wear.
Ev'n then the former Fever lurks within,
And breaths reviv'd, in ſultry Fumes agen:
And breaking by their Weight, with thund'ring Sound,
The ſhatter'd Fragments, daſh'd againſt the Ground,
Throw Sparkles keen and flaſhing Flames around;
See from afar the raging Tempeſts play,
And Fires rekindled ruſhing on their Way.
If then the liquid Ruins, tumbling down,
The hiſſing Waters of a River drown,

Cak'd

Cak'd in a harden'd Heap, they long repel
The Force of delving Hinds and pointed Steel,
And many a toilſome Day muſt be employ'd,
T'unroot the Fibres and the Maſs divide.
But 'tis in vain the real Cauſe to trace,
If ſtill the vulgar Fables you embrace;
Or fancy other Kinds of Matter joyn,
And melting with the Maſter-Stone, combine
With Pow'rs united in the ſecret Mine,
And Sulphur and Bitumen mix, to raiſe
The blind Combuſtion, and the furious Blaze;
For from th'Eruption, liquid Chalk around
In copious Show'rs is caſt upon the Ground;
Which Potters take, and cooling it, reduce
To hard Conſiſtence, and reſerve for Uſe.
But gen'ral Arguments uncertain are,
And Proofs more ſtrict muſt the ſure Truth declare.
As Braſs retains its Nature ſtill the ſame,
When fix'd, or molten in the piercing Flame,
The liquid Maſs as eaſily is known,
As the cold Ore that ne'er was melted down;
Thus, whether fix'd, or molten by the Fire,
This Stone preſerves its Qualities entire,
In Smell and Weight unchang'd, and ſtill the ſame,
And only now more brittle in its Frame.
Yet I deny not, but inflam'd within,
Some other Stones to kindle may begin;

Hence the *Sicilians* have impos'd the Name
Fricæ on ſome, t'expreſs their fuſile Frame;
But tho' they're fat, and ſecret Fuel own,
They never melt, 'till with the Maſter-Stone
Conjoyn'd, th'united Fires reduce them down.
If it incredible appear to ſome,
That flinty Stones ſhou'd be by Fire o'ercome,
Let them the ſage Philoſopher peruſe,
Whoſe curious Treatiſe evidently ſhews,
Before the Force of Fire all Bodys fall,
Whoſe ſubtle Seeds are intermix'd in all.
So ſtubborn Metals, Ir'n and glitt'ring Braſs,
No leſs than Lead, become a molten Maſs;
So rocky Marbles, from the Quarrys ſent,
Confeſs their Gold, and in the Fire relent;
And many other things, below the Ground,
Of the ſame Nature might perhaps be found.
Uncertain Gueſſes here are put to flight,
The Fact is vouch'd by the convincing Sight.
With gentle Fire in open Air invade
The Flint, it keeps its Firmneſs undecay'd;
But ſhut it in a ſtifled Furnace cloſe,
It yields, it melts, and do's its Hardneſs loſe,
And what was ſolid Stone becomes a liquid Juice.
And can't the Fire be more intens'd, and fed
With ſtronger Fuel, ſtronger Heat be bred?
And *Ætna*'s Forges in her craggy Frame
Exceed in Rage, all artificial Flame?

The

The ſame in Kind with the fierce Blaze that fly's,
From *Jove*'s own Hand exploded thro' the Skys.
Add then the Vigour of the breathing Wind,
With Fury preſſing thro' the Pores confin'd;
As Workmen from the Bellows' hollow Frame,
With puffing Blaſts enrage the riſing Flame.
This, to conclude, is the diſcover'd Cauſe
Of *Ætna*'s Fits, and of the Mountain's Flaws:
Thro' narrow Channels Earth attracts the Wind,
Which preſs'd and ſtreighten'd in the Caverns blind,
To the fann'd Fire ſuch Vigour do's convey,
That hardeſt Stones, ſubdu'd, are made its Prey.
Statues and Domes and Temples crown'd, to view,
And Works that yet can Age in part ſubdue,
With ev'ry Relick fam'd in antient Time,
We travel far, and ſearch from Clime to Clime.
Now Royal *Thebes* our wild Deſire excites,
Its celebrated Walls, and ſacred Rites;
The Heardſman's, and the Harper's Tomb, whoſe Lays
Have fix'd their Fame thro' all ſucceeding Days.
The Brethren's hoſtile Omen we admire;
On the ſame Altar the ſame common Fire
Breaks out in twain, and ſever'd Flames aſpire.
There lie the ſeven Heroic Chiefs renown'd,
And He, who periſh'd ſwallow'd in the Ground.
Majeſtic *Sparta*, famous for the Laws
Of ſage *Lycurgus*, next our Wonder draws;

Whoſe truſty Band the Fate of War defy'd,
Well-train'd, and ſteady at their Leader's Side.
Then *Athens*, of her fam'd Poetic Croud,
And *Pallas'* tutelary Honour, proud;
There *Theſeus*, for his Perfidy, forgot
To change his Sails to ſhew his proſp'rous Lot;
And there was ſlain *Erigone*, the fair
Unhappy Virgin, now a ſparkling Star;
There ecchoing Groves, a ſolitary Seat,
Call *Philomel* to their ſecure Retreat,
While her chang'd Siſter the ſafe Roof obtains,
And guilty *Tereus* holds the deſert Plains.
Now *Troy*'s Imperial Aſhes we admire,
Loſt in her Champion, and involv'd in Fire;
Great *Hector*'s little Tomb behold, and there
The fierce *Achilles* lies, and *Paris* fair,
Whoſe Vengeance ſlew his Brother's Murderer.
Now on the Painter's Art, with greedy Sight
We gaze inſatiate, and with fix'd Delight:
Here *Venus* ſpringing from the Main appears,
And the green Water trickles from her Hairs.
The harmleſs Babes about *Medea* play,
While ſhe prepares to take their Lives away;
And *Iphigenia* and her weeping Sire,
A Veil before his Eyes, approach the Fire,
The *Grecian* Chiefs the mournful Victim wait,
Sav'd by the ſubſtituted Hind from Fate.

And *Myro*'s living Fame, the brazen Cow
Extends her Neck, and ſeems diſtinct to low.
Theſe curious Works our raviſh'd Sight entrance,
Both with their Number and their Excellence.
With Objects ſuch as theſe, to feed our View
By Land and Sea thro' Dangers we purſue:
But awful *Ætna* nobler do's impart,
Nature th'Artificer, tranſcending Art,
What ſudden Wonders fill the frightned Eyes,
When ſcorching *Sirius* fires the parching Skys!
Nor leſs amazing is the moving Tale,
When Piety did o'er the Fire prevail:
For when the Hill pour'd out a burning Stream,
From ev'ry op'ning Cell diſgorging Flame,
The ſmoaking Deluge, iſſuing down amain,
With hideous Ruin roll'd along the Plain;
As gleamy Light'nings thro' the Tempeſt fly,
And flaſh ſulphureous thro' the frowning Sky:
The raging Peſt devour'd the ſtanding Corn,
And Woods, and Hills, and Fields, and Houſes burn.
Ere the *Catanians* thought their fatal Foe
Had mov'd his Camp, he gave the ſudden Blow,
And roaring from the Hill, invades the Town below.
The trembling Croud, as each his Fancy guides,
Or Strength allow'd, to ſave his Wealth provides.
This groans beneath his Gold, and that prepares
His Arms, and fondly on his Shoulders bears;

One ſlow with guilty Gain encumber'd flies,
While from the Flame the poor Man nimbly hies:
Each what he values moſt, with wild Deſire,
Attempts to reſcue from the greedy Fire;
But while they linger, covetous of more,
The haſty Flames o'ertake them with their Store,
Inexorable Death, and ſparing none,
Or ſparing the two pious Youths alone.
For when the furious Conflagration ſpread
From Roof to Roof, and round the City fled,
Amphinomus and brave *Anapias* joyn'd
To move their Store, and ſpeedy Shelter find;
Each had his Load; when ſtartling they beheld
Their aged Parents to the Danger yield,
Oppreſs'd with cumb'rous Years, the Couple wait,
Plac'd in the Portal, their approaching Fate.
Ye ſordid Miſers, caſt your Wealth away,
And toſs it to the Fire, a worthleſs Prey;
The brave Example of theſe Sons behold,
Who thought their Parents were their only Gold;
Quick on their Shoulders the great Charge they take,
And a ſwift Paſſage thro' the Burning make.
O Piety! applauded Virtue dear,
Thee, Gods and Men deſervedly revere!
The Fires, o'eraw'd, where-e'er they bend their Feet,
To Diſtance fly, and baſhfully retreat.
O happy Day! this glorious Act alone
Repairs the Loſs, and will for all atone.

On

On either Hand the Flames inſatiate play,
In blazing Volumes, and devour their Prey,
But ſhun the pious Pair, and yield them open Way;
Protected by their Burden, they retire,
And ſafe eſcape the Fury of the Fire.
Crown'd with deſerv'd Applauſe, their happy Name,
Is ſung in Verſe, and made the Poets Theme;
And *Pluto* to their ſpotleſs Souls aſſign'd
Diſtinguiſh'd Honours of the nobleſt Kind;
Touch'd with no ſordid Lot, they truly gain'd
The Seats and Rights to pious Shades ordain'd.

HORACE, Book II. Ode II.

Nullus Argento Color eſt, avaris, &c.

SALLUST, whoſe noble Thoughts diſdain
The Miſer's hoarded Heaps of Gain,
Which cloſe from Sight of dreaded Eyes
In Earth impriſon'd blindly lyes;
The ſullen Silver caſts no Rays
'Till gen'rous Uſe and Charities divine
To the dull Maſs impart a Blaze,
The Metal burniſh bright, and make it ſhine.

Extended to ſucceeding Days
Shall *Proculeius'* Name ſurvive,

Who

Who to his ſuff'ring Brethren, kind,
Expreſs'd a Father's gracious Mind;
For this, his long-recorded Praiſe
Shall flouriſh ever freſh, and unextinguiſh'd live.

The Luſt of Riches to reſtrain,
And ever-craving Avarice ſubdue,
Is greater than beneath thy ſole Command
Wide *Africk* to reduce, and ſpacious *Spain*;
And with Majeſtic Glory view
Thy ample Sway ſtretch'd out o'er either *Punic* Land.

The fatal Dropſy ſwells within,
Indulg'd with flatt'ring Draughts in vain;
The raging Tumor puffs the bloated Skin,
Nor can th'impatient Thirſt be quell'd,
'Till the dire Cauſe of all the Pain
Be from the Veins expell'd.

Reſtor'd to *Cyrus*' Throne, tho' proud
Phraates rules the ſpacious *Eaſt*,
Virtue, diſſenting from the Croud,
Will not pronounce him bleſt.
The Vulgar's Style ſhe ſoberly reclaims,
Which miſapplys miſtaken Names,
And points to him the Diadem,
Who can, with unregarding Eye,
Paſs the pil'd Heaps of Treaſure by,
And the vain Sight contemn.

HORACE, Book III. Ode XXIV.

Intactis opulentior, &c.

THO' vaſter Riches thou cou'dſt boaſt
Than *Araby*'s unwaſted Stores contain,
And ſwarthy *India*'s wealthy Coaſt;
Tho' thy proud Palaces, with pompous Shade
O'er all the *Tyrrhene* and the *Pontic* Main
Their coſtly Columns ſpread:
If rigid Fate her harden'd Hand
Remorſeleſs ſtretches to the Prey,
Nor Gold nor ſplendid Domes can turn away
The ſour inflexible Demand,
Nor ſave thy deſtin'd Head, nor anxious Fears allay.

Better the wild-born *Scythians* live,
Who pack'd in Wains, from Field to Field
Where Meadows freſh, freſh Paſture yield,
Their wandring Houſehold drive.
And better live the *Getes* by far,
Where Fruits are common, and the Grounds
No Fences mark, nor jealous Bounds,
One Year they exerciſe their Care,
To turn and dreſs the labour'd Soil,
Employ the Plow and ſharpen'd Share,
And reſt alternate one, recruiting from their Toil.

No

No Stepdame, by vile Motives led,
E'er practiſes upon the Life
Of Orphans of the former Bed;
Nor haughtily the portion'd Wife
Lords her inſulted Husband there,
And while ſhe vexes him with Strife,
Sighs for the foul Adulterer.
An honeſt Line, of Probity entire,
And Chaſtity with native Charms,
That baſhful flies a Stranger's Arms,
Is all the Dowry they require.
To violate the Vow they gen'rouſly diſdain,
Or Death, the due Reward, purſues th' opprobrious Stain.

Who-ever impious Murders and the Rage
Of civil Arms deſires t'aſſuage,
And ſee on Public Statues rais'd,
This glorious Title to his Fame,
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, plac'd;
Let him with brave Heroic Soul
Leud lawleſs Inſolence controul;
Then future Days ſhall crown his Name,
With full Applauſes ſpread;
For Virtue tho' we ſtill deſpiſe
Preſent, and flaſhing on our Eyes,
We honour it when dead.

But what avails it to complain?
Unleſs inflicted Puniſhments ſevere
Preſumptuous Vice reſtrain.
And what avail well-choſen Laws?
If Manners diſſolute ſhall dare
To paſs the Bounds preſcrib'd, as Luſt or Lucre draws?
If neither the hot Climes, that fry
Beneath th' immediate Sun;
Nor rigid Coaſts that frozen lye,
Where Snows unmelted never run;
The greedy Merchant can deter
To hunt for the forbidden Gain,
Nor all the Horrors of the Main
Prevent th' audacious Mariner:
And the falſe Shame of Poverty enjoyns
All Things to ſuffer and to dare,
And quit th' uneaſy Track of Virtue's ſcanty Lines.

Then either to the *Capitol*
Devoutly let us bear
Our Jewels, Gold and uſeleſs Store,
And while the glad Proceſſions call
Reſign them to the Thunderer;
Or ſafely ſtanding on the Shore,
In the deep Billows of the Main
The Seeds of Miſchief ſink, and bury Wealth profane.

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If we renounce theſe cenſur'd Crimes
With Penitence ſincerely true,
Let us diſorder'd Appetite ſubdue
In Youth well-diſciplin'd betimes;
And careful form their pliant Mind
To gen'rous Studies of a manly Kind.

Th' unpractis'd Boy, of noble Blood,
Knows not to fit the rapid Steed,
And dreads the boiſt'rous Chace to lead
Acroſs the ſpacious Plain, or rolling Flood;
But with a Child's fantaſtic Art,
Can whip the whirling Top, or draw
The Gew-gaw Waggon and the Cart;
Or ſhake and throw the rattling Dye
Forbidden by the Law.
While the vile Sire, with crafty Care,
Inhuman, harden'd, perjur'd, ſly,
Betrays his Friend, and cheats his Gueſt,
To raiſe for his unworthy Heir
A Lump of ſordid Pelf, and foul Eſtate unbleſt.
But tho' their Coffers thus they fill
With Riches, for no Uſe deſign'd,
To the low Wretches reſtleſs Mind,
This Thing or that is wanting ſtill.

HORACE, Book III. Ode IV.

Deſcende Cælo, & dic age Tibiâ, &c.

DEſcend from Heav'n, *Calliope* Divine,
Deſcend, and gracefully ordain
Of ſolemn Length ſome flowing Strain,
Thou ſweeteſt of the tuneful Nine;
Whether the clear melodious Voice,
Or animated Lyre be thy harmonious Choice.

Hark! hear ye not the Muſe? or am I caught
With the gay Error of th' ecſtatic Thought?
Methinks I hear the Muſe, and ſee her ſtray
Along the ſacred Groves delightful Way,
Where murm'ring Waters roll, and living Breezes play.

Me ev'n a Boy this Omen crown'd;
When roaming from *Apulia*'s Bound,
My native Soil, and tir'd with Play,
On *Vultur*'s Hill in careleſs Sleep I lay,
Soft Doves, the Birds of *Venus*' pleaſing Pow'r,
With verdant Leaves officious ſtrew'd me o'er.
The People too, reſiding nigh,
They who in *Acherontia* dwell,
Plac'd like a ſhelter'd Neſt on high,
And *Bantia* hold, whoſe Woods excel,
Or where *Ferentum*'s humbler Meadows lye,

Aſtoniſh'd ſaw me ſlumb'ring there,
Safe from the Viper and the Bear,
Wrap'd with the Laurel's lively Green,
And ſpritely Myrtle mix'd between,
Protected by the Gods, an Infant void of Fear.

If to the *Sabines* rugged Fields I go,
Or cold *Præneſte*, chill with Snow,
Or climb the *Tibur*'s hilly Height,
Or ſeek in *Baiæ* ſoft Delight,
Still I am yours, O charming Nine!
And worſhip ſtill your Band Divine.

Devoted to your Choir and ſacred Streams,
Unhurt I paſs'd thro' dire Extreams;
Not ev'n the routed Troops that fled
Diſpers'd from ſad *Philippi*'s fatal Plain,
Nor that deteſted Tree, whoſe Fall
Threaten'd its Lord's endanger'd Head,
Nor *Palinurus* on *Sicilia*'s Main,
Touch'd my ſafe Life, ſhielded by You from all.

By You attended, I defy
The *Boſphorus*'s ſtormy Sea,
Or thro' *Aſſyria* take my Way,
Where ſcorching Sands and lonely Deſarts lye;
Viſit th' inhoſpitable *Britons* Shore,
Or them who quaff the Horſes Gore,

O

Or the *Gelonian* Race, who bear
The furnish'd Quiver to the War,
Or *Scythia*'s River pass, and any Danger dare.

When *Cæsar* from their Martial Toil
His weary'd Legions breaths awhile,
Closing the Labours of the Field,
In your *Pierian* Care your tuneful Train
Th'Imperial Victor entertain,
And chear with Joys the Muses only yield.
Mild Counsels still, serene and bright,
You give, and in the gracious Gift delight.

The *Titans* impious Race, we know,
And all the bold enormous Band,
He did with Thunders overthrow,
Who o'er the stedfast Earth and stormy Main,
O'er Cities, and the Realms below,
And Gods and mortal Men, with wide Command,
Do's single hold his righteous Reign.

The horrid Crew, confiding in their Might,
Struck *Jove* himself with strange Affright,
When on *Olympus*' lofty Shade
The daring Brethren *Pelion* laid.

But what can *Typhon*'s Rage supply?
Or *Mimas*' Strength? or huge *Porphyrius*, high

In Stature threat'ning like a Tow'r?
What *Rhœcus?* or *Enceladus*'s Pow'r,
Whoſe ſingle Arm cou'd tear and wield
Unrooted Trees acroſs the warring Field,
When *Pallas* lifts her dreaded Shield?

Here *Vulcan* ſtood, and *Juno* there,
And He, whoſe Shoulders ever bear
The Quiver and unerring Bow,
And in *Caſtalia*'s Streams, that clearly flow,
Waſhes his Length of looſely-waving Hair;
Who holds the *Lycian* Groves, his natal Soil,
And thence receives his double Style,
Delian Apollo call'd, and *Patarean* too.

But Strength, devoid of Prudence, falls to Ground
Self-baffled, while approving Right,
The Gods enlarge well-govern'd Might,
And juſtly hate, and ſtill confound
Pernicious Pow'rs that with perverted Mind
All Miſchief ſtudious brood, to Villany reſign'd.

Huge *Gyas* with his hundred Hands
A Witneſs of this Sentence ſtands,
And bold *Orion*, who preſum'd to try
Diana's ſpotleſs Chaſtity,
When from her Virgin Bow, the Dart
Pierc'd the rude Raviſher's aſpiring Heart.

And

And burthen'd Earth beneath the Load
Of her own vanquiſh'd Monſters ſighs,
And weeps to ſee her ſlaughter'd Brood
Driv'n down, with Light'ning, to the Realms of Death;
Perpetual Flames from angry *Ætna* riſe,
Caſt on the Giant cruſh'd beneath;
Nor do's the rav'nous Vulture ſpare
Lewd *Tityus'* Liver, plac'd for ever there
Th'Avenger of his Crime, unſated and ſevere;
Nor can *Pirithous* e'er remove
His huge three hundred Chains for his unlawful Love.

The STORM, *in the Firſt Book of* Statius's Thebais.

Jamque per emeriti ſurgens Confinia Phœbi, &c.

NOW riſing as the Sun declin'd, the Moon
In Silence drove her dewy Chariot on;
The Beaſts and Birds were huſh'd; and quiet Sleep
On Cares began indulgently to creep,
And Toils of anxious Life in ſweet Oblivion ſteep.
The low'ring Heav'n that uſher'd in the Night,
Promis'd no Dawn, and quench'd at once the Light;
Night wrapp'd the Poles; th' *Æolian* Dens profound
Denounc'd the Tempeſt, with a roaring Sound;
The Winds, releas'd, their furious Circuit take,
And heave the Globe, and the fix'd Axle ſhake;

Each claims the Skys; the heavy *South* amain
The Clouds amaſſes, and pours down the Rain,
And *Boreas* beats his Hailſtones on the Plain.
Thro' the black Storm, the wreathy Lightnings fly,
And ſtreak with flaſhing Fires, the ſullen Sky:
Th' *Arcadian* Mountains, from their ſteepy Crown,
Roll rapidly a ſudden Deluge down;
And riſing o'er their Beds, the Rivers rear
Their Waves to Heav'n, and waſh the wintry Bear;
No Banks nor Mounds the haſty Flood reſtrain,
And *Lerna*'s Lake now overflows again;
The ruin'd Groves are rudely ſhatter'd, all
The Foreſt thunders, and the Branches fall;
And deep *Licæus*, whoſe impervious Shade
Ne'er ſaw the Sun, ly's open and diſplay'd.

From BARCLAY.

Sic roſeis ſtat Forma Genis, &c.

'TIS thus their Cheeks the roſy Colour dyes,
Such pointed Honours from their Front ariſe,
And ſuch gay Splendor ſparkles in their Eyes.
See the Cœleſtial Form! not, dreſs'd with Light,
The Pow'r of Day ſhines more divinely bright;
Nor the twin Stars, which, when the Tempeſt roars,
The fearful Mariner with Vows implores.

With

With leſs diſtinguiſh'd Grace do's *Mars* appear,
Array'd in all the Glory of the War;
Or when th'enervate Warrior ſoftly arms
Himſelf with tender Airs, and try's the Lover's Charms.

MARTIAL, Book VI. Epigr. XIX.

Non de Vi, neque Cæde nec Veneno, &c.

MY Lord, th'Indictment do's not run
On Houſes fir'd, or Murders done;
Three Goats are miſſing, ſays my Brief,
And we tax *Mæris* for the Thief.
Thus, read profoundly in the Laws,
Our *Poſtumus* unfolds his Cauſe.
Well, to your Evidence proceed,
Replies the Judge, and prove the Deed.
The Serjeant kindles on his Stand,
Prepares his Lungs, and waves his Hand;
Then *Cannæ*, *Mithridates'* War,
The *Punic* Perjury and Fear;
With *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Mutius*, all,
He mouths, and thunders thro' the Hall.
Dear *Poſtumus*, enough of theſe,
And now, for Heav'ns ſake, if you pleaſe,
Come to the Text, and mind your Notes
At length, and let us have the Goats.

AUSO-

AUSONIUS.

Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta Marito:
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris.

Poor *Dido* ne'er a happy Husband try'd:
When the firſt dy'd, ſhe fled; and when this fled,
ſhe dy'd.

The EPITHALAMIUM *of* STELLA *and* VIOLANTILLA.

From *STATIUS.*

FROM whence the ſacred Harmony, that fills
With lively Notes of Joy the *Latian* Hills?
Phœbus, for whom doſt thou new Songs inſpire,
And from thy Shoulder hang the ſpeaking Lyre?
See from the tuneful *Heliconian* Spring,
The nine ſweet Siſters iſſue in a Ring;
They ſhake the Bridal Torch, and ſprinkle round
Their ſacred Streams, to ſanctify the Ground.
And laughing Elegy, with ſpritely Pace,
Meets the fair Quire, and calls them to the Race;
Eſſays the Dance, and wanton with Delight,
Seems of their Number, and deceives the Sight.

The

The Queen of *Love* her ſelf leads on the Bride,
(Her modeſt Looks with virtuous Bluſhes dy'd)
Prepares the Rites, and to the View conceals
Her heav'nly Form, and all the Goddeſs vails;
Lays the full Luſtre of her Charms aſide,
To ſhine leſs radiant than the lovely Bride.
I know the Day, and what the Cauſe; for thee
This *Chorus*, *Stella*, make the Harmony;
For thee *Apollo* and the God of Wine,
And wing'd *Cyllenius*, mingled Garlands twine,
While laughing *Love* and all the Graces pour
On the pleas'd Fair an od'rous floral Show'r.
The Day is come, which ſmiling Fates decree
Shall crown the Pair with wiſh'd Felicity;
When *Hymen* call'd, ſhall publickly appear;
Forget your Anguiſh, and diſmiſs your Fear,
The Sorcerys of Charms no more rehearſe,
Nor try the Force of faſcinating Verſe:
Be ſilent, Fame; for Love ſubmits to Law,
And bears the Bands deſir'd, with willing Awe.
Suſpicions walk the buſy Town no more,
They ſee the Paſſion they believ'd before:
Yet thou, ſweet Poet, fill'd with ſtrange Affright,
Tho' juſt in Proſpect of th'expected Night,
With anxious Wiſhes do'ſt afflict thy Mind,
And doubt'ſt the promis'd Bliſs the Gods deſign'd.
Suppreſs thy Sighs; thine is the yielded Fair;
Thy free Acceſs no Scruples now ſhall barr;

Nor

Nor jealous Porter keep the cautious Gate,
Nor Laws, nor Decencys thy Joys abate.
Thou ſhalt at length in wiſh'd Embraces cloſe,
And think with Pleaſure on thy former Woes.
For ſuch a Prize, ev'n *Juno* might enjoyn
The Toils of *Hercules*, and make them thine;
Condemn to face the *Stygian* Forms below,
Or by the fear'd *Cyanean* Rocks to go;
To run at *Piſa*, and to hear behind,
The Father's Shout, who fly's before the Wind;
Shou'dſt thou, like *Paris*, in the Queſtion try'd,
Between the rival Goddeſſes decide,
Thou cou'dſt not, for th'applauded Sentence, ſhare
So rich a Favour from the Victor Fair;
Not if *Aurora* in her roſy Arms
Inclos'd, and crown'd thee with her fragrant Charms.

But anſwer, *Erato*, from whence the Bard
Receiv'd the Boon, by whom it was conferr'd;
From whence the Joy, and while the Palace round
Is fill'd with fervent Crouds, the Poſts are crown'd,
And noble Gueſts from ev'ry Part abound,
The ſecret Cauſe, for well thou know'ſt, unvail,
And in ſoft Numbers ſing the pleaſing Tale.

It happ'd that where the nightly Heav'ns diſplay
Their Silver Path, and ſhew the Milky Way,
Juſt as the Dawn its early Bluſh diſclos'd,
Lay beauteous *Venus* on her Bed repos'd;

The little *Loves* officious wait around
The curious Couch, with Diligence profound;
They watch the Sign, what Torch to raiſe on high,
Or ſuff'ring Lovers in new Flames to fry;
Whether on Earth to magnify her Sway,
Or exerciſe their Rage beneath the Sea,
Among the wat'ry Gods; or boldly fire
The Thund'rer's Breaſt, and vex him with Deſire.
Uncertain where to fix, the Pow'r Divine
Enjoy'd her welcome Eaſe, and lay ſupine,
Stretch'd on the guilty Bed, o'er which the Chain
By *Vulcan* forg'd, had caſt its Links in vain;
When ſtarting from amidſt the youthful Quire,
A bloomy Boy, adorn'd with brighter Fire,
(In his left Hand unerring Shafts were ſeen,)
With fair Addreſs accoſted thus the Queen;
Soft was the Wanton's Voice; in Silence drown'd,
His liſt'ning Brethren hemm the Speaker round.

Mother, thou know'ſt how well my happy Hand
Has wag'd thy Wars, and ſpread thy large Command;
For God or Man, whomever thou didſt name,
He felt the Fury of the kindled Flame.
But ſuffer us, indulgent Parent mild,
To Pray'rs and Tears and Vows at length to yield.
We are not from the harden'd Bowels hewn
Of flinty Rocks, our Nature is thy own.
A *Latian* Youth there is, of noble Race,
His Order's Honour, the Patricians Grace,

Whence

Whence at his Birth, preſaging of his Fame,
They from our Heav'n impos'd his ſhining * Name.
Him have I ſtruck with unrelenting Heart,
And pierc'd him trembling with the ſharpeſt Dart.
And tho' th' *Auſonian* Mothers ſtrive with Pride,
For ſuch a Son, and wiſh to be ally'd,
I keep him Captive in my cruel Snare,
To pine with Paſſion for the pow'rful Fair,
And hope, reſign'd, for many a diſtant Year.
But with a ſlacken'd Bow and gentle Hand,
I touch'd the Nymph, for ſuch was thy Command.
From hence, what Flames poſſeſs his anxious Breaſt,
By Night and Day, myſelf can well atteſt;
For ſcarcely have I in my wanton Round
Pierc'd any Boſom with ſo deep a Wound.
I ſaw *Hippomenes* the Race purſue,
Yet at the Goal leſs pallid was his Hue.
I ſaw the Boy defy the boiſt'rous Sea,
And prais'd him oft, and aided on his Way;
Yet were his Flames inferior far to thine,
O matchleſs Youth; thy Paſſion is divine,
Tranſgreſſing former Lovers wideſt Line.
Ev'n I myſelf have ſtood ſurpriz'd to ſee
Thy Throes of Anguiſh, and thy Conſtancy,
And piteous of thy Pain, have gently try'd
To ſooth thy Griefs, thy trickling Tears I dry'd,
And wip'd, with balmy Wings, the ſtill-returning
Tide.

* *Stella*, a Star.

How

How oft has great *Apollo*, with Diſdain,
Reproach'd me for his Fav'rite Poet's Pain!
Then grant him, Mother, what his Vows demand,
Our Brother He, Companion of our Band;
For tho' his Muſe cou'd hardy Deeds recite
Of warring Heroes, and th' enſanguin'd Fight,
His Lyre to thee he chuſes to reſign,
And with the Laurel do's thy Myrtle twine:
The Loves of Youth he ſings, and fierce Deſire,
And his own Paſſion and prevailing Fire;
And high in Rev'rence to the *Paphian* Grove,
He mourn'd in tender Lays our darling Dove.
He ſaid, and round his radiant Mother flung
His eager Arms, and on her Boſom hung;
With yielding Looks, the ſmiling Queen replies;
This youthful Bard affects no common Prize,
But ſuch as Lovers whom I honour'd moſt
With bounteous Favours, ſeldom had to boaſt;
Th' illuſtrious Fair, in whom at once combine
Her Houſe's Glory and a noble Line,
Pleas'd with her Form, I took within my Arms,
New from the Birth, and touch'd her riſing Charms.
Nor ceas'd my artful Hand with ready Care
To form her Features and her wavy Hair.
My ſweet Reſemblance ſoon the Darling grew,
Her lofty Front and ſparkling Treſſes view;
How brightly round her beauteous Looks ſhe ſpreads,
And all the *Latian* Dames as far exceeds,

As

As *Cynthia* do's ſurpaſs her Nymphly Train,
Or I excel the *Nereids* of the Main.
Worthy with me t' have iſſu'd from the Brine,
In the ſame Shell, and equally Divine;
Shou'd ſhe aſcend triumphant to the Skies,
She'd cheat my faithful Boys with ſtrange Surprize,
And catch with Error your miſtaking Eyes.
Tho' largely crown'd with Wealth, her noble Mind
Tranſcends all Riches, and adorns her Kind.
For her, the *Seres* ſtrip their Groves too ſlow,
And the ſad Siſters ſhed their Tears below;
Too ſlow the Fleece imbibes the curious Stain,
And the clear Chryſtal freezes on the Plain.
Hemus for her, and *Tagus* I have bid
To roll the Treaſures of their Golden Tide,
And *Glaucus*, *Proteus* and the *Nereid* Train
For Orient Pearls to ranſack all the Main.
If *Phœbus*, as he ran, this Face had view'd,
Daphne had fled ſecure, and unpurſu'd;
Had ſhe been preſent, *Bacchus* had refus'd
The *Gnoſſian* Fair, whom *Theſeus* firſt abus'd.
And had not *Juno*, full of jealous Fear,
Secur'd my Friendſhip, with inceſſant Pray'r,
The Thunderer had worne his Plumes once more,
Or burniſh'd Horns, or with reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Convey'd the Lover in a Golden Show'r.
But I'll beſtow her on the youthful Bard,
For whom thou haſt deſir'd the great Reward;

Long

Long has ſhe ſhun'd a ſecond Husband's Name;
But now ſhe kindles with an equal Flame.
So *Venus* ſaid; then call'd her feather'd Train;
The harneſs'd Birds obey the ruling Rein;
Love took the Seat, and thro' the yielding Skies
The Chariot ſteers, the glitt'ring Chariot flies;
The Goddeſs reach'd th' Imperial Tow'rs of *Rome*;
And paſſing onwards to the genial Dome,
Beheld a Palace rais'd with lofty State,
And the pleas'd Swans with Songs approach the Gate.
The Building ſeem'd to rival with the Skies;
And worthy *Venus*, drew the wond'ring Eyes.
There poliſh'd Marble, delicate in Stains,
From various Quarries, ſtrove with various Veins:
The glitt'ring Onyx caſts its yellow Rays,
And Porphyrite its purple Streaks diſplays.
Rows of firm Pillars bear the Ceiling's Height,
And the rich Beams with ſculptur'd Gold are bright.
The leafy Groves exclude the ſultry Sun,
And Fountains freſh in poliſh'd Marble run;
The ſpacious Rooms were ſuited to the Year,
In this 'twas Winter, and 'twas Summer there:
So curious was the Whole, that, fill'd with Joy,
Th' exulting Goddeſs caſt around her Eye;
Not her *Idalian* Bow'rs had pleas'd her more,
Her *Grecian* Temple, or her *Paphian* Shore.
Reclining on a Couch ſhe found the Fair,
Then ſmiling thus addreſs'd; My Darling Care,

By what improper Modeſty miſ-led,
Doſt thou ſo long affect a ſingle Bed?
What Manners, and what Faith too ſtrictly ſtrain'd,
From ſecond Nuptials hold thy cautious Hand?
Sour Age will come; the preſent Hour employ,
Poſſeſs thy Charms, and ſeize the flitting Joy.
I gave thee not, ſuch Majeſty divine,
Nor made thee ev'n another *Venus* ſhine,
Thus uſeleſsly to paſs thy widow'd Years,
And ſlight my Pow'r, and my endearing Cares;
Suffice it thee, ſo long to have deny'd
The Crouds of Suitors kneeling at thy Side;
But *Stella*'s Soul on thee alone is bent;
Nor Form, nor Lineage do's the Hero want.
Th' applauding City ſings his happy Praiſe,
And Youths and Maidens learn his flowing Lays.
Thou ſee'ſt the Faſces, by th' Imperial Grace,
Before the Time, declare the Conſul's Place,
The *Cybeleian* Games he now ordains,
And reads the *Sibyl*'s dark Prophetic Strains.
The Father of his Country (I foreknow
The future Favours he will ſoon beſtow)
Will to his Youth indulge, an Honour rare,
The Purple Habit, and the Curule Chair;
And give to celebrate (a greater Praiſe)
The laurell'd Triumph o'er the *Dacian* Race.
Then haſte, my Fair, and ſhaking off Delay,
With joyning Hands make feſtival the Day.

What

What Hearts, what Nations, have not I, with Skill,
Caught in my Bands, and ſoften'd to my Will?
The winged Hoſte, and Cattle of the Field,
And Beaſts of Nature to my Influence yield.
The Skies and Mother Earth confeſs my Reign,
When fruitful Show'rs deſcend upon the Plain.
Where were the Saviour of the *Trojan* Name,
Who ſnatch'd his Gods devoutly from the Flame,
If I had not, to found the *Roman* State,
Indulg'd th' Embraces of a *Phrygian* Mate?
Where were the Raiſer of my *Julian* Line?
And where th' Imperial Walls of *Rome* Divine?
Had not the Prieſteſs, by my happy Aid,
Fir'd *Mars*'s Heart, and to ſoft Love betray'd?
  Theſe balmy Words a ſilent Paſſage find,
And melt to Nuptial Sentiments her Mind;
And now the Preſents and the preſſing Pray'rs,
The Lover's Watchings and the falling Tears
Riſe to her Thoughts, and all his anxious Cares.
Th' applauded Songs, in which her charming Name
Flew o'er the Town, and ſpread her Beauty's Fame,
By Night and Morn ſtill echoing with the ſame.
Not *Hylas*' Name was more repeated round,
When the fair Youth unwarily was drown'd.
Her Soul is ſoften'd; ſee the welcome Shore,
Illuſtrious Poet, and deſpair no more.
Alpheus thus, with raging Paſſion fir'd,
Purſu'd the Nymph, whom he ſo much deſir'd,

And diving down unſeen, his Current guides
Unmix'd along with any foreign Tides,
Till iſſuing out at length, he rears his Head,
And ſeiz'd the *Nais* in her wat'ry Bed;
Surpriz'd, ſhe wonders at the ſweet Embrace,
Nor thought her Lover made the tedious Race.

How bright the Day, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Which has thy Wiſhes, happy *Stella*, bleſt!
And what tumultuous Joys ſwell in thy beating Breaſt!
In Ecſtacy of Bliſs, the ſhining Pole
Thou ſeem'ſt to touch, and o'er *Olympus* roll.
Such Raptures *Paris* never felt before,
When lovely *Helen* met him on the Shore;
Nor *Peleus* knew, when *Thetis'* roſy Charms
In *Theſſaly* approach'd his longing Arms,
And on his hinder Hoofs erect in Air,
His darling Daughter *Chiron* ey'd from far.
How long the Stars hang ling'ring in the Sky,
And the ſlow Morn retards thy promis'd Joy!

Soon as *Apollo* and the God of Wine,
Receiv'd the News, they ſmil'd with Grace Divine,
Prepar'd their Quires, and *Phœbus* leads his Dance,
And *Bacchus* and his reeling Rout advance.
The *Lycian* Hills, and *Thymbra*'s leafy Glade,
Parnaſſus' Height and brown *Pangeus'* Shade,
And *Iſmarus*, and *Naxos'* genial Shore,
With Acclamations loudly echo o'er.

Before

Before the Gates the merry Band appears;
Hung at his Back, his Harp *Apollo* bears,
And the Fawn's Hide the jolly *Bacchus* wears.
Apollo ſtrikes his Lyre with ſpritely Sound;
And *Bacchus* ſhakes his wanton Banners round;
With Laurel this, and that with Ivy ſpred
His ſhaded Temples, and adorns his Head.

Scarce dawn'd the Day, when happy Omens crown
The Rites intended, and the Nuptials own;
With feſtal Pomp the Houſes both abound,
The Streets are lighted, and the Poſts are crown'd.
With Joy, the nobler Part of ſpacious *Rome*,
All Ranks of Honours, to the Bridal come.
The Commons ſhout, the Nobles croud along,
And Youths and Matrons mingle in the Throng.
They joy the Pair; but many in the Train
The Bridegroom envy, and repine in vain.
See ready *Hymen*, on a Poſt reclin'd,
Prepares a Poem of no Vulgar Kind:
The ſacred Knot auſpicious *Juno* tyes,
And Concord ſeals it, and confirms their Joys.
The lovely Bride outſhines *Lavinia*'s Grace
At *Turnus*' Sight when Bluſhes warm'd her Face;
And *Claudia*, when before the gazing Throng,
She clear'd her Fame, and drew the Ship along.

Now let the Members of the Muſes Quire,
In rival Verſes ſtrive, and wake the Lyre;

Each as his Genius prompts; but chiefly thoſe
Who ſpritely Elegy with Skill compoſe;
This Day *Philetas* wou'd have crown'd with Praiſe,
And old *Callimachus*, in flowing Lays;
And ſoft *Propertius* in his *Umbrian* Shade;
And *Naſo*, ev'n in *Scythian* Exile glad,
Touch'd with the Tranſports which theſe Rites inſpire,
And pleas'd *Tibullus* by his chearful Fire.
United Cauſes, and my growing Love,
And Kindred Muſes to this Service move;
My darling *Stella*'s welcome Joys to ſound,
Oft, in the Bands of holy Friendſhip bound,
The loaded Altars we have danc'd around.
Joyn'd in our Studies, and our Minds ally'd,
The ſame inſpiring Springs our Urns ſupply'd.
And let my *Naples* lift within the Sky
Her tow'ry Front, and ſhoot her Columns high;
For in her City the fair Bride was born,
Whoſe matchleſs Beauties *Italy* adorn.
Then let the honour'd Land its Gladneſs ſhow,
And pleas'd *Sebetus* in his ſwelling Flow.
Nor let the *Naids* of the *Lucrine* Shore,
And *Sarnus*, *Stella*, now delight thee more.
Haſte now, and crown our *Latium* with a Race,
The Laws, the Camp, and Muſes Train to grace.
Speed the tenth Month, kind *Cynthia*, by thy Pow'r,
And, O *Lucina*, aid her in that Hour!

And thou, ſweet Offspring, with indulgent Throes,
Thy future Birth to vital Air diſcloſe,
And ſpare thy Parent's Pains; with ſecret Skill,
When Nature moulds thy *Embrio* in her Cell,
And forms the Features, may thy Air and Face
Speak thy Sire much, but more thy Mother's Grace.
Pride of thy Sex, now worthily poſſeſs'd
Of *Stella*'s manly Love, and truly bleſs'd,
Improve the Bands which he ſo long has ſought,
And chear his Paſſion with indulgent Thought;
So ſhall thy Charms long flouriſh freſh and gay,
And ſlowly fade with leaſurely Decay.

THEOCRITUS, Idyll. XX.

WHEN ſweetly *Eunica* I went to kiſs,
The flouting Huſſy took it much amiſs:
Heighday! quo' ſhe, ſure Goodman Lout, for Shame!
Pray know your Diſtance from a City-Dame.
I was not bred with Lubbard Hinds to play,
But ſpruce-dreſs'd Gentlemen, polite and gay.
Go hideous Ruſtick, nor preſumptuous ſeem
To preſs ſuch Lips, ſo much as in a Dream.
What Looks thou haſt? and how the Creature talks!
How fine he toys! how gracefully he walks!
What tender Things, a Lady's Heart to move,
Flow from his Mouth? and how he makes his Love?

How neat thy Beard, and curious is thy Hair!
Tann'd are thy Hands, thy Lips a filthy Pair.
Fough! how he ſmells! Hence Monſter, leave the Place,
Nor poyſon me with ſuch a foul Embrace.
Main pettiſhly ſhe ſaid, and ſpitting thrice,
From Head to Foot ſurvey'd me in a trice;
And mutt'ring ſtrangely, with a ſouriſh Look,
Pouted her Mouth, to mock me as ſhe ſpoke.
My Blood was in a Flame; my Body glows
With burning Bluſhes, like a Crimſon Roſe;
Away ſhe toſs'd: But, Goodneſs! how I ſtart!
'Maz'd e'en to Death, and ſtounded at the Heart,
That when I only meant a merry Buſs,
The frumpiſh Gipſy ſhou'd deride me thus.
But, Shepherds look, for I appeal to you,
Am I not handſome? ſay, and tell me true;
Or has ſome God new-caſt my former Face,
And marr'd my Shape, to work me this Diſgrace?
I'm ſure, e'er now I had a comely Mein,
And my brown Beard upon my ſhaded Chin
Spread thick, as Ivy on the lofty Pine.
My Hair hung o'er my Temples, as the Bees
In clinging Cluſters ſwarm upon the Trees.
My Milk-white Front two jetty Brows cou'd ſhew,
And ev'n *Minerva* had not Eyes ſo blue.
Than Cream freſh-skimm'd my Mouth was ſweeter far,
Nor with my Voice cou'd Honey-Combs compare;

Deftly I ſing, and neatly ken the Way
The jocund Pipe, and chearful Reed to play.
The Women on our Hills my Looks approve,
They love me all, tho' ſhe refus'd my Love.
My Calling ſhe deſpis'd, and ſwell'd with Pride,
Becauſe I was a Neat-Herd, turn'd aſide.
She never heard, belike, that in the Mead,
Fair *Bacchus* did his ſporting Heifer feed;
Nor knows that *Venus*, Beauty's Queen above,
Pin'd, and was frantick for a Herdſman's Love,
His Herd ſhe tended, and in Woods ador'd
Her dear *Adonis*, and in Woods deplor'd.
What was *Endymion?* Was he not, I ween,
Like me, an honeſt Herdſman on the Green?
Yet for his Sake the Silver-ſhining Moon
Forſook the Skys, and came inamour'd down.
She ſcrupled not the Crook, but in the Grove
Of *Latmos* follow'd, and enjoy'd her Love.
Nor does the Mother of the Gods diſdain
O'er a poor Herdſman ſadly to complain;
And *Jove* himſelf cou'd leave his *Juno*'s Bed,
For the blithe Boy who grazing Oxen fed.
But *Eunica*, forſooth, with uppiſh Mind,
Snorts at a Neat-herd, and a homely Hind;
For ſhe, it ſeems, is one of more Renown
Than *Cybele*, and *Venus*, and the *Moon*.
So let her be; and ſince ſhe is ſo great,
This City-Dame, and takes ſuch plaguy State,

May the ſhy Flirt, in Country or in Town,
Find none to love, but always lye alone.

The EPITHALAMIUM *of* HONORIUS *and* MARIA.

From *CLAUDIAN.*

HONORIUS' Boſom burn'd with fierce Deſire
For the vow'd Fair, and felt unuſual Fire.
Nor raw in Love, and Novice to the Flame,
He knew the Heat, or whence the Paſſion came.
The chearful Huntings are no more his Care,
Nor Feats of Arms, nor Honours of the Spear;
The graceful Nymph alone employs his Soul,
On her his eager Thoughts in endleſs Circles roll.
Oft' from the bottom of his heaving Heart
Iſſue ſad Groans, and Sighs ſincerely ſtart;
And oft' his Face with ſudden Fluſhes glows;
Apparent Signs, that ſecret Love diſcloſe:
His Hands unbidden write the charming Name,
And unaware his Tongue repeats the ſame.
Now Gifts and Ornaments of Dreſs, with Care,
The Lover chuſes for the plighted Fair;
The Veſts which *Livia* wore, and all the Line
Of noble Conſorts of the Race Divine.
Erect in Hope, and brookleſs of Delay,
He thinks the Sun too ſlowly drives the Day,

And

And the Moon loiters in the nightly Skys,
The Time adjourning of his promis'd Joys.
Thus, innocent of Art, the *Syrian* Maid
Achilles' tender Youth to Love betray'd,
Employ'd his warlike Hands the Wool to twine,
And taught the Hero at the Wheel to ſpin,
Toy'd with the Terror of the *Trojan* War,
And ſoftly ſet in Curls his braided Hair.
Then thus the Royal Lover ſaid; Ah why
Shou'd fair *Maria*'s Father let my Joy!
And why delay our promis'd Hands to joyn,
Since his Conſent already makes her mine?
From no falſe Portraiture my Paſſion ſprings;
The careleſs Manner of luxuriant Kings;
Where the Bawd Picture round procuring goes,
With counterfeited Charms, from Houſe to Houſe.
I chuſe not thus by an uncertain Grace,
Nor wanton wed a dubious-fancy'd Face;
Nor from a former Husband's rightful Side,
With foul Injuſtice tear the plighted Bride;
But in theſe Nuptials I at once fulfil
Our given Vows, and my dead Father's Will.
Beſides, our Grandſire on the Mother's Side
Unites the Line, and makes our Blood ally'd.
Nor little is the Merit which I claim,
That at her Knees a Suppliant I became,
My State ſubmitting and Imperial Name;

And from my Side my Purple Nobles ſend
To plead my Paſſion, and my Suit commend.
The Prize I ask, is mighty, I confeſs;
But ſprung from ſuch a Sire, I ſure deſerve not leſs.
With his own Neiee he bleſs'd thy Nuptial Vow,
Thus thou to him doſt fair *Maria* owe;
To me, his Son, then heſitate no more,
To pay the Debt contracted thus before,
But to th'Imperial Court th'Imperial Race reſtore.
Perhaps the Mother to my earneſt Pray'r
Wou'd ſooner yield, and lend a milder Ear;
O Daughter of my Uncle, to whoſe Name
I roſe an Heir, of *Spain* the living Fame,
A Siſter by Adoption, but in Love
A very Parent, to my Succour move:
Within thy Arms a helpleſs Infant laid,
I grew to Strength, and on thy Lap was bred.
Except my Birth alone, in ev'ry Part
More than *Flaccilla*, thou my Mother art.
Then wilt thou part us, nor be kindly won
To grant *Maria* to thy Foſter Son?
Or ſhall the long-expected Day arrive,
And the wiſh'd Night our ſolemn Vows receive?
The chearful *Cupid* ſmil'd, and thro' the Skys,
A willing *Nuntius* to his Mother fly's,
And all his little Wings, to ſpeed his Journey, ply's.
Th' *Ionian* Quarter of the *Cyprian* Shore
A craggy Mountain cooly ſhadows o'er;

Unpaſs'd

Unpaſs'd of human Feet: and from its Head
Nile's ſevenfold Mouths, and *Proteus' Pharian* Bed,
Th' *Ægyptian* Coaſt, in diſtant Proſpect lye;
Nor Froſts, nor Winds, nor beating Storms deſtroy
The ſweet Receſs, nor cloud the happy Sky.
To Love and Luxury th'indulgent Scene
s vow'd alone, and wears Eternal Green.
Nor the bleak Seaſons that uncloath the Year,
The ſhedding Months, diſgracefully appear,
But *Spring*'s immortal Beautys flouriſh here.
On the high Head a Field extends around,
With a rich Fence of Golden Hedges crown'd.
This curious Border, *Mulciber*, 'tis ſaid,
Uxorious for his Wife's Embraces paid;
A Bribe to purchaſe Love: The Meadows ſmile,
Undreſs'd by human Hand, for *Zephyr* tends the Soil.
No Bird preſumes to ſhelter in the Grove,
But ſuch whoſe Voice the Goddeſs ſhall approve;
Th' harmonious enter, and th' untuneful Train
Are chas'd away to Diſtance on the Plain.
To Love the chearful Vegetables riſe;
Each happy Tree is ſenſible of Joys;
His ruſtling Branches in his Neighbour's twines,
And mutual Cov'nants conjugally joyns.
The Poplar to the Poplar ſpeaks his Pains,
And Beech to Beech in breathing Sighs complains.
Two Fountains roll: one ſweet, and bitter one,
Whoſe Streams unbleſs'd, all Mirth and Pleaſure drown.

Here

Here *Cupid*, as Fame go's, his Darts prepares,
And arms the barb'rous Weapons of his Wars.
A thouſand Brothers on the Margin play,
Alike in Face and Dreſs, all young and gay,
The Family of Loves, of unreſiſted Sway.
The reſt the Nymphs produc'd, but this alone
Of better Birth, is Golden *Venus'* Son,
Heav'n and the Gods are ſubject to his Throne;
On Princes his diſtinguiſh'd Shafts he ſpends;
The meaner Race the Commoners attends.
Nor other Deitys are wanting here;
Diſſolute Licenſe, which no Bound can bear;
And haſty Anger eaſily aton'd,
And Watchings drench'd in Wine, inhabit round:
Prompt Tears, and Paleneſs, Love's alternate Hue,
And Boldneſs, ſuddenly abaſh'd and new;
Delightful Fears, and Pleaſures unſincere,
And wanton Perjurys on Wing appear;
And florid Youth is ſtill at hand, to chaſe
Decrepit Age from the devoted Place.
The glitt'ring Palace ſhoots a various Blaze
Thro' the brown Grove, and ſhines with mingled Rays
By *Vulcan* rais'd, who added Art to Price;
Gems mix'd with Gold here ſtrike th'admiring Eyes.
On Em'rald Baſes plac'd the Pillars ſtand,
Hew'd from clear Hyacinth with happy Hand:

The Walls were Beryl, ſparkling Jaſpers joyn
To form the Doors, and ſmoothly poliſh'd ſhine;
Rich Agat pav'd the Floor, diſpos'd with Skill
Divine.
Full in the midſt an ample Plain appears,
Which curious Plants and od'rous Harveſts bears;
Here ſweet *Amomum*, and the *Caſſia*'s Spice,
And ſoft *Sabean* Cinnamon ariſe;
Nor grudgingly their Gumms the Branches yield,
Nor drops the trickling Balm repining on the Field.
Here *Cupid* clos'd his tedious Flight, and ſtrait
Paſs'd ſpritely on, and enter'd thro' the Gate;
On her ſoft Couch, his Mother then with Care
Was nicely forming her diſhevel'd Hair;
On either Side th' *Idalian* Siſters ſtand;
This ſerves the *Nectar* with officious Hand,
That with the Comb divides th'entangled Train
Of mingling Locks, and diſembroils again;
A third the Treſſes forms with watchful Art,
And ſtudiouſly neglected leaves a Part;
Th'Omiſſion gave a Grace; the Goddeſs bright
No Mirror needed to direct her Sight;
Where-e'er ſhe turns, her radiant Form ſhe ſpy's,
And her fair Image floats before her Eyes:
Now as her ſelf ſhe view'd with pleaſing Pride,
Her Son approaching, in the Glaſs ſhe ſpy'd;
On her Ambroſial Breaſt ſhe hugg'd the Boy;
Then thus; From whence is this unuſual Joy?

What

What Battels, Wanton, doſt thou form? And who
Has fall'n a Victim to thy cruel Bow?
Haſt thou again the Thunderer compell'd
To low among the Heifers in the Field?
Or vanquiſh'd *Phœbus*, or recall'd agen
The ſhining Moon to her nocturnal Den?
Some ſtubborn God thou ſurely haſt ſubdu'd,
Some Deity indignant, rough and rude.
Mother, rejoice, I boaſt no vulgar Prize,
Amidſt the haſty Kiſſes, he reply's;
A noble Trophy I have bravely won,
Honorius feels my Bow, and is our own.
Thou know'ſt *Maria* and her warlike Sire,
Who made the fierce *Barbarian* Troops retire,
And covers either *Gaul* and *Italy*;
Nor is *Serena*'s Fame unknown to thee.
Haſte then, and ratify the Royal Vows,
Unite their Hands; At once the Goddeſs roſe,
Diſmiſs'd the *Cupid* from her Arms, and bound
Her Hair in haſte, and throws her Robe around,
While breathing joyous Love, acroſs her Loins
Her pow'rful Zone, the radiant *Ceſtos* ſhines;
With this ſhe calms the rapid Rivers Rage,
And do's the Winds and ſwelling Seas aſſwage;
And ſtills the rolling Thunder's angry Roar,
Then ſwiftly ruſhing to the ſandy Shore,
She ſummons thus aloud her winged Train,
Which ſpritely Youth, will plunge below the Main;

And

And call old *Triton* up, to waft me o'er;
A Service ſo deſir'd, was ſcarcely known before;
The Bridal is not of a common Line,
I now attend, but Sacred and Divine.
Search ev'ry Quarter; whether with his Shell
He makes th' *Ægean* Seas or *Libyan* Ocean ſwell;
Whoever finds, and brings him here, ſhall bear
A Golden Quiver, to reward his Care.
She ſpoke; th' officious Emiſſarys fly,
To ſerve their Queen, and ſearch with curious Eye.
Beneath the Depth of the *Carpathian* Main,
Triton was ſporting with the wat'ry Train;
He chas'd *Cymothoe*; ſhe with wild Affright,
Deceiv'd his Arms, and ſcudded from his Sight;
Love ſaw the Game, What! doſt thou think to hide,
Said he, thy Gambols by the wavy Tide?
My Meſſage mind, and inſtantly prepare
Our beauteous Queen acroſs the Seas to bear.
No ſlight Reward ſhall gratify thy Pain,
Cymothoe, who now flys thee, thou ſhalt gain:
This is thy Hire. Now thro' the tumbling Flood,
With eager Vigour, bounds the Monſter God;
About his Shoulders hang his Sedgy Hairs,
And filmy Feet below his Groin he bears,
Where with the Man the Fiſh unites; he gain'd,
At the fourth ruſhing Spring, the *Paphian* Strand;
To ſhelter from the Heat, his Tail he ſpread,
Form'd in an Arch, above the Goddeſs' Head;

And on his ſcaly Back obſequious lays
The Leaves of Roſes, a ſoft Seat to raiſe:
Thus ſhipp'd, the Goddeſs ſails; ſecure ſhe glides,
Her Feet skim ſmoothly thro' the curling Tides;
The winged *Loves* attend her on the Way,
And ſhake with nimble Oars the ſmiling Sea;
Old *Neptune*'s Palace is with Garlands crown'd,
And all the Nymphs in Paſtimes meet around;
Leucothoë ſports, and with a roſy Rein
Palæmon guides his Dolphin on the Main;
With Herbs immortal, *Glaucus* binds his Hairs,
And *Nereus* Reeds with Vi'lets mingled wears.
On Water-Monſters borne, the *Nereids* came;
This on a rugged Tiger ſwiftly ſwam,
That on *Ægeus*' Dread, the butting Ram.
One mounts a Lyoneſs, and ſcuds along,
And on a Bullock's Back this joyns the Throng.
With various Gifts the Goddeſs they addreſs,
To crown the Nuptials, and their Joy expreſs;
Cymothoë gave a Girdle for the Fair;
A Necklace *Galatea*, rich and rare;
A Diadem by *Spatale* was brought,
Enrich'd with Pearls which ſhe herſelf had ſought.
All in a trice ſmooth *Doto* dives below,
And gathers bluſhing Corals where they grow;
A Twig it was when firſt ſhe ſeiz'd it there,
And chang'd a Gemm, when ſhe aroſe in Air.

Caſt

Caſt in a Ring the Goddeſs they ſalute,
And with theſe Words thus recommend their Suit.
Theſe Ornaments, our Gifts, to grace the Fair,
Like thee a Queen, do thou vouchſafe to bear;
And ſay, the like not *Thetis* cou'd obtain,
Nor *Amphitrite*, Siſter of our Train,
When ſhe eſpous'd the Ruler of the Main.
And let this Tribute that we gladly pay,
Atteſt the prompt Obeyſance of the Sea;
Victorious Veſſels often we have borne,
With her great Father in his wiſh'd Return,
When the rebellious *Greeks* his Arms had quell'd,
And all the Fury of the Foe repell'd.
Now *Triton's* foamy Breaſt, advancing, bore,
And made the Margin of *Liguria's* Shore;
He ſtretch'd his Tail unfolded on the Tide,
And ſweeping by the Coaſt in all his Pride,
Paſs'd ſwiftly on, and to the * City came,
Which from the fleecy Sow receiv'd its Name.
At *Venus'* Sight, the Clouds forſake the Sky,
And o'er the brighten'd *Alps* clear Breezes fly;
The Soldier's Heart a ſudden Gladneſs feeds,
He joys, yet knows not whence his Joy proceeds.
A Bloom of Flow'rs the martial Enſigns wear,
And Leaves ſprout ſpritely from the pointed Spear.
Then turning to her *Loves*, With ſpeed, ſays ſhe,
Bid *Mars* retire, and leave the Court to me;

* *Milan.*

Far be the Blaze of burniſh'd Helms abhorr'd,
And let the Scabbard ſheath the ſhining Sword;
Let Snakes and angry Eagles quit the Sight,
And all, this Day, beneath my Banners fight.
For the ſhrill Cornet's and the Trumpet's Sound,
Let mellow Flutes and Lyres be heard around.
Let the rough Soldier now indulge his Soul,
And chearful crown in Arms the laughing Bowl.
Its awful State let Majeſty diſmiſs;
And, without Scruple, in the gen'ral Bliſs
Nobles and Commons undiſtinguiſh'd ſhare;
Let looſe the Reins to Jollity ſincere,
Nor let the rigid Laws to ſmile forbear.
Prepare the Torches, *Hymen*, and the Flow'rs
Ye *Graces* gather, from the ſweeteſt Bow'rs;
Thou, *Concord*, for the Night two Crowns provide,
And ye, the wing'd Companions of my Side,
Lend all your Hands, with Diligence obey,
Each as he's call'd, and ſpritely ſhun Delay.
Diſpoſe the ſparkling Lamps to gild the Night,
And from a thouſand Branches ſhed their Light.
Theſe with my Myrtle dreſs the Pillars crown'd,
And thoſe the living Nectar ſprinkle round;
Let rich *Sabæan* Incenſe feed the Fire,
And from the Wardrobe all the gay Attire
Magnificent diſplay, and hide the Floor
With rich *Sidonian* Carpets cover'd o'er:

With artful Texture form the Bridal Bed;
Let pictur'd Pillars raiſe the lofty Head,
And glitt'ring in the curious Work Divine,
Bright Gemms, enwoven, elegantly ſhine.
Such be the Structure as may far outvye
What *Pelops* ow'd to *Lydian* Luxury;
And what the Nymphs prepar'd the God of Wine,
With *Indian* Trophies and the branching Vine.
There all the Spoils, diſplay, her Parents gain'd,
What her fam'd Grandſire from the *Moor* obtain'd,
And vanquiſh'd *Saxon*; and what-e'er his Son,
By *Stilicho* in num'rous Battels won;
What the *Geloni* and *Armenia* gave,
And ſwarthy *Meroe*, waſh'd with *Nilus'* Wave,
What from the *Mede* were brought with Conqueſt home,
When ſuppliant *Parthia* bought its Peace of *Rome*.
Let on the Whole *Barbarian* Wealth be ſpread,
And all the Triumphs crown the pompous Bed.
She ſaid; and to the Houſe, without Delay,
An unexpected Gueſt, purſu'd her Way.
Careleſs of Nuptials, and the Bridal Hour,
The Maid was liſt'ning to her Mother's Lore,
Imbib'd her Manners, and the Patterns weigh'd
Of Chaſtity in former Times diſplay'd;
Nor did ſhe ſpare her ſtudious Mind to pleaſe,
With *Roman* Writers and the Wits of *Greece*;

A ready Pupil, by her Mother taught,
What antient *Homer*, or what *Orpheus* wrote,
Or *Sappho* ſung to her enchanting Lyre,
She read, and cou'd judiciouſly admire.
So by *Latona* was *Diana* led,
And ſo *Mnemoſyne Thalia* bred.

Now ſuddenly the Day grows doubly fair,
And heav'nly Odours fill the ſcented Air;
Th' Occaſion ſoon appears; before their Sight,
The Goddeſs ſhines in all her Glory, bright.
Perplex'd ſhe ſtands, and in a pleaſing Muſe
The Daughter now, and now the Mother views;
Admires the Virgin's Luſtre, and the Grace
Which crown'd in Age the Mother's comely Face.
This like a dawning Creſcent, freſhly bright,
That like the Moon full-orb'd, ſalutes the Sight;
Or as beneath the Parent's ample Shade,
An Infant Laurel lifts its little Head,
And gayly promiſes in time to bear
Th' accompliſh'd Honours of the leafy Hair:
Or as on one ſweet floral Stem are ſeen
Two *Pæſtan* Roſes on the cheerful Green;
Indulg'd with vernal Dews, this ſpreads abroad
Its finiſh'd Pomp, while baſhful in the Bud,
That lurking lies, and fearing to be blown,
And on its tender Leaves admit the Stranger Sun.
Long *Cytherea* thus the Pair ſurvey'd,
Then tenderly accoſts the beauteous Maid.

Hail,

Hail, fair *Serena*'s radiant Daughter fair,
Of Kings deſcended, future Kings to bear;
For thee I left my *Paphian* Seats, for thee
Strange Toils have borne, and paſs'd a Length of Sea,
That thou no more a private Life ſhou'dſt lead,
And his fierce Flames *Honorius* pining feed.
Receive the Pomps that do thy Birth become,
And for thy Children's ſake, the Diadem reſume.
To that Imperial Palace, whence before
Thy Mother came, do thou thy ſelf reſtore;
In Bands of Kindred tho' thou didſt not joyn,
Nor waſt deſcended of a Princely Line,
Thou might'ſt an Empire by thy Form alone
Deſerve; what Face ſo worthy of a Throne?
What Features better can a Scepter claim?
Thy ruddy Lips the Roſe's Tincture ſhame;
Nor Maiden Froſts can with thy Neck compare,
Nor purple Vi'lets with thy ſhaded Hair,
Nor Flames with thy keen Eyes, that ſparkle heav'nly fair.
How ſmooth thy Brows! how nicely they divide
Their equal Arch, produc'd on either Side!
How lovely thy Complexion charms the Sight!
The Bluſh ſo mildly mingling with the White.
Aurora's Fingers, and *Diana*'s Pride
Of Shape and Stature are by thee outvy'd;
And ev'n thy Mother thou do'ſt now ſurpaſs,
In ev'ry Feature of enchanting Grace.

If *Bacchus* for his Love cou'd mark the Sky
With his fair dotal Crown, diſplay'd on high,
Why for a Virgin ſo much more Divine,
Shou'd not ſome radiant Conſtellation ſhine?
For thee, *Boötes* ſparkling Wreaths prepares,
And Heav'n lights up a Train of new-born Stars.
Go then, and make a worthy Prince thy own,
And ſhare the Glories of ſo great a Throne.
Iſter ſhall worſhip thee, with Faith ſincere,
And willing People ſhall thy Name revere:
The *Rhine* and *Elbe* ſhall their Obeyſance pay,
And rough *Sicambrians* own thy Royal Sway.
But ſingle Nations why ſhou'd I recite?
Thy Dowry is the World, ſubmitted to thy Right.
She ſaid; and then before her Sight, diſplay'd
The ſplendid Preſents which the *Nereids* made.
With her own Hands ſhe fits them to the Fair,
She ſets her Garments, and ſhe forms her Hair,
The Nuptial Vail applies, adjuſting all with Care.
Before the Gate reſounds the Pomp; with Pride
Adorn'd, the Chariot waits the coming Bride.
The Prince is all on fire the Train to lead,
And wiſh'd the tardy Sun wou'd hide his Head.
Not otherwiſe the ſpritely Courſer, ſtung
With Rage of Love, bounds furiouſly along,
Erects his Head, and ſhakes his comely Main,
And ſcours impetuous o'er the ſounding Plain;

With ardent Neighs he ſeeks the neighb'ring Flood,
His fiery Noſtrils breathe a ſmoky Cloud;
His Maſter ſmiles, and views him with Delight,
And all the Herd are gladded at the Sight.
Their Arms diſmiſs'd, mean time the Troops conſpire
T'expreſs their Joy, and hail the happy Sire;
The mingled Flow'rs the jocund Soldiers pour,
And on their Leader throw a roſy Show'r;
With Laurel and with Myrtle bind their Brows,
And in theſe Words their common Tranſport flows.
Great Father of thy Country, whether thou
Dwel'ſt in *Olympus*, or enjoy'ſt below,
Th' *Elyſian* Fields, the happy Place aſſign'd
To worthy Spirits of a better Kind;
See *Stilicho* fulfills his plighted Vow,
Th' auſpicious Seaſon is accompliſh'd now,
With glad Requital, when thy foſter Care
Of him, in others amply he'll repair;
The Nuptial Honour, which with Royal Grace
Thou gav'ſt to him, he to thy Son repays.
Thy prudent Choice thou never ſhalt repent,
And thy laſt Truſt is anſwer'd in th' Event.
Well worthy He, to whom, when near thy End,
Thou ſhou'dſt thy Offspring and the State commend.
What Battels fought by *Hemus*' lofty Hill,
Thy Houſe's Praiſe, might here our Story fill?
What Fights that dy'd rough *Strymon*'s Flood with Gore,
And ſwell'd the Waves encumber'd to the Shore!

How

How wou'd he lift his Shield, and on the Foe
With what a Force his Martial Thunder throw,
Did *Hymen* not forbid! his ſofter Rites
Require our Song; a milder Theme invites.
Who better knows with clear ſagacious Mind,
The Mean of Right and Equity to find!
What never did in One before conſpire,
Unite in thee, to raiſe thy Merit high'r,
Valour with Counſel, and with Prudence Fire.
Who boaſts an equal Mein and Air? and whom
Wou'd *Roman* Majeſty ſo well become?
What Arm ſo great a Charge can better bear?
And wield the Burden of the Publick Care?
Tho' meanly mingled in the common Croud,
Whoever ſaw thee, ſtrait wou'd cry aloud,
This, this is *Stilicho*; thus art thou ſhown,
Thus pointed out, and by thy Preſence known;
A Dignity not form'd by Arts of Pride,
By haughty Speeches, and a lofty Stride:
What others ſtrive laborioufly to gain,
By Imitation, and with Study feign,
That Nature gives to thee; in thee appear
A Mildneſs free, and Greatneſs not ſevere.
And Age's venerable Hue is ſeen
T' augment the Honours of thy awful Mein;
For Youth and Years at once in thee diſplay
Their mutual Enſigns, and aſſert their Sway,
A Gravity rever'd, and Strength without Decay.

In

In thee, the Man the Fortune do's adorn,
No guilty Arms by thee were ever borne;
No Swords nor Jav'lins dipp'd in Civil Gore,
Pollute the Triumphs which thou gain'dſt before.
Thou doſt not Hatred by thy Terrors raiſe,
Nor ſpare the Guilty out of partial Grace;
Our Hearts to thee agreeing Paſſions prove,
At once we fear thee, and at once we love.
The Fear we bear thee, our Affection draws,
Thou juſt Diſpenſer of impartial Laws;
Thou ſtrict Obſerver of the plighted Peace,
Thou beſt of Leaders, lov'd by all Degrees.
The Duty which we owe our Sov'reign, now
New Tyes enhance, we gladly muſt avow,
That he, unconquer'd Hero, is thy Son;
Then wave thy Rank, and lay thy Grandeur down,
And join our chearful Choir, and wear the floral Crown.
So may *Eucherius* his great Sire excell,
And fair *Thermantia* light the Torch as well;
So may *Maria* fruitfully increaſe,
And bring a young *Honorius* forth with Eaſe,
In Purple born, to preſs his Grandſire's Knees.

CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE the ſilent Hours were paſſing,
Minutes flying, Minutes chaſing,
Cloë's Image roſe to View;
Ev'ry Charm her Face arraying,
Ev'ry Charm a Heart betraying,
Nearer ſtill the Viſion drew.
I, revering
Her Appearing,
Seem'd with Tranſport thus to ſue.

AIR.

Beauteous Boaſt of lovely Nature,
Fair in Mind and ev'ry Feature,
Radiant Ruler of my Heart,
Can a Form ſo gayly ſhining,
Slight a Paſſion undeclining,
Genuine, ardent, free from Art;
Virtuous Pleaſure,
Brighteſt Treaſure,
Sooth a ſuff'ring Lover's Smart!

RECITATIVE.

Softly then, my Cares beguiling,
Spoke the glitt'ring Phantom ſmiling;

AIR.

Coyneſs may become the Fair,
But a Paſſion undeceiving,
Hoping ſtill, and ſtill believing,
Is too Noble to deſpair.

The WISH.

YE Pow'rs, who ſway the Skies above,
The Load of Mortal Life remove:
I cannot, lab'ring thus, ſuſtain
Th'exceſſive Burthen of my Pain!
A Dance of Pleaſures, hurrying by,
Enduring Griefs, a Glimpſe of Joy;
With Bleſſings of a brittle Kind,
Inconſtant, ſhifting as the Wind,
Are all your Suppliant has known,
Since firſt his ling'ring Race begun.
In Pity, then, pronounce my Fate,
And here conclude my ſhorten'd Date;
'Tis all I ask you, to beſtow
A ſafe Retreat from future Woe!

A THOUGHT *in Affliction.*

I.

WHERE ſhall the Perſecuted fly,
To ſhun the Blows of angry Fate?
No Succour, no Relief is nigh:
How can I bear this ruin'd State!

II.

Unpity'd, unſuſtain'd, oppreſs'd,
On ev'ry Side, at once diſtreſs'd,
All fly from my contagious Woes,
And Sorrow's Waves upon me cloſe!

III.

Help, Heav'n! in this my utmoſt Need,
On thee, my earneſt Hope is ſtay'd;
Let Innocence, at laſt, ſucceed,
And be thou preſent to my Aid!

IV.

On hurtful Malice, juſtly frown,
And ſuff'ring Virtue's Cauſe aſſert,
By Vice, inſulting, trampled down;
The threaten'd Danger, oh! avert!

V.

On thy Aſſiſtance I depend;
My certain and unfailing Prop,
By which for a ſucceſsful End,
I look, with Confidence of Hope.

VI. And

VI.

And ſee, at length, expected Joy,
Tho' long-protracted, makes Return!
Thus, ſlowly, in the clouded Sky,
And ling'ring breaks the chearful Morn.

VII.

My Fears are o'er, and foul Deſpair,
Which rack'd my ever-anxious Breaſt,
Is fled with ev'ry haunting Care,
And left my Soul becalm'd in Reſt.
So ſtalking Ghoſts at dawning Light,
Poſt ſwiftly to their native Night.

The MORNING APPARITION.

Written at Wallington-Houſe, 1719.

ALL things were huſh'd, as Noiſe itſelf were dead;
No midnight Mice ſtir'd round my ſilent Bed;
Not ev'n a Gnat diſturb'd the Peace profound;
Dumb, o'er my Pillow, hung my Watch unwound;
No ticking Death-worm told a fancy'd Doom,
Nor hidden Cricket chirrupt in the Room.
No Breeze the Caſement ſhook, or fann'd the Leaves,
Nor Drops of Rain fell ſoft from off the Eaves,
Nor noiſy Splinter made the Candle weep,
But the dim Watch-Light ſeem'd itſelf aſleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my Eyes — how long I lay
In Slumber wrapt, I liſt not now to ſay;
When hark, a ſudden Noiſe! — See — open flies
The yielding Door —— I, ſtarting rubb'd my Eyes,

Faſt-

Faſt-clos'd awhile, and, as their Lids I rear'd,
Full at my Feet a tall thin Form appear'd,
While thro' my parted Curtains ruſhing broke
A Light like Day, ere yet the Figure ſpoke.
Cold Sweats bedew'd my Limbs — nor did I dream;
(Hear, Mortals, hear! for real Truth's my Theme;)
And now more bold I rais'd my trembling Bones
To look — when lo! 'twas honeſt Maſter * *Jones*,
Who wav'd his Hand, to baniſh Fears and Sorrow,
Well-charg'd with Toaſt and Sack, and cry'd Good-morrow.

* *The Butler.*

To the Memory of JOHN HUGHES, *Esq*;

FROM thy long languiſhing, and painful Striſe
Of Breath with Labour drawn, and waſting Life,
Accompliſh'd Spirit! thou at length art free,
Born into Bliſs and Immortality!
Thy Struggles are no more; the Palm is won;
Thy Brows encircled with the Victor's Crown;
While lonely left, and deſolate below,
Full Grief I feel, and all a BROTHER's Woe!
Yet wou'd I linger on, a little Space,
Before I cloſe my quick-expiring Race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful Pains,
Thy *Works*, thy dear Unperiſhing Remains;
An Undecaying MONUMENT to ſtand,
Rais'd to thy Name by thy own skilful Hand.
Then let me wing from Earth my willing Way,
To meet thy Soul in Blaze of living Day,

Rapt

Rapt to the Skies, like thee, with joyful Flight,
« An Inmate of the Heav'ns, adopted into Light!

March 30, 1720.

EPIGRAM.

Written in the Year 1720; *on occaſion of the Author's not being admitted into the* South-Sea *Subſcription, while his Friends generally ſucceeded.*

LIKE *Gideon*'s ſecond Fleece, my luckleſs Lot
No Moiſture feeds; a parch'd unwater'd Spot;
On ev'ry Side the Dews around me lie,
While, in the midſt, my little Wool is dry.

PERSEUS and *PHINEUS.*

From the Fifth Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes.*

Perſeus, *who was* Jupiter's *Son by* Danae, *having reſcu'd* Andromeda *from the Sea-Monſter to which ſhe was expos'd, ſhe is given to him in Marriage. At the Nuptial Feaſt he relates his Encounter with* Meduſa, *whoſe Head he cut off, and wore in his Shield. He had ſcarcely ended the Story, when* Phineus, *the Uncle of* Andromeda, *to whom ſhe had been contracted, attacks* Perſeus *in Revenge for the Loſs of his Bride, and the Friends on both Sides engage in the Quarrel.*

WHILE thus the Prince his wond'rous Story told,
A ſurly Clamour thro' the Palace roll'd;

Not like the Voices at a Nuptial Feaſt,
But ſuch as Arms, and angry War expreſt.
In ſuch Confuſion was the Banquet loſt,
As peaceful Seas by ſudden Tempeſts toſs'd.
Phineus, the daring Author of the War,
Led firſt the Way, and ſhook his ſhining Spear;
Behold, behold me here, he raving cry'd,
The vow'd Avenger of the raviſh'd Bride;
Nor flitting Wings, nor *Jove* in lying Gold
Diſguis'd, ſhall ſave thee, or the Stroke withhold.
Cepheus obſerv'd him as the Dart he aim'd,
What Fury, Brother, loudly he exclaim'd,
Provokes this impious Deed? Is this the way,
Theſe the Rewards ſuch Merits to repay?
Is this the Dow'r you wou'd beſtow on him,
Who did my Daughter's forfeit Life redeem?
Not *Perſeus*, but the Horned *Ammon*'s Reign,
Dread *Neptune*, and the Monſter of the Main,
Which ſought my hapleſs Offspring for his Prey,
From thy Embrace have ſnatch'd the Bride away;
She then was loſt to you, when doom'd to die;
Unleſs her Death wou'd give thee brutal Joy;
By our Affliction thus to chear your own,
And in our common Grief your Sorrows drown.
Is't not enough, that ſhe before your Eyes
Was chain'd, while you, tho' bound by double Tyes
Of Spouſe and Uncle, did no Succour give;
But will you, with unmanly Malice, grieve

That

That ſhe was reſcu'd by another's Hand,
And meanly rob him of the Prize he gain'd?
If ſuch a Value in your Mind it bore,
You ſhou'd have won it from the Rocks before.
Then ſuffer him, who ſav'd her, and by whom
My Age eſcap'd a childleſs Parent's Doom,
T'enjoy his Palm in Peace, ſince ſo decree
His Merit and my Word; for not to thee,
But certain Death, he was preferr'd by me.
Phineus, without Reply, look'd ſternly round
On both, in doubt on whom to fix the Wound.
Then, with what Force his Malice cou'd ſupply,
He let the pointed Lance at *Perſeus* fly;
Fruſtrate it drove within the Royal Bed:
Th'avenging Prince ſprung from the Couch with Speed,
And back return'd the flying Spear again,
And by the flying Spear the Sender had been ſlain,
But ſlunk behind an Altar's Frame for fear,
He lay unworthily defended there.
Th' unerring Weapon, with ſuch Fury thrown,
Cut deep in *Rhætus'* Front, and pierc'd the riven Bone:
He fell, and broke the Jav'lin from the Wound,
And, quiv'ring, ſpurns the reeking Gore around.
And now the Commons, with Revenge inſpir'd,
Join in the Fray, and ſome to Death requir'd
Good *Cepheus*, with his Son: But he, with Care,
Had left the growing Tumult of the War;

The hoſpitable Gods, his Faith, the Right,
He calls to witneſs, and diſclaims the Fight.
Pallas was there, and with her Shield defends
From Harm her Brother, and new Courage lends;
And there was *Indian Athis*, whom before,
The Nymph *Limnate*, ſprung from *Ganges*, bore
In Sea-green Caves, if Fame the Truth expreſs;
His lovely Form was heighten'd by his Dreſs:
In Bloom of Youth, and vain of rich Array,
A *Tyrian* Scarf, with golden Borders gay,
He wore; bright Chains of Gold his Neck adorn,
And in a coſtly Caul his ſcented Locks are borne.
From far he guided dext'rouſly the Dart,
And knew to bend the Bow, with better Art:
But while he drew the Horns, with haſty Hand,
Perſeus from th'Altar caught a flaming Brand,
And with the Leaver ſtrongly ſtriking down,
Cruſh'd his fair Face within the pounded Bone.
Aſſyrian Lycabas, with Pity view'd
Th' illuſtrious Boy in his own Blood imbru'd:
His ardent Lover, with a Zeal ſincere,
He ſtill attended, and was ever near:
And now with Tears he mourn'd his *Athis* dead,
Then ſnatch'd his ready Bow, and thus he ſaid;
Inhuman Chief! on me your Valour ſhow,
For long the Trophies of ſo young a Foe
Thou ſhalt not boaſt; from this no worthy Fame,
But Rage ariſes, to the Victor's Shame.

Scarcely he ſpoke, when he the Dart diſmiſt,
But *Perſeus* ſhuns, and takes it in his Veſt.
Then turning on his Foe, unſheath'd his Sword,
Foul with *Meduſa*'s Blood, the Blade his Boſom bor'd.
The Shades of Night ſwim ſickly o'er his Eyes;
Dying, he ſought where his lov'd *Athis* lies,
And falling on him, did below relate
The pleaſing News of their united Fate.
As fi'ry *Phorbas*, and *Amphimedon*,
Eager t'engage the War, came ruſhing on,
The ſlipp'ry Pavement, moiſt with Human Gore,
Deceiv'd their Feet, and laid them on the Floor:
The Sword forbad their Riſe; it pierc'd the Sides
Of proud *Amphimedon*, and *Phorbas*' Throat divides.
But luckleſs *Erythis*, who proudly rear'd
A Battel-Ax, a diff'rent Fortune ſhar'd:
For *Perſeus* ſnatching up a Cup of Coſt,
With Figures roughly prominent, emboſs'd,
Full on his Crown the pond'rous Mazer toſs'd.
He vomits out a Stream of ruddy Gore,
And knocks his Head ſupine upon the Floor.
Then *Polydemon* fell, who drew his Line
From fair *Semiramis*; and *Abarin*,
Lycetus, *Elycen* with Locks unſhorn,
Phlegias and *Clytus* take their fatal Turn.
The Prince the Palace with their Bodies ſpread,
A bloody Heap, and tramples on the Dead:

While *Phineus* dares not closely face his Foe,
Content from far his brandish'd Lance to throw;
On peaceful *Ida* drove the wand'ring Spear,
Who Neuter stood in vain, nor mingled in the War:
Since, with a stern, distorted Look, he said,
Me in your Broils a Partner you have made,
Prove what a Foe I am, and here repay
With Wounds the Wound you gave: He made Essay
To launch the Spear drawn reeking from the Wound,
But, faint with Loss of Blood, sunk grov'ling on the Ground.
Odites by *Clymeneus*' Sword was slain,
The first in Honour of the Royal Train.
Hypseus Protenor slew, and *Lyncides*
Slew *Hypseus* next. Amid the noisy Press
Was old *Emathion* seen; with pious Fear
The Gods he worshipp'd, and a Heart sincere;
Still just, and still observant of the Right;
And since his cumb'rous Years forbad the Fight,
He battel'd with his Tongue, and cry'd from far
Against their Arms, and curs'd their impious War.
But closely round an Altar as he clung,
And with his trembling Arms upon it hung,
Fierce *Chromis* lopp'd his Head, and lopp'd so well,
The jointed Head upon his Altar fell;
And gasping, curs'd amidst the curling Fires,
And in a shining Blaze at last expires.

Two Brothers, who did Iron Gauntlets wield,
Proteus and *Ammon*, matchleſs in the Field,
(If pointed Swords muſt to the Gauntlet yield,)
Phineus diſpatch'd, with *Ceres* Sacred Prieſt,
His hollow Temples with white Fillets dreſs'd.
And thou, Cœleſtial Bard, whoſe tuneful Skill
With Seaſons ſuch as this, accorded ill,
Whoſe ſpritely Lyre, the Voice of Peace and Love,
With ſoothing Sounds did pleaſing Tranſports move,
Waſt bidden here, amid the jovial Throng,
To cheer the Banquet with harmonious Song;
But bloody *Pettalus* cry'd, laughing, Go,
And play thy merry Notes to Ghoſts below;
And his left Temple pierc'd with one malicious Blow.
Falling, the Strings his trembling Fingers found,
And temper'd, as he dy'd, a lamentable Sound.
Not unreveng'd his Death *Lycormas* bore,
From the right Beam a ſturdy Rail he tore,
And daſh'd it thro' his Skull: He ruſh'd to Ground,
Juſt like an Ox beneath the Butcher's Wound.
While *Pelates* attempts to rend the next,
Corythas' driving Dart his Hand transfixt,
And pinion'd to the Wood; and *Abas*' Sword
Enter'd his fenceleſs Side, and deeply bor'd:
He fell not with the Wound, but faſten'd there,
Suſpended from the Beam, his Soul expir'd in Air.
Then *Melaneus*, who choſe the Prince's Side,
And wealthy *Dorilas*, in Battel dy'd:

Rich *Dorilas*, than whom was none poſſeſs'd
Of larger Lands, or ampler Harveſts preſs'd;
The Lance obliquely, with a mortal Wound,
Sunk in his Groin; and when the Victor found
His Soul juſt ebbing, and his ſwimming Eyes
Rolling in Death, inſultingly he cries;
This now of all your num'rous Lands poſſeſs,
This ſingle Spot, which with your Corſe you preſs;
And left him breathleſs. *Perſeus* from the Dead
Snatch'd the warm Weapon, and with Vengeance led,
Puſh'd thro' the Boaſter's Noſe and Neck the Spear,
Which did at once on either Side appear.
While Fortune's Favour did his Strokes purſue,
Clytus and *Clanis*, two fair Twins, he ſlew:
Their Fate was diff'rent; for the former lies
With the ſharp Lance tranſpierc'd thro' both his Thighs,
Thro' *Clanis*' op'ning Mouth the fatal Jav'lin flies.
And *Celadon*, and *Aſtreus* next expire;
His Mother known, but dubious was his Sire.
Ethion, who cou'd future Fates foretel;
But his Art failing, the fond *Augur* fell:
With him the Royal Squire, *Thoactes*, dy'd,
And dire *Agyrtes*, ſtain'd with Parricide.
So many ſlain, yet more remain behind,
And preſs the weary'd Prince, with Force combin'd;
On ev'ry Side they puſh the furious Fight,
In Violation of Deſert and Right.

The

The pious Father, and the tender Bride,
With the ſad Mother, favour'd *Perſeus'* Side;
They pray'd for his Succeſs, with pitying Eyes,
And fill'd the Court with Screams and clam'rous Cries:
The Din of claſhing Arms their Clamours drown'd,
And Groans of wounded Men, expiring on the Ground.
The fainting Fight *Bellona* ſtill renew'd,
And in the Blood the Houſehold Gods imbru'd.
Now *Phineus* and his Band the Prince encloſe,
And each his Dart with eager Fury throws;
As thick the Storm of thronging Jav'lins flies,
As rattling Hail deſcends from wint'ry Skies,
And rings about his Sides, his Ears and Eyes.
Behind a Pillar's Breadth he ſhields his Back,
And thus ſecur'd, ſuſtains the Foe's Attack.
Chaonian Molpeus, from the Left, the Fight
Urg'd, and *Ethemon* preſs'd him on the Right.
As when a Tyger, ſcow'ring on his Way,
Hears from two diff'rent Cotes the bleating Prey,
Diſtracted in his Choice, his Grinders churn,
On both he'd ruſh, on both his Fury turn:
So *Perſeus* fares; and on the Left and Right,
Doubtful on which to bore, maintain'd the Fight.
Molpeus diſabled, fled, and unpurſu'd;
Ethemon fir'd, no Stop nor Stay allow'd;
But aiming at his Neck a furious Stroke,
With heedleſs Force, the Blade in Pieces broke,

And from the Beam, a Fragment of the Sword
Rebounding back, its Maſter's Weazon bor'd;
Yet, not diſpatch'd, he lifts his Hands to pray,
But the ſharp Sword prevents him in his Way.
When *Perſeus* found true Valour over-laid
By Multitude: Why then my Foes ſhall aid,
Since ſo my Needs require; My Friends beware,
Avert your Eyes, he ſaid, nor turn them here;
And ſaying, *Gorgon*'s Snaky Head did rear.
Vain Aid, ſuch Miracles are loſt on us,
Nor move the Mind, cry'd furious *Theſcelus*:
But while he ſtood in very Act to throw,
Fix'd with his offer'd Dart, he did a Marble grow.
Amphix ſucceeds his Friend, and eager preſt,
And puſh'd his Sword at bold *Lyncides*' Breaſt;
His Arm was ſtiffen'd in the Thruſt, and ſtay'd
In the Mid Paſs, nor further Motion made.
Nileus, who boaſts from Sevenfold *Nile* his Race,
His ample Shield the ſevenfold Channels grace;
Part wrought in paler Silver, and the reſt
In Gold were caſt, and handſomely expreſt;
See, Prince, he cry'd, our Lineage; and below,
Among the ſilent Ghoſts, contented go,
Since you receive from me the fatal Blow.
So ſpoke the vaunting Youth: The latter Sound
Dy'd in the Birth, nor perfect Paſſage found:
He gapes for iſſuing Words, but gapes in vain,
Choak'd in the Stone, the Words unform'd remain.

Enrag'd at the Defeat, no *Gorgon*'s Head,
But Fear congeals your Hearts, fierce *Eryx* ſaid,
Come, join, my Friends; and ſpite of boaſted Charms,
We'll ſlay the Youngſter with his Magic Arms.
In Start to run, the Ground his Feet detain'd,
The Champion motionleſs a Stone remain'd.
Theſe juſtly fell. But as *Aconteus* fought
On *Perſeus*' Side, unwarily he caught
The *Gorgon* in his View: the Snakes beheld,
In a hard Quarry the chang'd Man congeal'd.
So well the Shape the heedleſs Eye deceiv'd,
Aſtyages miſtook, and thought he liv'd.
With his long Sword he laſh'd and hew'd around,
The forceful Blows againſt the Statue ſound.
Amazement ſeiz'd on the deluded Foe,
And as he ſtar'd, he did a Statue grow;
The ſtaring Statue do's his Admiration ſhow.
The Commons Names 'twere tedious to recite;
Two Hundred had ſurviv'd the Fatal Fight,
Two Hundred now were Images to Sight.
Phineus, too late, repents his impious War;
What ſhou'd he do? he ſaw the Figures there,
In various Poſtures fix'd; his Friends he knew,
And calls by Name, and do's for Succour ſue;
And faithleſs ſtill, and not convinc'd, prepar'd
To touch; he touch'd, and found the Marble hard;
Then, in a mortal Fright, averts his Eyes,
Upholds his folded Hands, and thus he cries;

'Tis

'Tis thine; the Conqueſt's thine; I tamely yield:
But oh, I beg, take hence thy *Gorgon* Shield!
Nor Luſt of Empire did my Quarrel move,
Nor envious Hate; 'twas for the Bride I ſtrove.
Thy Cauſe, in Merit, mine in Time was beſt;
I bluſh, I did thy better Claim conteſt;
Give, Hero, but my Life, I all reſign;
But Life I ask; the Reſt be wholly thine.
Anxious he begg'd, nor dar'd to lift his Eyes,
When the fierce Prince diſdainfully replies;
Take what I can, and this I can beſtow,
And to thy Daſtard Soul a mighty Bounty too;
Diſmiſs thy empty Fears, and reſt ſecure,
No Steel ſhall violate thy Body more;
A laſting Monument I'll fix thee here,
Thy promis'd Spouſe ſtill with thy Sight to chear.
He ſaid; and as he ſpoke, the Snakes he held
Where trembling *Phineus* turn'd to ſhun the Shield.
He went to catch away; his ſtiffen'd Neck
Was ſudden ſtay'd; his Eyes in Marble ſtick.
The Marble Man a trembling Mouth diſplays,
A fearful Look, invoking wanted Grace,
With Hands ſubmiſs, and a dejected Face.

On *NOVEMBER* the 4th 1712.

The Anniversary of the Birth of His Late Majesty King WILLIAM *the Third.*

AS with Cherubic Hosts and Choirs Divine,
In Songs of Joy, thou dost exulting joyn,
Cast not a Look, illustrious Mind, below,
Nor wish thy BRITAIN's present State to know;
Lest the dire Scene arising to the View,
The sad Idea in thy Soul renew,
Of our Unthankfulness in former Years,
Of Service ill-receiv'd, and unrewarded Cares;
When for Religion, Liberties and Laws,
Snatch'd, and asserted from th' Invader's Jaws,
And all the Benefits of Safety giv'n,
At once we murmur'd against Thee and Heav'n.
The same wild Phrenzy seizes us again,
Tasteless of Freedom, we invite the Chain,
Forget th' Oppressions we so lately bore,
And seek that *Ægypt* which we fled before.
The * *Joshua* who supply'd the Leader's Place,
When thou, our *Moses*, left'st this moody Race,
Who, form'd by thy Example, crown'd our Isle
With annual Trophies of Triumphant Spoil,
(So far have wicked Wiles destroy'd our Mind,
So far can Lies a Nation's Judgment blind)

Has

* *The Duke of* Marlborough.

Has found the ſame bad Recompence with thee,
Slurr'd with feign'd Crimes, and vulgar Calumny.
One was the Courſe of thy important Life,
For common Good one brave inceſſant Strife;
From the firſt Moment of thy vital Breath,
To the laſt Hour of thy lamented Death.
Ev'n in thy Bloom, when ſcarce thy Cheeks began
To ſhew the ſhaded Down, and mark the Man,
From proud rapacious Hands, thy early Toil
Wreſted the Prey, and freed thy Native Soil.
And when theſe ſighing Nations hung the Head,
And with repeated Vows implor'd thy Aid,
Thou gav'ſt thy Aid, and from impending Fate
Did'ſt nobly reſcue our endanger'd State.
Nor cou'dſt thou cloſe contentedly thy Eyes,
But ſtill delay'dſt thy Paſſage to the Skies,
'Till thou hadſt finiſh'd thy Auguſt Deſign,
Of ſafe Succeſſion in a Lawful Line;
HANOVER's Houſe, BRITANNIA's ſecond Hope,
Our pleaſing Proſpect, and the Kingdom's Prop.
For this ſhall Tongues unborn, in future Days,
Break forth with Tranſport, and Applauſes raiſe;
While all the four Maligners of thy Reign,
Behold our Happineſs, and rage in vain.
Tho' now too far their foul fallacious Arts
Pervert the People, and corrupt their Hearts,
Defame thy Conduct, endleſs Slanders ſpread,
And ſacrilegiouſly aſperſe the Dead,

Yet

Yet ſhortly ſhall the Faſcination break,
And BRITONS from their heavy Trance awake,
Exert themſelves, and recognize thy Name,
With Honours due, and renovated Fame;
Thy MEMORY IMMORTAL ſhall revere,
With copious Praiſe and Gratitude ſincere,
And hold this Day of their DELIV'RER dear.

UPON READING
Mr. *DRYDEN*'s FABLES.

OUR great Fore-fathers in Poetic Song
Were rude in Diction, tho' their Senſe was ſtrong;
Well-meaſur'd Verſe they knew not how to frame,
Their Words ungraceful, and the Cadence lame:
Too far they wildly rang'd to ſtart the Prey,
And did too much of Fairy Land diſplay;
And in their rugged Diſſonance of Lines,
True manly Thought debas'd with Trifles ſhines.
Each gawdy Flow'r that wantons on the Mead,
Muſt not appear within the Curious Bed;
But Nature's choſen Birth ſhou'd flouriſh there,
And with their Beauties crown the ſweet Parterre.
Such was the Scene, when *Dryden* came to found
More perfect Lays, with Harmony of Sound:
What lively Colours glow on ev'ry Draught!
How bright his Images, how rais'd his Thought!

The Parts proportion'd to their proper Place,
With Strength ſupported, and adorn'd with Grace.
With what Perfection did his artful Hand
The various Kinds of Poeſy command!
And the whole Choir of Muſes, at his Call,
In his rich Song, which was inſpir'd of all,
Spoke from the Cords of his enchanting Lyre,
And gave his Breaſt the Fulneſs of their Fire.
As while the Sun diſplays his Lordly Light,
The Hoſt of Stars are humbly veil'd from Sight,
'Till when he falls, they kindle all on high,
And ſmartly ſparkle in the nightly Sky;
His Fellow Bards ſuſpended thus their Ray,
Drown'd in the ſtrong Effulgence of his Day;
But glowing to their Riſe, at his Decline,
Each caſt his Beams, and each began to ſhine.
As Years advance, th' abated Soul in moſt
Sinks to low Ebb, in ſecond Childhood loſt;
And ſpoiling Age, diſhonouring our Kind,
Robs all the Treaſures of the waſted Mind;
With hov'ring Clouds obſcures the muffled Sight,
And dim Suffuſion of enduring Night:
But the rich Fervor of his riſing Rage
Prevail'd o'er all th' Infirmities of Age;
And, unimpair'd by Injuries of Time,
Enjoy'd the Bloom of a perpetual Prime:
His Fire not leſs, he more correctly writ,
With ripen'd Judgment and digeſted Wit,

When the luxuriant Ardor of his Youth
Succeeding Years had tam'd to better Growth,
And ſeem'd to break the Body's Cruſt away,
To give th' expanded Mind more Room to play;
Which, in its Evening, open'd on the Sight
Surprizing Beams of full Meridian Light,
As thrifty of its Splendor it had been,
And all its Luſtre had reſerv'd 'till then.
So the deſcending Sun, which hid his Ray
In Miſts before, diminiſhing the Day,
Breaks radiant out upon the dazled Eye,
And in a Blaze of Glory leaves the Sky.
Revolving Time had injur'd *Chaucer*'s Name,
And dimm'd the brilliant Luſtre of his Fame;
Deform'd his Language, and his Wit depreſs'd,
His ſerious Senſe oft ſinking to a Jeſt;
Almoſt a Stranger ev'n to *Britiſh* Eyes,
We ſcarcely knew him in the rude Diſguiſe:
But cloath'd by Thee, the burniſh'd Bard appears
In all his Glory, and new Honours wears.
Thus *Ennius* was by *Virgil* chang'd of old;
He found him Rubbiſh, and he left him Gold.
Who but thy ſelf cou'd *Homer*'s Weight ſuſtain,
And match the Voice of his Majeſtic Strain?
When *Phœbus*' Wrath the Sov'reign Poet ſings,
And the big Paſſion of contending Kings.
No tender Pinions of a gentle Muſe,
Who little Points in Epigram purſues,

And, with a ſhort Excurſion, meekly plays
Its flutt'ring Wings in mean enervate Lays,
Cou'd make a Flight like this, to reach the Skies,
An Eagle's Vigor can alone ſuffice.

In ev'ry Part the courtly *Ovid*'s Style,
Thy various Verſions beautifully foil.
Here ſmoothly turn'd, melodious Meaſures move,
And feed the Flame, and multiply the Love:
So ſweet they flow, ſo touch the heaving Heart,
They teach the * Doctor in his boaſted Art.
But when the Theme demands a manly Tone,
Sublime he ſpeaks in Accents not his own.
The briſtly Boar, and the tremendous Rage
When the fell Centaurs in the Fight engage;
The cruel Storm where *Ceyx* loſt his Life,
And the deep Sorrows of his widow'd Wife;
The cover'd Cavern, and the ſtill Abode
Of empty Viſions, and the ſleepy God,
The Pow'rs of Nature in her wond'rous Reign,
Old Forms ſubverting, to produce again,
And mould the Maſs anew, th' important Verſe
Do's with ſuch Dignity of Words rehearſe,
That *Virgil*, proud of unexampled Fame,
Looks with Concern, and fears a Rival Name.

What vaunting *Grecians*, of their Knowledge vain,
In lying Legends inſolently feign

Of

* *Ego ſum Præceptor Amoris.* Art. Am. lib. 1.

Of Magic Verſes, whoſe perſuaſive Charm
Appeas'd the Soul with glowing Paſſion warm,
Then diſcompos'd the Calm, and chang'd the Scene,
And with the Height of Madneſs vex'd agen;
Thou haſt accompliſh'd in thy wond'rous * Song,
With utmoſt Energy of Numbers ſtrong.
A Flow of Rage comes hurrying on amain,
And now the refluent Tide ebbs out again;
A quiet Pauſe ſucceeds; when unconfin'd
It ruſhes back, and ſwells upon the Mind.
Th' inimitable Lay, thro' all the Maze
Of Harmony's ſweet Labyrinth, diſplays
The Pow'r of Muſick, and *Cecilia*'s Praiſe.
At firſt it lifts the flatter'd Monarch high,
With boaſted Lineage, to his kindred Sky;
Then to the Pleaſures of the flowing Bowl
And mellow Mirth, unbends his eaſy Soul;
And humbles now, and ſaddens all the Feaſt,
With Senſe of Human Miſeries expreſs'd;
Relenting Pity in each Face appears,
And heavy Sorrow ripens into Tears.
Grief is forbid; and ſee in ev'ry Eye
The Gayety of Love, and wanton Joy,
Soft Smiles and Airs, which tenderly inſpire
Delightful Hope, and languiſhing Deſire.
But lo! the pealing Verſe provokes around
The Frown of Rage, and kindles with the Sound;

* *His Ode on St.* Ceciiia's *Day, entitled* Alexander's *Feaſt, or the Power of Muſick.*

Behold the low'ring Storm at once ariſe,
And ardent Vengeance ſparkling in their Eyes;
Fury boils high, and Zeal of fell Debate,
Demanding Ruin, and denouncing Fate.
Ye *Britiſh* Beauties, in whoſe finiſh'd Face
Smile the gay Honours of each bloomy Grace;
Whoſe Forms, inimitably fair, invite
The ſighing Heart, and chear the raviſh'd Sight,
Say, what ſweet Tranſports and complacent Joy
Riſe in your Boſoms, and your Soul employ,
When Royal *Emily* the tuneful Bard
Paints in his Song, and makes the rich Reward
Of Knightly Arms in coſtly Liſts array'd,
The World at once contending for the Maid.
How nobly great do's *Sigiſmonda* ſhine,
With conſtant Faith, and Courage Maſculine!
No Menaces cou'd bend her Mind to fear,
But for her Love ſhe dies without a Tear.
There *Iphigenia*, with her radiant Eyes,
As the bright Sun illuminates the Skies,
In clouded *Cymon* chearful Day began,
Awak'd the ſleeping Soul, and charm'd him into Man.
The pleaſing Legends, to your Honour, prove
The Pow'r of Beauty and the Force of Love.
Who after him can equally rehearſe
Such various Subjects in ſuch various Verſe?
And with the Raptures of his Strain controul
At Will each Paſſion, and command the Soul?

Not

Not antient *Orpheus*, whoſe ſurprizing Lyre
Did Beaſts and Rocks and rooted Woods inſpire,
More ſweetly ſung, nor with ſuperior Art
Sooth'd the ſad Shades, and ſoften'd *Pluto*'s Heart.
All own'd at Diſtance his diſtinguiſh'd Name,
Nor vainly vy'd to ſhare his awful Fame;
Unrival'd living he enlarg'd his Praiſe,
And dying left without an Heir his Bays.
So *Philip*'s Son, his univerſal Reign,
Extended amply over Earth and Main,
Thro' conquer'd Climes with ready Triumph rode,
And rul'd the Nations with his pow'rful Nod;
But when Fate call'd the mighty Chief away,
None cou'd ſucceed to his Imperial Sway,
And his wide Empire languiſh'd to Decay.

ON THE
DEATH *of* *ARMINIUS.*

From the Latin *of* HUGO GROTIUS.

Inſcrib'd to the Memory of Dr. SAMUEL CLARK.

THOU great Reſearcher into Truth profound,
A Soul ſublime, with Erudition crown'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd Pattern of a piercing Mind,
Arminius, from an Age perplex'd and blind,

Serenely thou art call'd, with happy Flight,
To the calm Regions of Cœleſtial Light.
Pure were thy Views; and whether thou haſt ſerv'd
Truth's glorious Cauſe, and in no Notion ſwerv'd,
Or by the Lot attending human Kind,
Which dimly ſees, with Faculties confin'd,
In any Part, unheeded Error ſpred
Her obvious Snare, and thy Purſuit miſ-led;
(A curious Queſtion, and for them to ſhow,
Who have both Right to judge, and Skill to know:)
Yet waſt thou ſeen, in this unhallow'd Age,
A ſtrict Peruſer of the Sacred Page;
Nor didſt thou in the Words of Men confide,
Relying raſhly on a dubious Guide:
For which th' Applauſes of a Conſcience clear,
Obedient ſtill, ſtill humble and ſincere,
At Heav'ns impartial Bar thou doſt with Rapture hear.
There from the Sorrows of this Life releas'd,
Of perfect Eaſe, and perfect Joy poſſeſs'd,
The Science thou ſo long purſu'dſt below,
Thou haſt obtain'd, and now doſt truly know.
From that Irradiance of untroubled Day,
Thou ſeeſt what Miſts obſcure our darken'd Way;
How vain the Thing which Knowledge here we name,
An empty Vapour, and an idle Dream.
Yet puff'd with this, we others proudly ſpurn,
And are again inſulted in our Turn.

Hence Wars of four diſputing Doctors riſe,
The People's Rage, and endleſs Enmities.
While Holy Truth, of Holy Peace the Friend,
Eſcapes unſeen, as fiercely they contend.
From whence this Luſt of Quarrel and Debate!
This Zeal of Parties, and pernicious Hate?
Has our dear Lord's infernal Foe, conceal'd,
Sown this bad Seed, and ſcatter'd o'er his Field?
Or do's the haſty Wrath of mortal Man,
And Wit deprav'd, th' untemper'd Strife maintain?
And to vile Ends the Cauſe of God, prophane?
Or while the World, inquiſitive to know,
All Secrets ſcans, and Things forbid below,
Is this the righteous Puniſhment aſſign'd,
T' abaſh the Boldneſs of the curious Mind?
As when of old the madding People ſtrove,
From their proud Tow'r to ſcale ev'n Heav'n above,
A thouſand erring Tongues their Speech embroil'd,
And with wild Jargon the vain Counſel foil'd.
Ah! what do we attempt! the little Stock
Selected from the World, the purchas'd Flock
Invades it ſelf, and rends with mutual Spite,
While *Turks* rejoyce, and *Jews* applaud the Sight.
Bleſs'd the Religion, which from factious Heat
Chaſtly preſerv'd, and Arts of Human Wit,
Shines in its own Simplicity compleat!
Which Pardon, by our Saviour's Death procur'd,
Expects with ſtedfaſt Faith, and Hope aſſur'd;

Salvation as the Gift of Heav'n receives,
And Puniſhments ordain'd for Sins believes.
Of gentle Love the kind Indulgence tries,
Content to be with Moderation wiſe;
Which never will in raſh Inquiries ſtrive,
Whether Events by a fix'd Fate arrive;
How, void of Evil, by eſtabliſh'd Laws,
The Sov'reign Ruler, as the Sov'reign Cauſe,
Decrees and diſallows committed Ill,
And by a pow'rful Nod, conducts the Human Will.
And bleſs'd the Man! who from Ambition free,
Deſigns not Gain, nor earthly Vanity;
Nor meanly courts the Flatteries of Praiſe,
But do's to Heav'n his glad Devotion raiſe.
To know the Deity his Study bends,
And in the Flames of Angels Zeal aſcends.
Who ſafely guided by th' unerring Clue
Of Sacred Writ, its Precepts does purſue;
And thro' the Maze of various Life, with Care
Directs his Way, and 'ſcapes the ready Snare;
With Charity his Freedom tempers well,
And can in Peace with diff'ring Parties dwell:
Pious and juſt, who does Contention ſhun,
Of others damn'd, himſelf condemning none;
Who never will with Confidence preſume,
But now diſputes for Truth, and now for Peace is dumb.
Theſe Leſſons often, nor without Succeſs,
Thou didſt in publick, and in private preſs;

Theſe

Theſe with redoubled Energy commend,
When nearer now approaching to thy End;
Worne with the Labours of exerted Life,
And nauſeating an Age involv'd in Strife,
Full of it ſelf, beyond Inſtruction wiſe,
Ungrateful, and delighting to deſpiſe;
Broke in thy worſe, but in thy nobler Part
Firm and entire, thou did'ſt with ardent Heart,
(So did thy Soul the rapt'rous Proſpect fire)
To that bleſt Kingdom earneſtly aſpire,
To which, while Heav'n prolong'd thy uſeful Stay,
Thou hadſt to Thouſands pointed out the Way.
There now a Star, with Rays eternal grac'd,
Within the Temple of thy Father plac'd,
In Pray'r to God, thou humbly doſt unite,
To ſhed upon his Fold, ſufficient Light,
And grant they may with that reſt ſatisfy'd;
Teachers to give them, pure from Worldly Pride,
To propagate his Goſpel, not an Art,
And Union ſend of Tongues, at leaſt of Heart:
Of Controverſies blind, to chaſe the Night,
With his own Luſtre, prevalently bright;
That the whole Church of Chriſt, made one in Love
May perſevere, and aided from above,
Their Life to Men, and Faith to Heav'n approve.

On OUR SAVIOUR's INCARNATION.

An ODE.

I.

WAKE all thy Fire, Cœleſtial Muſe,
The lofty Song requires it all:
Abundantly into my Breaſt infuſe
The ſtrong Enthuſiaſtic Heat:
Great is my Subject, let thy Aid be great;
Leſt, unſuſtain'd, inglorioufly I fall;
Who zealouſly affect Immortal Height,
And ſeek with willing Wings a more than human Flight.
Do thou approve and ſanctify the Rhyme;
Exalt me with thy ſacred Flame;
And with thy living Energy ſublime
Ennoble, and ſucceed the conſecrated Theme.

II.

The dedicated Verſe propounds to ſing
The Son of God, deſcending from above
T'unlock on Earth th' Eternal Spring
Of Wiſdom by the Church, and ſeal the Father's Love.
Ev'n He, who veſted with Creating Might,
Gave to the various Worlds their Birth,

And fram'd the Heav'n, the Seas, and Earth;
Who in the vaſt Expanſion's Height
The radiant Luminaries ſlung,
Numberleſs Orbs of wakeful Light,
Unpropp'd, in ambient *Æther* hung:
The Brightneſs of Paternal Glory, crown'd
With Pomp and Pow'rs ineffably Divine,
Anointed Regent of the Worlds around,
To finiſh his auguſt Deſign,
Renounc'd his Royalties awhile,
And humbly in a Servant's Form was found;
And thus of gracious Choice did undergo
Humanity debas'd, and endleſs Toil:
Purſu'd with agonizing Woe,
Of Wrath awak'd the laſhing Scourge he bore;
Preſſures of urging Sorrows unallay'd,
By fiery Vengeance of Almighty Pow'r,
Driv'n home, and faſten'd in his Soul:
Guiltleſs, for us a guilty Victim made,
He drank the bitter Dregs, and felt for us the Whole.

III.

On Mercy's Golden Leaf, the Great Deſign
Was regiſter'd in Characters Divine:
And there the native Spirits of the Sky,
(Th' unchanging Scroll permitted to their Eye,)
Acquainted with th' intended Wonder grew,
And early read it with preventing View.

Below,

Below, the Prophets præſcious Rage
Foretold th' amazing Birth, and ſung in myſtic Page.
On this deſir'd expected Day
The Patriarch Line fix'd their believing Sight;
Tho' then behind a Length of Time it lay;
Of Years unborn thro' the wide Ocean, they,
To Viſion purg'd and Diſtance of Survey,
Transfer'd their Proſpect clear, and hail'd it with
Delight.
And big and lab'ring with Deſire,
All earneſtly accompliſh'd Grace require;
When, lo! the deſtin'd, the diſtinguiſh'd Hour,
The Flight of intermediate Ages paſt,
Turn'd up, and ſmil'd upon the World, at laſt,
To ſave from Hell deſerv'd, and forfeit Bliſs reſtore.

IV.

Lull'd in a Calm of Peace our Earth was found,
When on the ſolemn Ambaſſy,
Eternal Concord to promulge around,
The Prince and Pledge of Peace deſcended from on hig
And with his Birth, the Golden Æra crown'd.
A Sov'reign rais'd, whoſe ſtedfaſt Throne
Founded imperiſhable, unconfin'd,
An Earthly Sceptre greatly do's diſown,
And ſolely claims Dominion of the Mind.
Titles and Train, and Honours cumb'rous Load,
With all the ſplendid Vanities of Pow'r,

G

Gay Toys, which wretched Man allure,
And puff the ſilly Creature to be Proud;
Rejected to their mean Admirers lie,
Who taſte the Steams of Praiſe, and worſhip Pageantry.
Then, unallarm'd with jealous Fear,
Imperial *Cæſar*, hold thy ample Reign,
Conqueſts perform, and Trophies rear,
Stretch out unweildy Empire's Bound,
And thro' the many Nations round,
Enlarge Command Supream, and Lordly Rule maintain.

V.

Born to ſuperior Deeds, to drive
Abuſive Error and her various Train:
Unblemiſh'd Truth and Virtue to revive;
And reſcue and aſſert the Man
From Vaſſalage of Vice this gracious Monarch came:
Thus builds his Empire, thus aſpires to Sway,
Reigns Spiritual, and ſignifies his Way
To Grandeur eminent, and large-predicted Fame.
Not introduc'd by Comets hung on high,
Flaming dire Omens in the nightly Sky;
By Kingdoms ruin'd, and by ſhaken Thrones,
A Waſte of Battel, and tranſlated Crowns.
But War, her bluſt'ring Tempeſt o'er,
Slumber'd ſupine, and huſh'd her brazen Roar;
And a fair Sky, all chearful and ſerene,
Diſclos'd, and gave an Auſpice to the Scene.

VI. Hold

VI.

Hold on, my Muſe, and, if thou can'ſt, ſuſtain
Th' o'erwhelming Thought, and, trembling, ſee
Lone, unſurrounded with his ſhining Train,
Him who ſuſtain'd the Honours of a God,
Humbly, and in a mean Abode,
Ent'ring on infant Life, beginning now to be.
Shorn with Eclipſe, diſhonour'd, ſpoil'd
Of his effulgent Glory, bare to Sight,
Behold the ſacred Child!
Diſrob'd of that exceſſive Light
Which, on the Groſs of antient Night
Shot fierce, and made uncomely Darkneſs yield;
All pale it ſicken'd into Day;
And, kindling from his Blaze, their borrow'd Ray,
The ſparkling Lamps on high roſe in the Starry Way.

VII.

Hark! in the lightſome Chambers of the Sky,
Echo's the Sound of ſolemn Harmony.
Sweetly the circling Spheres above,
In tuneful Revolutions move:
More ſweetly the Cherubic Choir,
And joyful Saints their Voices, raiſe,
In Halleluiahs of Praiſe:

And, taught by Maſter Spirits skill'd,
The breathing Pipe and copious Lyre
Speak Airs Divine, and waken round
Loud Melody in all its Tones fulfill'd;
nd the big Organ and the Trump conſpire
'embody and allow their ſtronger pealing Sound.
The Sons of God their Choral Strain
Thus on Creation's Morn began
ymphonious, to th' Omnific Builder's Fame;
While from th' unreal vacuous Deep, amain,
Apparent Entity emerging came;
And, working off Confuſion's black Array,
he new-born Worlds were publiſh'd into Day.
A World created, and a World preſerv'd,
Occaſion'd equal Joy and equally deſerv'd.

VIII.

Wing'd from the Preſence, to convey
Th' important News, with ſpeedy Flight,
Down thro' the trackleſs Sky's unmeaſur'd Way,
Falls a ſwift Train of Seraphs bright:
And a fair Globe of running Light
From the brown Meadows roll the Night,
iſtinguiſhing theHeav'n,and calls the ShepherdsSight.
In Ecſtaſy the humble Swains
Receiv'd the Viſion on the Plains;
And as with awful Fear they gaze,
Th' illuſtrious Hoſt prepares their Lays;

To

To chiming Inſtruments around,
GLAD TIDINGS, then the Song began,
TO THE SUPREAM ADOR'D, ETERNAL
PRAISE,
IMMORTAL PEACE, BENEVOLENCE TO
MAN.
An Univerſal Shout the Concert crown'd,
And to the Gates of Paradiſe return'd the welcom
Sound.

IX.

To lab'ring Nature's ſickly Frame,
New Life the ſalutary Meſſage brought;
Eſtabliſh'd on her Baſe again:
But Horror and diſtracting Shame,
Diſſeiz'd and vanquiſh'd of his Reign,
Abaddon's ſwarthy Monarch caught.
He and his Traytor Crew of Hell,
(Vengeance defer'd but gathers Weight,
Strikes deeper, and with more of Fate)
Like haſty Light'ning, from on high,
Swept down, precipitately fell,
And clear'd the diſincumber'd Sky;
Defeated in th' accurs'd Deſign;
The new Creation to confound,
To ſpread their waſteful Empire round,
And Man with them in Ruin joyn.
For this, vindictive Wrath Divine

Flam

Flam'd out, and viſited intenſe:
Sharp Arrows, drench'd in ſacred Ire,
From which they vainly wiſh Defence,
Shot Agonies, immortal Pain
Within them, and impetuous Fire
Purſu'd in raging Show'rs amain:
The long-impending Tempeſt, fully blown,
Broke on them, and diſgorg'd the ſultry Deluge down.

X.

From meagre Death his lifted Weapon fell;
The ſallying Dart arreſted was and ſtay'd;
Which long had ſtock'd the lonely Waſte of Hell,
And, fierce of Prey, enormous Carnage made.
Reform'd to Grace, the horrid Mein,
And grieſly Shape no more are ſeen;
A Friend become of an invet'rate Foe,
Pleaſant his Look and mild his Brow,
Balmy the Shafts he ſends, and Sov'reign is the Blow.
From Sorrows, and oppreſſive Cares,
From Sickneſs and unweildy Years,
The Pains, Indecencies and Scorn
Of Senſe obtuſe, and Life to Ruin worn,
Welcome Deliv'rer! thou Releaſe,
To fadeleſs Joys and Elegance of Bliſs.

XI.

Infinite King! Who can ſuffice,
The Secrets of thy Throne, to trace!
Or dare to try, with curious Eyes,
Th' Abyſs of thy Myſterious Ways!
Awful, inextricable Maze!
And what an Ocean is thy Grace!
The flaming Ardors of the Sky,
Pure Sons of Morn, a Princely Train,
Magnificent in Majeſty,
And with exalted Honours crown'd;
Once dignify'd to ſerve around
Th' immediate Godhead, and ſuſtain
His great Commands, amid the blazing Ray
Of living Light, and ſtrong Cœleſtial Day;
Revers'd in Form, and from their Station thrown,
Expung'd th' Eternal Roll on high,
Damnation ſinks for ever down:
Chain'd in th' unfathom'd Gulf, they lye
Deſpairing, and unpity'd groan
With Torture's eating Plague, and perfect Miſery.

XII.

Far otherwiſe, O Father Judge Supream!
With fallen Man thy Methods were:
To him all Charity; to them
Conſuming Wrath unquench'd, and Puniſhment ſevere
Wh

What a Diſtinction haſt thou made!
Of lofty Seraphim the radiant Row,
Diſclaim'd and loſt, no Pardon know,
Out of the Line of Grace, and Mercy's Aid:
While Man, a Creature meanly Born of Clay,
A ſudden Thing of Yeſterday,
Reduc'd in Mind, and ſluggiſhly allay'd
With Body, of abated Soul;
A Spirit tam'd with Senſe, and leſſen'd in the Whole:
When vilely from his Faith he fell,
And dar'd Allegiance to depoſe;
Supplanted by th' induſtrious Wiles of Hell,
Th' Extent of thy Compaſſion found;
Plenipotent th' imboſom'd Son aroſe
On his Behalf; and, in his Stead,
(Who can preſcribe his Love, and ſtreighten with a Bound)
The Fury of inſulted Law,
Receiv'd, diſcharging on his Head.
Aghaſt th' Apoſtate Spirits ſaw,
When, to conclude the tainted Race,
Juſtice, inflam'd, reach'd haſty to the Blow,
The ruſhing Stroke, in Pity, ſtay'd;
And Exhibitions of abſolving Grace,
The Deity, aſſuag'd, indulgently beſtow.

XIII.

Bought with a Price and not our own;
His Claim appropriate we are,
Who paid the coſtly Ranſom down;
Be Righteous then to Gratitude, nor dare
Profanely to defraud th'Almighty Purchaſer.
Unhallow'd Luſts let be expell'd,
That impiouſly uſurp'd the Sway within;
Each guilty Paſſion combatted and quell'd;
And Virgin bleach the Soul, renew'd agen,
From all diſcolour'd Soil and Turpitude of Sin;
And Sanctify, with Innocence, the Mind,
Ornate in Virtue's Garb Divine;
A Royal ſeparated Shrine,
Inſcrib'd to Heav'n and from the World refin'd.
To Spirit purifying, when our End
Mature accompliſhes for perfect Joys,
Th' immortal Manſions thus we ſhall aſcend;
Aſſum'd to high Promotions in the Skies;
From whence th' unnumber'd ſhining Legions fell;
In Glory with the Hierarchies to dwell,
A Holy Church ſelect, and heal their Vacancies.

XIV.

Increas'd, from Infancy's imperfect Years,
To ſmiling Youth, and thence abſolv'd to Man,
One Tenor of the ſacred Life appears:
Opprobriouſly he ſet, as lowly he began.

A Life ſtill varying, and diſtinguiſh'd ſtill,
With Wants, Contempt, and exerciſing Ill.
Rais'd by Adverſity, ſuperior grew
The Deity, to more Advantage ſhown,
Vouch'd and atteſted thus to View,
The genuine Son of God, *Meſſiah* true,
In Deeds, no leſs than Name, a real Saviour known.
Of Grace abundant, on the Croud
Promiſcuous Mercies he beſtow'd;
For ſcurril Taunts, and Blaſphemy abhorr'd,
He rais'd the Dead, the Lame reſtor'd,
Expell'd poſſeſſing Fiends, and waſting Sickneſs cur'd.
Conſtant, and truly regular,
He roll'd along his deſtin'd Sphere,
And greatly meaſur'd his compleated Year.
Thus in the Skies the Champion Sun,
(If Things ſo Great we may compare with Small)
Drives ſteadily his Chariot on;
Sweeping around the glitt'ring Belt on high,
His chearful Beams he freely throws on all,
While climbing Fogs and Vapours vainly try
To blunt his Golden Rays, and cloud th' Etherial Ball.

XV.

But, conſcious of abated Fire, forbear,
My weary'd Muſe, t' attempt the reſt,
Thy feeble Force exceeding far,
And curb thy ſelf in thy ungovern'd Haſte.

A Chain of Virtues ſo divinely bright,
Able t'endure the proving Teſt
Proportion'd, perfect, of Immortal Height,
Cannot be worthily expreſt.
Beſides the Wonders of his Death behind:
When, lab'ring on the Croſs, his earneſt Pray'rs
(Made prevalent by Blood and Tears)
Were for his Murderers deſign'd:
In Bleſſings then his anguiſh'd Soul he breath'd,
And ſure Salvation's Gift to Rebel Man bequeath'd.
The Glories, alſo, thou muſt leave untrac'd,
When, breaking from the ſolitary Tomb, he roſe,
Auguſt with purchas'd Honours grac'd,
In Triumph o'er his vanquiſh'd Foes.
Thro' purple Clouds ſerenely as he rode,
Applauding Angels, ſpread on high,
With Songs of Joy receiv'd the Victor God:
A Blaze of Suns the frequent Hoſt appear'd;
And loudly, in th' expanded Sky,
The vollying Voice of hailing Praiſe was heard.
Such Crouds, and ſuch a pompous Train
Agen ſhall fill that ſpacious Plain,
When his Tribunal high
Erected in the Sky,
Shall, by the Trumpet's Clangor wake
The ſleepy Dead, and their long Slumber break;
And ſummon all the World to come
And meet their juſt and Everlaſting Doom.

From the GREEK *of*

GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

I Was once in my Prime, but now decline;
Nor did I then inſult, nor now repine:
To fade, and flouriſh, is a diff'rent State;
But I am ſtill the ſame, unchang'd in either Date.

From the ſame.

THIS Good I have from the Phyſicians won,
Equal with thee, O *Chriſt*, to value none;
For all Things do from thee derive their Pow'r,
And 'tis from thee alone, that Med'cines cure.

From the ſame.

I Languiſh, and have now another Call
To think of Heav'n, and quit this Earthly Ball;
The Benefit I own; but, Lord, in Love,
Aſſuage the Sickneſs, and the Pain remove;
Or if that is not fit, then give me Grace,
To bear it firmly, and with chearful Face.

From the ſame.

WHY ſhou'd I longer covet wretched Life,
A Mark for Envy, Mockery and Strife?
Let others wiſh for Pomps, I only pray
A quick Diſmiſſion, and to go my Way.

From the ſame.

I Hear the Call, and haſten as I hear;
But ah! the rich Man's Flames and Gulph I fear;
Who will ſecure me an immortal Crown,
And in the Patriarch's Boſom lay me down?

The EPITHALAMIUM *of* PALLADIUS *and* CELERINA.

Alter'd from CLAUDIAN.

WIthin a ſecret Grove, the *Paphian* Queen
Extended careleſs on the various Green,
Serenely ſlept: all lovely Flow'rs compoſe
The fragrant Bed, and round the Goddeſs roſe.
Acroſs the Borders of the pleaſing Glade,
The purple Vine its ample Foliage play'd,

And hung its ruddy Fruit: The Breezes fly
Between the quiv'ring Leaves, and cool the ſultry Sky.
Th' *Idalian* Family, a joyous Train,
And chèarful Graces lay upon the Plain,
Beneath a ſpacious Oak; and fond of Shade,
The ſprightly *Cupids* o'er the Meadows ſtray'd.
High in the Wind, the whiſtling Boughs among,
Their deadly Darts, and furniſh'd Quivers hung.
Some exerciſe in Sport, and others pry
For downy Neſts of Birds, in Hedges nigh,
Or pelt the ripen'd Apples from on high.
One Band the Trees, with mighty Labour, climbs,
And on the ſhaking Branches truſt their Limbs:
With Watch and Ward, another kept the Grove,
And made the peeping *Dryades* remove;
Nor let the Woodland Pow'rs approach the Scene,
Or luſtful Fawns inſpect the ſacred Den.
While thus their ſev'ral Games the Wantons ply,
All ſuddenly was heard a various Cry,
A Peal of echoing Shouts; and by the Noiſe,
It ſeem'd of merry Youths the ſprightly Voice,
In Chorus with the Lyre; and clearly round,
Fair *Celerina*'s Name the hollow Mountains ſound:
The winding Circuit of the Fields along,
Palladius' Name was anſwer'd to the Song.
To *Venus* ſoon the jovial Clamour flies,
And chas'd the Slumber from her radiant Eyes:

She rais'd her Head, and ſummon'd from the Groves,
The youthful *Hymen*, and her wand'ring Loves;
A Muſe his Mother; with becoming Pride,
Hymen do's o'er the Marriage Bed preſide:
He ties the Bridal Knot, and he away,
No pleaſing Bliſs attends the Nuptial Day.

At length he came; for ſhelter'd in the Grove,
The buſy Boy, in idle Paſtime, ſtrove
Unequal Reeds in working Wax to bind,
Then to his Lips the paſt'ral Flute he joyn'd,
And various Notes excites with modulated Wind.
But when he ſaw the Queen, he huſh'd his Tune,
And ſliding dropp'd the rural Whiſtle down.
Bright were her Eyes, the Sun, and conſcious Shame,
Her ſnowy Cheeks had kindled in a Flame.
Speechleſs he gaz'd; when thus the Goddeſs broke
The Silence firſt, and with a Smile beſpoke.

Fair Offspring of the Muſe, my lovely Boy,
Do ſoft *Epithalamiums* ſtill employ
Thy downy Hours, and Songs of Marriage Joy?
What tender Airs, amid' the frying Heat,
Doſt thou alone melodiouſly repeat?
Or doſt thou ſcorn the Harp, and with the Flocks,
Blow the blithe Shepherd's Pipe, while Echo mocks
With ready Voice, and anſwers from the Rocks?
But tell, my Child, what means this ſudden Joy?
What bridal Pomp is ſweetly paſſing by?

Can

Can you, ſaid *Hymen*, Goddeſs, linger here,
When ſuch a Bridal's celebrating there?
Phœbus, the radiant Pow'r, whoſe Beams Divine
On Heav'n and Earth with chearful Glory ſhine;
Skill'd in the Lyre, to multiply around
The joyous Notes, and Harmony of Sound;
Who forms the happy Rhyme, and fully knows
What virtuous Plant, and ſov'reign Simple grows:
To raiſe his Worth, at once the Youth inſpires,
With Arts of Med'cine, and Poetic Fires,
The lov'd *Iapis*, with diminiſh'd Praiſe,
Preferr'd the Leech's Skill, and ſcorn'd the Bays.
But, capable of both, his riſing Name
This Youth improves, and ſhares a double Fame.
While, in the Bride, thy own delightful Grace
Thou haſt expreſs'd, and Comelineſs of Face;
How elegant ſhe ſhines! the lovely Kind
Confeſs her Form; where ſweetly are combin'd,
A beauteous Perſon, and a prudent Mind.
Since ſuch a Couple give their Hands to-day,
'Tis impious, Queen, your Preſence to delay.
Come, lead your little *Loves*, I'm all on fire,
To ſcatter dewy Crowns amid the Quire;
To ſhake my bridal Torch, and bleſs the Night
With Mirth ſincere, and Fulneſs of Delight.
This rural Pipe, of Ruſhes rudely made,
Shall in the merry Chorus join: he ſaid,
And *Venus*, riſing from her fragrant Bed,

Mov'd

Mov'd to the Fount, and in the cooling Streams
Her Body bath'd, and waſh'd her beauteous Limbs;
Her flowing Locks in curious Order ty'd,
And dreſs'd her Heav'nly Form in utmoſt Pride:
With gather'd Flow'rs ſhe ſtrew'd her Chariot round,
With ſcatter'd Flow'rs the ſilken Meads were crown'd,
And her ſoft Doves in Flow'ry Harneſs bound.

Thick Flights of Birds in Rings attend the Car,
Of ev'ry Kind, repairing from afar,
Such as around the running River build,
And hold the ſilent Woods, or open Field.
The laughing *Loves*, who ſaw the feather'd Train,
For Courſers preſs'd, and curb'd them with the Rein,
And rode them round the Skies, with Grace before their Queen.

Quick, with a Shout, in merry Fight they cloſe;
Their little Hands are clench'd for ſturdy Blows;
And here and there a Fall the Wantons caught,
Then flew, with better Speed, to mend the Fault.

And now arriving at the happy Door,
From their full Caniſters the *Cupids* pour
A Rain of Lillies, and a roſy Show'r.
Others, from ſparkling Boxes, fill the Room
With Scent of precious Balm; the rich Perfume
Was caught as dropping from the bleeding Wound,
Where the cleft Bark wept Odors on the Ground.

Then

Then to the Fair a fav'rite *Cupid* preſt,
And led her bluſhing from her Mother's Breaſt:
Venus receiv'd the Bride; and ſmiling, ſtrain'd
The gladded Bridegroom in her other Hand,
And ſolemnly thus ty'd the Nuptial Band.
Live Happy, Both, crown'd by the Pow'rs above;
Abundant be your Joys, and permanent your Love.
With ſoft Addreſs, and Tenderneſs of Care,
Invite, my Son, and captivate the Fair:
And thou, O Fair, receive the marry'd Life,
And chearful yield thy ſelf a virtuous Wife.
Why in thy Eyes o'erflow the riſing Tears?
Why heaves thy Breaſt? Diſmiſs thy baſhful Fears:
With ev'ry Charm thy Face ſerenely dreſs,
And let gay Smiles thy ſecret Flame confeſs.
So *Cytherea* ſpoke; then call'd aloud
Two wing'd Attendants of her circling Croud:
The fluttering Boys with coſtly Plumes appear'd,
And, dipp'd in Balm, their pointed Arrows rear'd;
One to the Female's Boſom was addreſt,
And t'other doom'd to pierce the Bridegroom's Breaſt:
Sounded at once the Horns, at once the Darts
Sunk in their Marrow, and transfix'd their Hearts.

From the SPANISH *of* MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

GOOD Mother, if you pleaſe, you may
Set Guards and Spys to watch my Way;
But if my ſelf I do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, they may ſleep.

'Tis ſaid of old, by Sayers ſage,
Reſtraint do's Appetite enrage,
And Love, by ſtrict Confinement, turns
More violent, and fiercer burns.
'Tis better then to leave me free,
Than ſhut me under Lock and Key:
For if my ſelf I do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, you may ſleep.

Unleſs my Will it ſelf reſtrain,
All threatned Dangers are in vain;
Thro' Death it ſelf it dares the Way,
And finds unthought-of Means to ſtray:
For if my ſelf I do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, you may ſleep.

When Love do's once the Breaſt inſpire,
As Flies invited by the Fire,

Thro' careful Guards and wakeful Spies,
It ruſhes fearleſs to the Prize:
For if my ſelf I do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, you may ſleep.

In ſpite of them, my Thoughts will rove
On the dear Object of my Love:
For Lovers Hands are melting Wax,
Their Wiſhes Fire, their ready Hand
No Diligence or Cunning lacks,
Their Head do's ev'ry Wile command;
Their Eyes have Voice; their Feet, believe me,
Are ſhod with Silence to deceive ye.
And if my ſelf I do not keep,
Inſtead of watching, you may ſleep.

From the ſame.

SUrpriſing Fair, whoſe lovely Face
To Beauty's ſelf imparts a Grace;
In whoſe inchanting Shape and Mein,
The Sov'reign Skill of Nature's ſeen.
Whether you ſpeak, or laugh, or ſing,
Or ſmile, or frown, or reſt, or move,
Such Charms your Actions ſweetly bring,
All Hearts are fir'd, and ſigh with Love.

No

No longer in a baſe Imploy,
Such Glories and ſuch Virtues hide.
For Kings and Monarchs wou'd, with Joy,
Attend obſequious at your Side.

From the ſame.

WHere art thou, Beauty's radiant Sphere?
Why do'ſt thou not, ſweet Maid, appear?
Whoſe Graces ſo illuſtrious ſhine,
They ſeem not Human, but Divine.

Empyreal Heav'n, where Love reſides;
Thou *Primum Mobile*, which rolls
The Dance of Hearts, and ſmoothly guides,
Enchanting all Beholders Souls.

Chryſtalline Seat, from whence proceed
Tranſparent Waters, which refine
The Flames of Love, and richly feed,
And make the riſing Paſſion ſhine.

Gay Firmament, where fairly blaze
Two glittering Stars, for ever bright;
On Heav'n and Earth they caſt their Rays,
Rich with their own unborrow'd Light.

Goddeſs of Joy, whoſe blitheſome Pow'r
O'er-rules the ſullen *Saturn*'s Hour,
And ſcorns, with ſtrange Humility,
The Grandeur *Jove* deſigns for thee.

Fair Vanquiſher of Warrior *Mars*,
Thou nobler Sun, whoſe keener Ray
So fierce and full a Luſtre bears,
Ev'n *Phœbus* brings a weaker Day.

Celeſtial Meſſenger, to whom
The God of Eloquence muſt yield;
Thy Silence will it ſelf o'ercome
All florid Figures he can wield.

Nothing of *Venus* thou doſt own,
Except her Beauty and her Grace;
And of the changeful Moon, alone
The Luſtre has in thee a Place.

Thou, *Conſtance*, art this wondrous Sphere,
But while, by Fortune's Malice croſt,
This ſordid Work you follow here,
The Beauties you poſſeſs, are loſt.

Forſake then ſuch a baſe Imploy,
Admit Addreſſes, be not coy,

And highborn Ladies will repine
To ſee their Charms depreſs'd by thine.

Ev'n now I offer, from my Heart,
A Love ſincere, untaught by Art;
A Flame ſo pure, ſo ſtrong a Fire,
Did never yet a Breaſt inſpire.

From the ſame.

WHO is fortunate in Love?
He that's ſilent. Who ſubdues
Its Cruelty? He that can prove
Conſtant, and faithfully purſues.

Who does its pleaſing Joys obtain?
The dauntleſs perſevering Man.
Succeſs then I can never fear,
Since I am ſilent, fix'd, and perſevere.

What feeds the Flame, and what repells?
Smiles nouriſh it, and Frowning quells.
Since then nor Smiles nor Frowns I ſee,
My Flame muſt ſure immortal be.

What is th' Event of black Deſpair?
Death. Then it is beſt to dye.
Live rather, and thy Fortune try,
And truſt the Kindneſs of the Fair.

Since gentle Calms a Tempeſt cloſe,
Shall I my ſecret Love expoſe?
At a fit Time thou may'ſt. But ſtill
If that ſhou'd never come? It will.
It will! alas! more ſpeedy Death
Will come before, and ſtop my Breath.

Theſe ſad Surmiſes all are vain,
Still cheriſh Hope, and Truth maintain,
So brightly let thy Virtues ſhine,
That *Conſtance*, when ſhe knows thy Pain,
May crown thy Paſſion, and be thine.

From the ſame.

Upon the Defence of Goleta, *in* Africk, *beſieg'd by the* Moors.

INtrepid Spirits, who ſet free
From Fleſh and groſs Mortality,
By noble Deeds have mounted high
From this low Earth, and reach'd the Sky:
Inflam'd with honourable Zeal,
You bravely fought, and greatly fell,
And with your own and *Mooriſh* Blood,
Stain'd all the Shore and neighb'ring Flood:

Unweary'd in the gen'rous Strife,
Your Courage fail'd not but with Life;
Below acquiring bright Renown,
In Heav'n inheriting a Crown.

From the ſame.

Upon the Defence of the Fort.

FROM this ſmall Spot of barren Earth
Three thouſand Chriſtian Warriors roſe
To Heav'n, by an Immortal Birth,
O'erwhelm'd with Multitudes of Foes.

Long they exerted in the Fight
Surpriſing Proweſs, tho' in vain,
Till ſpent, and failing in their Might,
The Champions were by Numbers ſlain.

In ev'ry Age this fatal Ground
With Deaths diſtinguiſh'd has been crown'd,
But never from th' ill-omen'd Soil,
Souls more Heroic gain'd the Sky,
Nor in it, after virtuous Toil,
Did Corps more manly, bury'd lye.

From

From the ſame.

BEfore the ſacred Altar bows
The nobleſt Queen that *Europe* knows;
And for her ſafe Deliv'ry pays
To Heav'n her ardent Thanks and Praiſe.
Devoutly as ſhe lifts her Eyes,
See how the pleas'd Spectators Joys
With Tranſport ſwell their Breaſts, to view
Such Piety and Splendor too.
Sure ſhe's deputed from the Skies,
With all their Pomp to ſtrike our Eyes;
While on her either Hand is drawn
The Sun of * *Auſtria*, and the † Dawn;
Behind her, breaking from the Night,
The Star of Morn ſalutes the Sight;
And all the Conſtellations ſpread
Their ſparkling Glories round her Head:
Here *Saturn* trims his ſullen Beam,
And ſmartly ſhoots a burniſh'd Stream;
With ſpritely Pace begins t' advance,
No longer loitring in the Dance:
The Speaker-God, whoſe trolling Tongue
With Eloquence and Wit is hung,
And *Cupid*, arm'd with Darts of Love,
Delightfully around her move:

* *The King.* † *The Infante, new born.*

There *Mars*, enraptur'd with her Charms,
Sighs, and forgets his angry Arms:
And next is ſeen Imperial *Jove*,
Obnoxious to the Charms of Love,
Reflecting on the Queen his Rays,
T' augment the Keenneſs of the Blaze.
In either Cheek, the lovely Grace
Of the fair Moon adorns her Face;
And *Venus* adds her chearful Dye,
And ſhines reſiſtleſs from her Eye.
In the trim Girdle on her Side
A thouſand *Ganimedes* reſide;
And in her gorgeous Veil, the Rays
Of *India*'s coſtly Diamonds blaze,
And rich *Arabia*'s Spices play
Around her, and refreſh the Day.
While Envy ſours diſloyal Hearts,
To honeſt *Spaniards* it imparts
High Joy and Triumph, to behold
Their Queen, outvying Pearls and Gold.
And as a thouſand Bleſſings riſe,
From ev'ry Breaſt, with mute Surprize,
At laſt the Fulneſs of their Joy
Broke into Voice, and ſhook the Sky;
And thro' the vaulted Temple ran,
From Mouth to Mouth, this ardent Strain.
For ever flouriſh, fruitful Vine,
And round thy Elm ſupported twine;

The

The branching Shelter of whoſe Arms
Shall ſhield thy tender Growth from Harms.
For ever flouriſh, for thy own,
And for *Hiſpania*'s fair Renown;
The Faith to cheriſh, and defeat
Th' Impoſter-Sect of *Mahomet*.
Long may'ſt thou live, then others cry'd,
Unſpotted Dove, *Hiſpania*'s Pride,
To crown us with a Royal Brood,
Deſcended from thy gen'rous Blood;
With Eagle Reign to chaſe away
The Vulture-Crew, and Birds of Prey,
And trembling Virtue ſafely hide
Beneath their Wings, and ſhelt'ring Side.
With chearful Tongues and ſpeaking Eyes
Thus others utter'd loud their Joys:
How rich a Pearl, with bright Renown,
Haſt thou affix'd on *Auſtria*'s Crown!
What Plans, with future Glory bright,
Are now unfolded to the Sight!
What Hopes in ev'ry Boſom glow!
What Terrors ſtrike the daunted Foe!
Amid thoſe Shouts, with ſolemn Grace,
The pious Queen advanc'd her Pace
To the great * Phœnix-Martyr's Dome,
Who vouch'd the Faith in Fire at *Rome*,

* St. *Lawrence*.

And glorious won a living Name,
By the dread Tryal of the Flame:
Then kneeling, from a pious Breaſt,
Her Vows to Heaven ſhe thus addreſt.
This Gift thy gracious Bounty gave,
Still let thy gracious Goodneſs ſave;
As on thy Altar I reſign
The Gift, which righteouſly is thine;
And to thee while I thus reſtore
The welcome Firſt-Fruits which I bore,
Accept them at thy Suppliant's Hand,
And ſmile indulgent on the Land.
Cheriſh this Babe, and greatly raiſe
To Power and Fame in coming Days;
That worthily he may ſucceed
In his applauded Father's ſtead;
Who ſtrongly now ſuſtains the Weight
Of ample Empire and the State,
And, *Atlas*-like, the Burden bears
Of diſtant Climes and Royal Cares.
She ſaid, and loudly in the Cloſe
A Peal of full Applauſes roſe.

From the ſame.

SWeet Gypſy, *Precioſa* fair,
The precious Stones leſs precious are;
Yet as thy Name implies with Art,
Hard, tho' a Jewel, is thy Heart.
This Truth confirm'd in thee we find,
That Scorn is ſtill with Beauty joyn'd.
If as you open to the Sight,
With ripen'd Rays of fuller Light,
You practiſe this ſevere Diſdain,
Ah! what will be thy rigid Reign!
While Baſilisks are in thy Eyes,
At which the fond Beholder dies.
If the mean Cottage or the Field
Cou'd Birth to ſuch bright Graces yield,
And near our humble River's Bed
Thy radiant Infancy was bred,
Mançanares ſhall vye in Fame
With ample *Tagus'* Golden Stream,
Of this diſtinguiſh'd Honour proud;
And equal *Ganges'* wealthy Flood.
Fair Fortunes, good as they deſire,
You promiſe any who enquire;
Yet cruel cauſe the worſt of Ills,
While your relentleſs Beauty kills.

Your ſtrolling Tribe, as Rumour tells,
Are skill'd in Sorceries and Spells;
But ſure the Charms employ'd by you,
Are more prevailing, and are true.
If in the ſpritely Dance you move,
Our Wonder kindles into Love;
Our Glance deprives us of our Breath,
And thy ſoft Siren Voice is Death:
For whatſoe'er to thee belongs,
Thy Silence, Speech, thy Looks, thy Songs,
Approach, Withdrawing, gives Deſire,
And fiercely blows the fatal Fire.
Submitted to thy pow'rful Sway,
The haughtieſt Hearts thy Rule obey,
As mine, rejoycing in its Chain,
Dear *Precioſa*, owns thy Reign.
Thus, as his ſecret Soul indites
Thy poor and wretched Lover writes.

From the ſame.

AS when upon the Mountain-Heads
The Sun his Golden Splendor ſpreads,
And with a ſudden Spring of Light,
Extinguiſhes the dazled Sight;
Or as the Diamond's various Ray
Reflects, with keener Beams, the Day;

Thy

Thy radiant Charms with gay Surprize,
Fair *Moor*, attract and wound my Eyes;
And cruel *Love*'s contagious Dart
Is fix'd, and feſters in my Heart.

From the ſame.

Song between ANDREW *and* CLEMENT.

ANDREW.

CLEMENT, behold yon ſtarry Veil
Unfolded on the Face of Night,
Whoſe glitt'ring Splendors ſcarcely fail
To rival Day's refulgent Light.
Then, if thy Wit can reach ſo high,
Th' enchanting Form thou may'ſt divine,
Where ev'ry Grace ſtrikes ev'ry Eye;
And Beauty's brighteſt Glories ſhine.

CLEMENT.

Fair Beauty's brighteſt Glories ſhine
In *Precioſa*'s finiſh'd Face;
In her the Graces all combine,
And Virtue doubles ev'ry Grace.
Whatever Pen attempts her Praiſe,
Harmonious flows the ready Rhyme;
The happy Subject tunes the Lays,
Unequall'd, ſoothing and ſublime.

ANDREW.

ANDREW.

Unequall'd, ſoothing and ſublime
  Is ev'ry Song that ſounds her Name;
See how my chearful Numbers climb,
  By that inſpir'd, and purchaſe Fame!
With pleaſing Rapture and Surprize,
  My Verſe her Magic Name ſhall bear
Triumphant thro' the liſt'ning Skies,
  To teach it to the rolling Sphere.

CLEMENT.

To teach it to the rolling Sphere,
  Becomes a gladded Lover's Art;
Th' applauding Heav'ns tranſported hear,
  And in the Concert bear a Part.
The mellow Muſick of the ſame,
  On Earth re-echo'd, ſhall controul
All Hearts, rebounding at her Name,
  Which charms the Senſes, and the Soul.

ANDREW.

It charms the Senſes, and the Soul,
  To hear the *Syren*'s warbling Voice
Carol her Song; her Accents troll
  So ſweetly, Heaven and Earth rejoyce.
Such, *Precioſa*, thou art found,
  That Beauty is thy loweſt Praiſe;
My dear Delight, ſerenely crown'd
  With Honour, Goodneſs, ev'ry Grace.

CLEMENT

CLEMENT.

With Honour, Goodneſs, ev'ry Grace,
Thy Mind is furniſh'd, Gypſy fair;
Mild *Zephyr*-Breeze, that cooly plays,
Sweet Freſhneſs of ſoft Morning Air;
Smart Light'ning-Blaze, by which with Art
Love fires to Flame a Breaſt of Snow;
Keen Shaft, which wounds the ſighing Heart,
With Pleaſure, from his ſportful Bow.

SONG. *From the ſame.*

Sung by PRECIOSA, *in Return to the Former.*

MY Virtue on my low Eſtate
A golden Luſtre richly ſheds;
And Wealth, and gaudy Titles great,
In its intrinſic Worth exceeds.

My quiet Boſom never ſighs,
That I am lov'd or prais'd by none;
The Peace my chearful Mind enjoys,
Depends upon my ſelf alone.

My honeſt Heart, renouncing Ill,
Is natively to Truth inclin'd;
And watchful Heav'n, indulgent ſtill,
Will guide my Fortune, and be kind.

Fain

Fain wou'd I ſee if Beauty's Pow'r
  Can boaſt the high Prerogative
To be accepted for a Dow'r,
  And of it ſelf Promotion give.

If Souls are equal, as 'tis ſaid,
  A Peaſant's then may nobly vye
With Monarchs proud, in Pomp array'd,
  And boaſt as real Dignity.

And ſomething in my own I find,
  Which bids me hope a higher Fate;
Tho' Love and Greatneſs in one Mind
  Cou'd never yet erect their Seat.

SONG. *From the ſame.*

WHEN *Preciosa's* gentle Touch
  Awakes the Lute with ſpritely Art,
Her flying Fingers Charms are ſuch,
  They ſlide unheeded to the Heart.

And when her Voice, with ſweet Surprize
  Melodious ſtrikes the raptur'd Ear;
What gay Applauſes fill the Skies!
  What Pleaſures gladden all that hear!

Her Looks, her Virtue, and her Wit,
A thouſand Hearts enthrall'd command;
While *Cupid* humbly at her Feet
Reſigns his Arrows to her Hand.

Her ſparkling Eyes, with blazing Day,
Oppreſs the raſh Beholder's Sight;
And Love, by her, his cruel Sway
Extends with unreſiſted Might.

From the GREEK.

Φθέγξομαι οἷς θέμις ἔστι, θύρας γ' ἐπίθεσθε βεβηλοῖς, &c.

TO well-purg'd Ears, and worthy of the Lay,
In Strains ſublime my Song I will diſplay;
But hence, ye Rout prophane, be far away.
While thou, *Muſæus*, ſhalt my Pupil be,
Th' important Truth ſhall be reveal'd to thee;
Leſt impious Error early Entrance find,
And from Life's noble End deprave thy Mind.
Sincerely upright, with thy Soul adore
The Heav'nly Reaſon, and confeſs his Pow'r:
For the great Author of the common Frame,
Is one Eternal, and is ſtill the ſame.
He made the Whole, and preſent thro' the Space,
With Spirit feeds, and nouriſhes the Maſs;

Unſeen

Unſeen himſelf, yet ſeeing all, he reigns,
And the Creation he produc'd, maintains.

From ARATUS.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα· τὸν οὐδέποτ' ἄνδρες ἐῶμεν, &c.

BEGIN from *Jove*, ye Muſes; for his Name
Fills ev'ry Mouth, that magnifies the ſame.
He viſits all; the Wake and Palace round,
And the wide Bottom of the Sea profound.
We uſe, enjoy him, and his Influence ſhare,
To feed our Life; for we his Offspring are.
By chearful Signs, good Fortune he foreſhows,
And Tasks of urging Labour does impoſe,
To prompt the Nations, from enervate Eaſe,
Life to conſult, and mind its Services.
He gives the Seaſons of the Year to know,
To plant, to water, and the Grain to ſow,
And when to dig the Soil, or turn it with the Plow.
Digeſted thro' the ſpacious Plain on high,
The burniſh'd Stars he kindled in the Sky,
And mark'd their Meaſures; his extenſive Care,
For ev'ry Quarter of the rolling Year,
Its Conſtellation furniſh'd, when to reign,
And in his Bus'neſs guide th' induſtrious Swain:
All to ſubſerve the Whole; and all proceed
By the fix'd Laws and Methods he decreed.

Him

Him firſt, Him laſt, with Sacrifice of Praiſe,
I will invoke, and worſhip in my Lays,
Thou great Increaſe and Father of our Race.

From EURIPIDES.

THEN ſuffer ye, the Dead, in Earth to have
The laſt Poſſeſſion of the quiet Grave;
For thither all Things, in their End, return,
From whence they were originally born:
The Spirit ſeeks the Skies; the Body muſt
Corrupt, and mingle with its Native Duſt.
The brittle Tenement is not our own,
But lent awhile, and when the Leaſe is run,
The foodful Mother claims the truſted Loan.

From the GREEK.

Ἔϛαι γὰρ ἔϛαι κεἰνϕ αἰώνων χρόνϕ, &c.

'TIS fix'd; the Time ſhall come, the fatal Day,
When uſeleſs Wealth in Fire ſhall melt away;
The mighty Flame ſhall rage without Controll,
Involve the Sky, and catch on either Poll.
No Waters then ſhall ſwell th' exhauſted Main,
No chearful Greens ſhall flouriſh on the Plain,
Nor Air, aduſt, its winged Hoſte maintain.

From LUCAN. Pharſ. Book I.

——— *Sic cum Campage ſolutâ*, &c,

THUS when the laſt concluding Hour is come,
That finiſh'd Nature ſhall receive her Doom;
The looſen'd Fabrick ſhall in Pieces fall,
And antient Chaos triumph over all.
Stars ſhocking Stars, ſhall loſe their wonted Way,
Caſt from their Spheres, and drop into the Sea:
The Shores no longer ſhall the Waves reſtrain,
But on the Land admit the ruſhing Main;
The Moon ſhall ceaſe her nightly Stage to run,
Uſurp her Brother's Courſe, and thwart the Sun;
And the whole Frame, in wild Confuſion hurl'd,
Shall go to Ruin, and diſſolve the World.

On the Death of a Young LADY.

IMPERFECT.

ELIZA's happy Character to ſpread,
And from Oblivion ſave the Pious Dead,
Is the glad Theme my Muſe ſhall here purſue:
The Song is pleaſing, and the Virtues true.
Thus to the Dead, while I attempt to raiſe
A Monument recordant of her Praiſe,

Receiv

Receive with Candor what the Muſe ſhall ſing,
Nor fear theſe Numbers ſhou'd Diſhonour bring:
Her Virtues, which they faithfully rehearſe,
Shall give them Life, and dignify the Verſe;
The great Original ſhall ſave the Draught,
Which to the Pattern is ſo ſtrictly wrought.
When firſt we ſaw her tender Life diſplay
Its op'ning Beams, and ſignify the Day,
So was ſhe bright with ev'ry pleaſing Grace,
Exact in Form, and Pulchritude of Face;
Such were the high Endowments of her Mind,
(To Reaſon's Rule, her Paſſions ſtill reſign'd)
Heav'n, we believ'd, with merciful Intent,
This finiſh'd Pattern to the World had ſent,
By mild Example ſweetly to prevail,
While rigid Leſſons of dry Morals fail;
But at her early Fate our Hopes decay,
Light as a Viſion at the dawning Day;
And all the pleaſing Proſpect dies away.
Struck with her Loſs, we feel augmented Woe;
New Sighs proceed, and Tears abundant flow.
Yet ſhall it yield our Sorrows ſome Relief,
Keen as they are, and lenify our Grief;
Her various Virtues to review and ſhow,
That all their Number and Degree may know.
And, zealous of her Fame, the Muſe ſhall ſtrive
T'embalm her Memory, and make it live.

And it ſhall live, if I have tuneful Lays
To build the Noble Column of her Praiſe.
Ah! that while thus her Goodneſs we declare,
The Beauties of a Character ſo fair,
With pious Heat the Living may inſpire;
And with a Zeal of Emulation fire!
The Holy Flames of Love Divine poſſeſt
Her Soul in chief, and purify'd her Breaſt.
Glad her Devotion, genuine and ſtrong;
It thought no Offices of Worſhip long.
And, as She was with copious Favours crown'd,
She did in fervent Gratitude abound;
Obſerving duteouſly to praiſe and pray,
('Tis all to God we can for Mercys pay.)
As, duly when the Cloſe of Day return'd,
Rich Clouds of Incenſe in the Temple burn'd;
And caſt a fragrant Odor to the Skys,
The LORD's Munificence to recognize:
So for the Bleſſings which the Day had giv'n,
Her Thanks, at Ev'ning, ſhe addreſs'd to Heav'n:
Not ſlightly, with Irrev'rence, haſten'd o'er,
As droning Monks their meaſur'd Veſpers ſcore,
But with an awful Mind and chearful Voice;
She in th' Imployment did ſo far rejoice,
It was not Duty, but Delight and Choice.
When ſmoothly in Proſperity we reign,
We ſoon grow wanton and the Heart is vain.

In-

Ingratitude and Pride corrupt the Mind;
Full of our ſelves, and ſcorning of our Kind;
Careleſs of Heav'n we independent live,
And rather claim his Goodneſs, than receive:
Till, by Affliction chaſten'd, we begin
To ſee our Folly, and forſake our Sin;
And wholeſome Suff'ring, graciouſly deſign'd,
Diſpells this gay Intemperance of Mind.

But ſhe ſo ſtrict a Vigilance maintain'd,
That Pleaſures from her, no Advantage gain'd:
She taſted ſoberly the tempting Draught;
And arm'd with holy Jealouſy her Thought.
What was there worth her Heeding here below?
A Scene of Guilt, and of afflictive Woe;
Imperfect Comforts, tranſitory Bliſs,
A lonely Waſte, and howling Wilderneſs.
The gaudy Pomps of Life, and ſenſual Joy
Cou'd not a Mind ſo ſpiritual, employ:
Nor wou'd ſhe ſo unwiſe a Bargain drive,
(Sure of the Good Eternity ſhall give,)
To barter Heav'n for what this World can own;
Or put to Hazard an Immortal Crown.

Her pure Religion was not vainly plac'd
In outward Shew, nor haughtily debas'd
With Confidence of Merit; but the Whole
Was real Adoration of the Soul.
Nor rudely with the Blemiſh'd, or the Lame,
Before th' Almighty Majeſty ſhe came;

But offer'd up the beſt, and cull'd her Stock;
Like *Abell*'s Choice, the faireſt of the Flock;
A perfect Sacrifice, ſincerely giv'n;
A pleaſing Odor, and receiv'd of Heav'n.

The vain Applauſe of Men ſhe ſtill declin'd;
Content that GOD approv'd, who ſaw the Mind;
For Men can only view th' external Part;
But GOD the Spirit trys, and weighs the Heart.

Atteſt Ye flaming *Seraphim* above,
Her holy Zeal, the Raptures of her Love;
(As far as 'tis permitted You to know
The State and Virtues of the Saints below,)
Her various Graces, active Piety;
By which prepar'd and fitted for the Sky,
When ſhe had finiſh'd her appointed Race,
In your bright Manſions ſhe receiv'd a Place;
Where now ſhe joins, with all th' illuſtrious Throng,
Before the Throne Divine, in your triumphant Song.

Compaſſion of the Poor ſo fill'd her Heart,
That in their Wants ſhe ſeem'd to bear a Part:
Swift to relieve, and with a copious Hand,
She help'd the Lame, the Famiſh'd and the Pain'd;
Griev'd at the Cares, ſhe ſaw them undergo;
Yet pleas'd that ſhe was able to beſtow.
No Importunity was needful here;
No Fav'rite Friend to recommend a Pray'r;
Diſtreſs it ſelf was Merit, and prevail'd;
The Wretched never ſu'd to her, and fail'd,

So freely ſhe diſpens'd, ſo largely gave,
As if diſperſing were the Way to ſave:
She gave and gain'd; for all the Good ſhe wrought,
Th' exerted Action, or intended Thought,
The Seeds ſhe ſow'd, with large Increaſe ſhall riſe
In a rich Harveſt of Cœleſtial Joys.
Tho' frequent were her Alms, her humble Soul
No Trumpet ſounded when ſhe made the Dole;
But gen'rouſly abhorr'd the ſordid Aim
Of Worldly Honour, and an Earthly Fame.
Her plenteous Benefits in Silence fell;
As gentle Dews in quiet Night diſtill.
Sure when her Lord, in Majeſty array'd,
In his own Glory and the Father's clad,
Shall at the laſt important Day appear,
To doom the Sinner and the Juſt to clear;
From all the pious Acts he'll draw the Vail,
Which ſhe endeavour'd meekly to conceal.
Bright Scenes of Glory, and Eternal Joy,
Thy Soul, ſweet Saint, in Paradiſe employ;
Where no Viciſſitudes affect thy Bliſs;
Nor Fear of Ill impairs thy Happineſs.
'Tis Exultation all: and when the Hour,
Fulfill'd, arrives, whole Nature to reſtore;
When the firm Pillars of the Sky ſhall fall;
And ſearching Fires conſume this Earthly Ball;
When the purg'd Elements, together hurl'd,
Shall mix anew, and build a better World;

The Body which the deathleſs Soul inclos'd,
The precious Pledge which is in Earth depos'd,
Wak'd from the faithful Grave, again ſhall riſe,
Made pure and capable of endleſs Joys.
That which was laid in much Diſhonour down,
In Pain and Weakneſs and Corruption ſown,
Reviv'd in Grace and Energy divine,
Shall with thy Savior's Heav'nly Image ſhine.
Thus to thy Sight in Ev'ning Shades the Sun
Extinguiſh'd ſinks with waſted Luſtre down;
But clearly in the Morn renews his way,
Flames out again, and with his Orient Ray,
Throws on the World regenerated Day.

* * * * * * * * * *
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From MARINO'S ADONE.

CANTO I.

THEE, Queen, I call, whoſe ſoftly-rolling Sphere,
Benign and gracious, ſmoothly ſlides above;
Mother of Love, *Jove*'s radiant Daughter fair,
The beauteous Goddeſs of *Cithera*'s Grove;
With Beams of chearful Light whoſe ſparkling Star,
The Meſſenger of Night and Day do's prove;
Who ſling'ſt thy Rays and fruitful Fires around
The joy'd Creation, with thy Bleſſings crown'd.

Soft

Soft Peace is thine, ſweet Charmer to beſtow,
The double *Janus'* Temple Gates to barr;
To huſh Debate, and lull the World below,
Shut in the Fury, and compoſe the War.
The God of Battels do's the Field forego,
To languiſh captive on thy Boſom fair;
With Arms of Joy and amorous Delight,
He wars with thee in Peace; a pleaſing Fight.

From the ſame.

CANTO VII.

MUSICK and Poeſy bear Siſter-Parts
To ſooth the Sad, and clear the troubled Mein;
To calm the Tempeſt of afflicted Hearts,
And make, with Melody, the Soul ſerene.
Than theſe the World can boaſt no nobler Arts,
Whoſe ſweet Effects more pleaſingly are ſeen;
Not *Scythia* has a Breaſt ſo hard, that can
Reſiſt the Charms of Verſe, and Muſick's Strain.



HORACE, Book III. Ode XXX.

Exegi Monumentum, &c.

I'VE rais'd a Monument, by far
More firm than Braſs, nor ſwelling high,
Ægypt's proud Pyramids that mate the Sky,
With this in Grandeur can compare.
Not beating Show'rs, nor *Boreas*' Sway
That ſweeps a bluſtring Circuit wide,
Nor flowing Years, nor Time's inceſſant Tide
The ſolid Fabrick ſhall decay,
Or down the Deluge bear the ſtedfaſt Pile away.
I ſhall not, all extinguiſh'd, wholly dye,
My better Part ſhall Fate defy,
And while the ſacred Rites remain,
And with the ſilent Virgin's Train
The Prieſt aſcends the Capitol,
My Praiſe ſhall flouriſh freſh, and Deſtiny control
Where *Aufidus*'s ample Flood
Rolls his full Wave with rapid Current ſtrong,
And ſhallow *Daunus* mildly floats along,
Tho' lowly born of humble Blood,
I ſhall be Noble ſtyl'd, who in my Song,
Firſt fitted to th' *Italian* Mood
Æolian Verſe, and taught my Lyre
The Meaſures that gay Mirth inſpire.

The

Then Muſe, advance, and boldly claim
The merited Reward of Fame,
Aſſume the Pride to Merit due,
And willing crown thy ſhaded Brow,
With the fair Wreath of *Phœbus'* living Bough.

RUFINUS.

Tranſlated from CLAUDIAN, Book I.

ARGUMENT.

Alecto, *in a general Aſſembly of the Furies, upbraids them with the Happineſs the World enjoy'd under the excellent Adminiſtration of the Emperor* Theodoſius, *and urges them to unite their Powers to throw all Things into Confuſion.* Megæra *ſeconds the Motion, and as the moſt effectual Means, propoſes to introduce* Rufinus *into the Prince's Court. Her Advice is approv'd, and ſhe proceeds to put it in Execution. His Avarice and Ambition ſtrongly deſcrib'd, and his Cruelty and Perfidiouſneſs.* Stilicho *at laſt prepares to put a Stop to his Depredations. The two Characters finely oppos'd.* Megæra *inſulting Juſtice upon* Rufinus's *Succeſs and Conduct, the Goddeſs rebukes her Inſolence, foretells* Rufinus's *ſudden Fall, and the happy Conſequences of it.*

OFT has an anxious Doubt my Mind poſſeſt,
And fill'd with Scruple my debating Breaſt,
Whether the Gods direct the World below,
Or all Things by uncertain Fortune flow;

For

For when I did the Courſe of Nature weigh,
The Bounds preſcrib'd to the tempeſtuous Sea,
The Changes of the Year, and Turns of Night and Day;
God, then I thought, adminiſter'd the Whole,
Who bade the Stars by Laws appointed roll,
In ſev'ral Seaſons ſev'ral Fruits ariſe,
With borrow'd Beams the Moon to chear the Skies,
While his own Light the radiant Sun ſupplies;
Who to the Waters ſet the Shore unpaſs'd,
And in the midſt the balanc'd Earth has plac'd.
But when I ſaw th' Affairs of Human Kind
In Clouds involv'd, impervious to the Mind,
The Wicked flouriſhing, from Trouble free,
The Righteous vex'd with long Adverſity,
Then Piety, again ſupplanted, fail'd,
And that Opinion, undeſir'd, prevail'd,
That blindly moving, and without Deſign,
The Seeds of Things, help'd by no Hand Divine,
Roll'd thro' the Void, and all at random hurl'd,
Aſſum'd new Figures, and compos'd the World;
While or no Gods there are, or none who know
How Things proceed, or interpoſe below.
At length *Rufinus*' Puniſhment has eas'd
My Thoughts tumultuous, and my Mind appeas'd,
And clear'd the Gods: No longer I complain
That bad Men proſper, and prevail to reign;

Rais'd up on high, they gain a guilty Crown,
To fall with more impetuous Ruin down.
Ye Muſes, to your Poet now diſcloſe
Whence that dire Ill, and furious Peſt aroſe.
Repining Malice fir'd *Alecto*'s Breaſt,
To ſee the World in Peace ſecurely bleſt;
In dreadful Senate ſtrait ſhe ſummons all
Her grieſly Siſters to th' Infernal Hall.
The Plagues of *Erebus* unnumber'd come,
Which ſullen Night bore from her hideous Womb:
Diſcord, the Nurſe of War, fierce Famine's Rage,
And Death's decrepit Brother, ſinking Age;
Sickneſs impatient of itſelf, and Spite,
And Grief with Garments rent, and ſadden'd Sight;
Fear, and blind Raſhneſs, Luxury the Bane
Of Wealth, and Want ſtill foll'wing in her Train;
With a long Race of ever-waking Cares,
Which ſordid Av'rice in her Boſom bears.
On Iron Seats the grim Aſſembly plac'd,
Croud the dark Council from th' Infernal Waſte.
Full in the midſt the four *Alecto* ſtands,
And a deep Silence awfully commands;
Her hiſſing Snakes, in various Volumes twin'd,
From her fell Face the Fury caſt behind,
And gave them to her Back; then from her Heart,
In rageful Words ſhe ſpoke her inward Smart.
And ſhall we thus permit in gentle Reſt
The happy Nations to continue bleſt?

What

What Clemency our Manners has deſtroy'd?
And do's our inborn Cruelty ſubſide?
What now avail the ſounding Whips we bear,
And blazing Brands, that with Affright we rear?
Our liſtleſs Crew from Heav'n the Thund'rer drive
From Earth *Theudoſius*, and of Rule deprives:
Behold again a Golden Age is born,
Again behold the priſtine Race return.
Concord and Virtue move with equal Pace,
And Piety and Faith erect their Face,
And hold the Triumph o'er our vanquiſh'd Race.
Ah! ſwift deſcending from her native Skies,
Juſtice inſults me with diſdainful Eyes,
Invet'rate Vice from her deep Root ſhe draws,
And from their Fetters frees th' encumber'd Laws.
Shall we for Ages then, in Sloths ſupine,
Caſt from all Kingdoms, liſtleſly decline?
Aſſert yourſelves, your wonted Pow'r aſſume,
And let your Deeds the Furys Race become.
Such Deſolation and ſuch Guilt decree,
As may be worthy of this Hoſte and me.
Zeal fires my Soul, againſt the Stars to play
Our *Stygian* Clouds, and violate Day;
To break the Bounds of the tempeſtuous Main,
And roll the Rivers o'er the ruin'd Plain;
To vex the Faith of Things. With Rage ſhe ſpeaks,
And opens all the Hiſſings of her Snakes,
And from her flaky Hair a livid Poyſon ſhakes.

A dubious Motion in the Croud appears;
Part for a War againſt the Gods declares,
Part urge their Sov'reign's Rights; Debates ariſe,
And wild Diſſention multiplies their Cries.
Thus when a Storm the troubled Deep has ſtirr'd,
And ſpent its Rage, a murm'ring Sound is heard;
And on the working Waves remain behind,
The rough Convulſions of th' abated Wind.
Then from her Seat accurs'd *Megæra* roſe,
From whom mad Tumult and Confuſion flows,
Error prophane, and ſour indignant Gloom,
And bitter Ire, that churns the riſing Foam.
No Blood ſhe taſtes, but what a Father's Hand,
Or Brother's ſheds, in Kindred Murder ſtain'd:
Twas ſhe with Frenzy ſtruck *Alcides'* Breaſt,
And ſlurr'd the Bow that gave the Nations Reſt;
She guided *Athamas*'s cruel Dart,
Of his own Son to pierce the guiltleſs Heart;
In *Agamemnon*'s Palace pleas'd her Spite,
And in th' alternate Slaughter took Delight;
She lighted up the horrid Torch, that led
Poor *OEdipus* to ſeek his Mother's Bed;
And to his Daughter dire *Thyeſtes* joyn'd;
With a grim Tone ſhe utters thus her Mind;
Againſt the Gods our Enſigns to diſplay,
Nor Right nor Pow'r we have; a ſurer Way
To hurt the World and Happineſs confound,
If that's your Choice, I can with Eaſe propound;

A Monſter I can boaſt, more fierce and fell
Than all the *Hydra's* that with Venom ſwell;
Than pregnant Tigers more to Rage inclin'd,
More falſe than Calms, and boiſt'rous than the Wind;
Rufinus; whom to vital Air diſclos'd,
I firſt receiv'd, and on my Lap repos'd:
Around my Neck the hopeful Infant preſt
His clinging Arms, and crying ſought the Breaſt.
Their Kindred Plague my curling Serpents knew,
And lick'd his Face, and form'd him as he grew.
I taught him Craft, and each pernicious Art,
To hide his Paſſions, and diſguiſe his Heart;
With a falſe Smile and ſmooth-diſſembled Mein,
To cover o'er the Frauds, that lye within.
Barbarian Cruelty, and Luſt of Gain
Poſſeſs his Soul, and in his Boſom reign.
Not all the Treaſures in the *Tagus* roll'd,
Nor precious *Pactolus*, that ſhines with Gold,
Nor Riches found in *Hermus'* noble Stream,
His boundleſs Appetite ſuffice to tame.
Greatly inform'd the heedleſs Mind to ſnare,
And antient Friends with mutual Malice tear:
Had the firſt Age of Men his Equal found,
The faithful *Theſeus* had *Perithous* ſhun'd,
From *Pylades Oreſtes* wou'd have fled,
And *Pollux* curs'd his ſacred Brother's Head.
The prompt Diſciple has improv'd ſo well,
I own, his Miſtreſs he do's far excell;

To ſumm the whole; his ſingle Breaſt contains
Whatever Ill in ev'ry Fury reigns.
Him, if you think it may produce our End,
I'll to the Prince's Royal Palace ſend;
Tho' wiſe as *Numa* or as *Minos*, ſtill
My Foſter-Son ſhall bend him to his Will.
Loud Shouts conclude her Speech; the rabid Crew
Approve the Thought, and with Applauſe purſue.
Soon as her Garments with her Snakes ſhe bound,
And with her Adamant her Hair had crown'd,
She ſought the ſounding *Phlegethon*, and ſtood
On the hot Borders of the burning Flood,
And in the pitchy Waves, with haſty Hand,
Plung'd her huge Pine, and fires the hiſſing Brand;
Thro' the dun Darkneſs then her Wings ſhe ſpread,
And lonely Regions of the ſilent Dead.
A Place there is, where the big Billows roar,
And lave the Limits of the *Gallic* Shore;
With Steams of Blood, where ſage *Ulyſſes* drew
The hov'ring Ghoſts, and fed their hungry Crew;
Whence ſad Complaints and lamentable Cries
Of ſhrieking Spirits piteouſly ariſe;
And oft the Swains behold, with dire Affright,
Pale Phantoms ſtalk, and Spectres of the Night.
At this the Fury, with a grieſly Mein,
Iſſues amain, and blaſts the Light ſerene;
With deadly Screams ſhe breaks the liquid Air;
Britannia felt the Clangor from afar;

At the ſhrill Yell, the *Gallic* Meadows quake,
The Towns re-echo, and the Cities ſhake,
The Tide bears backward, and ſuſpends the Sea,
And in his Urn, the *Rhine* retreated lay.
Her Serpents change themſelves to hoary Hairs,
An old Man's Form the crafty Demon bears,
And on her famiſh'd Face deep Wrinkles wears.
She feigns a feeble Pace, and ſtagg'ring go's
And ſeeks *Eluſa* and the deſtin'd Houſe;
O'erjoy'd ſhe ſtood a while, to view the Man,
With livid Eyes, and thus at length began.

Shall ſhameful Slothe, *Rufinus*, then conſume
The glorious Promiſe of thy youthful Bloom?
Obſcurely ling'ring in thy private Home.
Alas! thou know'ſt not what the Fates declare
In thy behalf, nor what thy Stars prepare.
To what I counſel, if thou wilt incline,
The whole Dominion of the World is thine:
Scorn not my Age, nor haſtily deſpiſe
My Limbs decrepit, and my ſinking Eyes;
All Magic Arts are mine; my prudent Breaſt
With the ſure Gift of Præſcience is poſſeſt:
I know the Songs of the *Theſſalian* Train,
Which from the Skies the ſhining Moon conſtrain:
The Spells of *Egypt*, the *Chaldean* Skill,
By which the Gods are ſubject to their Will:
The deadly Juice of no pernicious Tree
And killing Simple, is conceal'd from me.

What poys'nous Herbs on *Caucaſus* ariſe,
And *Scythian* Rocks, to help the Witches Cries;
I underſtand; and ev'ry Plant that grows,
Which dire *Medea* cull'd, and *Circe* choſe.
The horrid *Manes* often, on the Lawn
To nightly Rites, with *Hecate*, I have drawn;
Produc'd the bury'd Dead to Life again,
And others, tho' the Fates forbade it, ſlain,
And call'd the rooted Oaks acroſs the Plain;
The ruſhing Thunder ſtay'd, and Rivers led,
With refluent Motion, to their Fountain's Head.
And leſt my Words ſhou'd be Deluſion thought,
Look round, and ſee what Changes I have wrought.
She ſaid; at once the ſnowy Pillars turn
Of a bright Colour, and with Riches burn;
Refulgent Plates the glitt'ring Beams infold,
And all the Chamber glows with ſudden Gold.
The Train ſucceeds; and with deluded Eyes,
He views the Treaſure, and affects the Prize.
Thus the fond King at firſt with Pride was ſwell'd,
When as he touch'd, new Riches he beheld;
But when for Food he ſaw the Tables ſhine
With maſſy Metal, and with ſolid Wine,
He found the fatal Gift, and curs'd, too late,
His raſh Petition, and the barren Plate.
Whoe'er thou art, or God or Man, the Way
Do thou direct, and gladly I obey,

Exultingly he cries; and ſtrait addreſt,
At her Command, to reach the diſtant Eaſt.
The fear'd *Symplegades* he paſs'd, the Streight
Renown'd of old for *Jaſon*'s golden Freight;
Where the pleas'd *Boſphorus* ſurveys with Pride,
Th' Imperial City glitt'ring on its Side,
And with its Stream divides the neighb'ring Bounds
Of *Aſian* Meadows and the *Thracian* Grounds.

His Travel finiſh'd, to the crouded Court
Th' inſtructed Miſchief makes his bold Reſort:
Led by ſome Fate malignant, into Place
He creeps, and ſlides into the Prince's Grace.
From that curs'd Hour, Ambition rais'd her Head,
All Things were ſold, and Right, ſupplanted, fled.
Inſtructed Secrets baſely he betrays,
Deceives his Clients, and his Skill diſplays;
Begs Honours of the Prince, and void of Shame
Sets them to Sale, and drives a ſordid Game.
He doubles ev'ry Crime, and feeds with Art
A ſmall Diſpleaſure, till he fires the Heart;
Starts Jealouſies, and ſheds his Venom round,
And a ſlight Hurt he frets into a Wound.

As the large Ocean in its ſpacious Bed
Feels not the Streams, by which 'tis daily fed;
And tho' it drinks the copious *Iſter* there,
And ſwallows *Nile*'s ſev'n Diſemboguements here,
Still equal and alike, th' inſatiate Main
In the ſame Limits do's itſelf reſtrain.

N

No more the Floods of Wealth from ev'ry Part,
Quench the hot Fever of *Rufinus'* Heart.
Where precious Chains, and coſtly Bracelets ſhine,
With ſparkling Gemms, and wrought with Skill Di-
Or the fair Harveſt ſhews a fruitful Soil, [vine,
The hungry Harpy fly's, and faſtens on the Spoil.
The fertile Field, and cultivated Plain
Betray their Maſter, and undo the Swain.
Houſes he ſeizes, and paternal Lands
From their own Lords rapaciouſly demands:
All feel his Rage, thro' ev'ry Quarter ſpred,
He ſtripps the Living, and he heirs the Dead.
In Heaps his Treaſures ſwell, and pil'd on high,
The Rapine of the World do's in his Coffers lye.
Forc'd to ſubmit, the plunder'd People groan,
And Public Towns the Private Robber own.
Whither, enormous Monſter, wilt thou rage?
What can ſo vaſt an Appetite aſſuage?
Shou'dſt thou the Wealth of either Ocean hold,
Shou'd *Lydia's* River give thee all its Gold;
Didſt thou poſſeſs the wealthy *Cræſus'* Throne,
And make the *Perſian* Diadem thy own,
Yet cou'dſt thou not be rich; no Glut of Gain
Cou'd fill the Wolf thy Boſom do's contain.
Who covets, ſtill is poor; *Fabricius* priz'd
His little Lot, and Gifts of Kings deſpis'd;
The good *Serranus* exercis'd with Toil
The lab'ring Plough, and turn'd the rugged Soil;

A narrow Cottage the brave *Curii* held,
Who from their *Rome* the *Samnite* Arms repell'd.
Such Poverty beyond thy Wealth ſhall be,
And their Cott nobler than thy Domes, with me.
Faſtidious Luxury for thee exquires
Superfluous Feaſts, and fatal Food deſires;
For me, the ready Earth do's freely rear
Dainties unbought, and Nouriſhment ſincere.
There the fine Wool imbibes the *Tyrian* Dye,
And on the Veſts, embroider'd Figures lye;
Here ſmiling Flow'rs and the delightful Field,
With various Scenes a living Pleaſure yield.
The tender Down there ſwells the lofty Bed,
And here the Graſs that clothes the verdant Mead,
Do's a ſweet Couch of chearful Green prepare,
And Sleeps unbroken by intruding Care.
Of Salutations the perpetual Noiſe
Shakes the proud Palace, and Repoſe deſtroys;
While ſpritely Birds in Groves melodious ſing,
With mingling Murmurs of a trickling Spring.
A ſmall Poſſeſſion ever is the beſt,
And fewer Miſchiefs ſuch a State infeſt;
For bounteous Nature ev'ry Man ſupplies
With Means of Happineſs, if Men were wiſe;
And were the Bleſſing rightly underſtood,
Our Manners wou'd be plain, and undiſguis'd our Food.
No rattling Trumpets wou'd provoke Allarms,
Nor harden'd Beach be turn'd to miſſive Arms;

By

By Winds and Waves, no ſinking Ships wou'd fall,
Nor Engins thunder on the trembling Wall.
His Thirſt augments with his augmented Store,
And the laſt Prey inflames his Wiſh for more.
No Shame his Craving or Oppreſſion ſtays;
His Perjuries in Flatt'ries he conveys,
And joyns the Hand, and inſtantly betrays.
His fierce Demand if any dare deny,
Impetuous Paſſions his ſwoln Heart employ;
What hunted Lyoneſs, that feels the Spear,
Robb'd of her ſucking Whelps, what Mountain Bear,
What trodden Serpent ſuch Diſtraction ſhows,
Or with an equal Indignation glows?
The Majeſty ev'n of the Gods he ſpurns,
By whom he ſwore, with fell Revenge he burns,
And Rights of Hoſpitality o'erturns.
The Wife's, the Husband's, and the Children's Blood
Cannot ſuffice him with their mingled Flood;
'Tis not enough t'have ſlain the next of Kin,
Exil'd the Friends, and ſunk th'extinguiſh'd Line,
Implacably he labours, to the Ground
To raze the Town, the Nation to confound.
A quick Diſpatch the murd'rous Wretch denies,
And a long Train of tedious Death enjoys;
Racks, Dungeons, Chains, ingeniouſly prepares,
And the wiſh'd Blow inhumanly defers.
More cruel than the Sword, ſuch Grace to gain,
Accurs'd Reprieve! to lengthen Life for Pain.

Is Death ſo light? With Crimes his Malice feigns,
Himſelf the Judge, the Guiltleſs he arraigns:
In other Things he ſleeps, but all his Eyes
Awake to Blood; to diſtant Lands he flies;
Not ardent *Sirius* can retard his Haſte,
The *Thracian* Winter, nor the *Borean* Blaſt.
Fear gnaws his Heart, leſt from th' intended Fate
Some ſhou'd eſcape, and diſappoint his Hate;
Or leſt the Prince's Grace ſhou'd ſtep between,
And the poor Wretches from his Malice ſcreen.
Not venerable Years can awe his Soul,
Nor Bloom of Youth his Cruelty control.
The ſharpen'd Ax, before the Parent's Sight,
Strikes the Son's Head, and murders with Affright.
His Children ſlain, the weeping Father's ſent,
Condemn'd to live, to diſtant Baniſhment,
Nor Age nor Honours can his Doom prevent.
Who can ſuffice ſuch Fun'ral Piles to tell?
Or weep the ſlaughter'd Multitudes that fell?
What Deeds have former Ruffians dar'd, like theſe?
Or Robber *Sinis*, with his bended Trees?
Or *Sciron*, with his fatal Precipice?
Or *Phalaris*'s Bull, with cruel Pains?
Or *Sylla*, with his Dungeons and his Chains?
The Steeds of dreaded *Diomede* were tame,
Buſiris' Altars caſt a harmleſs Flame:
Compar'd with thee, ev'n *Cinna* will appear
Gracious and good, nor *Spartacus* ſevere.

Dread ſeizes all, to vent their Griefs deny'd,
Their Sighs they ſmother, and their Anger hide.
But *Stilicho*'s undaunted Heart diſdains
The common Fear, and nobly fix'd remains.
Alone againſt the Monſter's greedy Jaws
He lifts the Jav'lin, and the Sword he draws,
Tho' not ſupported by a rapid Steed,
Or by a winged Courſer's borrow'd Speed.
A wiſh'd Protection, and a ſtedfaſt Tow'r,
A Shield to ſhelter from th' Invader's Pow'r,
A Refuge for the trembling Exiles Woe,
A Standard rais'd againſt the furious Foe,
All here obtain; this was a common Mound
To ſave the Guiltleſs, and th' Oppreſſor bound:
Thus far he rag'd, and threatned with Affright,
But here he paus'd, and caſt about for Flight.
Not otherwiſe, when ſwell'd with wintry Rains,
A copious Torrent guſhes on the Plains,
Drives the rough Stones and rattling Woods away,
And burſts the Bridges with a furious Sway;
But ruſhing on the Rock, the roaring Tide
With ſparkling Foam lies broken at its Side.
What Praiſe to thee, brave Hero, ſhall we give?
Who on thy Shoulders didſt the World receive,
And bear the Burden of the ſhaken Ball,
When the frail Globe was ſinking to the Fall.
The gracious Gods foreſhew'd thee from afar,
To bleſs our Sight, as ſome propitious Star,

After long Toſſing on the ſtormy Sea,
Guides the vex'd Veſſel to the welcome Bay.
Perſeus, they ſay, the Water-Dragon fought,
But his fleet Wings a ſure Advantage brought;
No Pinions gave thee Safety: In his Shield
Perſeus the Head of grizly *Gorgon* held;
But thou for thy Defence did'ſt never bear
The hiſſing Terrors of *Meduſa*'s Hair.
Him a mean Paſſion for a Captive Maid
Led to the Fight, to lend a Virgin Aid;
Thou, for the Safety of Imperial *Rome*,
And the World's Welfare, did'ſt thy Arms aſſume.
Thy worthy Deeds all antient Fame outſhine,
Alcides' Labours muſt ſubmit to thine:
One Wood the Lyon of *Cleora* fed,
Th' *Arcadian* Boar one Foreſt fill'd with Dread;
Antæus, who from Earth new Vigour took,
With all his Murders only *Libya* ſhook;
Crete only echo'd with the bell'wing Bull;
And *Hydra* haunted the *Lernæan* Pool;
At this affrightful Monſter not alone
A narrow Pool and ſingle Iſland groan,
But all the Realms that *Rome*'s Dominion own.
From the firſt Borders of th' *Iberian* Shore,
To diſtant *Ganges* trembled at his Roar.
Not fell *Geryon*, with his triple Head,
Nor the huge Porter of the paſſing Dead,

The Force of *Hydra*, and the dreaded Name
Of hungry *Scylla*, and *Chimera*'s Flame,
Can equal Horror with this Fury claim.
Of Manners moſt oppos'd, the Combat long
On either ſide with dubious Iſſue hung;
That to the Throat the pointed Dagger bends,
This wards the Miſchief, and the Blow ſuſpends;
That ſpoils the Wealthy, this ſupplies the Poor;
That ruins, this the ruin'd do's reſtore;
That kindles Wars, and ſeeks the lawleſs Fight,
This wins the Conqueſt, and aſſerts the Right.
As from th' infected Air ſome dire Diſeaſe
Do's firſt on Herds of grazing Cattle ſeize;
Then takes the People, and the Towns invades,
Till thro' the Land the fierce Contagion ſpreads;
So the rapacious Robber, not content
With a mean Prey from ſingle Perſons rent,
Aſpires to ravage Kingdoms, and divide
A Royal Booty, and her Troops deſtroy'd,
To cruſh the *Roman* Name, with boundleſs Pride.
He ſets the ſtranger Nations all in Arms,
And the bleak *Scythians* to his Aid allarms;
Inhumanly betrays to Foreign Pow'r
The poor Remains of *Rome* that ſcap'd his Rage before.
Sarmatians, *Dacians*, and the brutal Brood
Of *Maſſagetes*, who quaff their Horſes Blood,
And cold *Alani* by *Meotis*' Flood;

With

With the *Geloni* roughly bred and born,
Who their coarſe Limbs with ſearing Ir'n adorn,
Swarm to the Fields, but by *Rufinus'* Wile,
Who frames Delays the Moments to beguile,
Are ſav'd from Conqueſt, and preſerv'd from Spoil.
For when t'avenge his Fellow Leader's Fate,
Intrepid *Stilicho*, with gen'rous Hate,
Ingag'd, and put the broken *Getes* to Flight,
And cruſh'd the braveſt of their Troops in Fight,
While the cow'd Remnant lay a ready Prey,
This impious Traytor ſlipp'd the lucky Day,
And made the Prince, deceiv'd, the preſent Charge delay;
To give the *Huns*, who well he knew were near,
Time to come up, and joyn the fainting War.
A Race there is in *Scythia*'s fartheſt Coaſt,
Than whom the North none more abhorr'd can boaſt,
Foul is their Habit, and their Looks obſcene,
Untir'd with Toil, and rugged as their Meen;
They live by Prey, and Arts of Tillage ſhun;
'Tis Sport with them to look on Murders done,
From the cruſh'd Skull to daſh the reeking Brain,
And ſwear by Parents whom themſelves have ſlain:
As artfully they rule the ſtubborn Steed,
As did the Centaurs of *Ixion*'s Seed,
Whom Nature's Hand had fram'd of double Kind,
Both Man and Courſer, and in one combin'd.

When

When preſs'd, in Crouds they ſpur away from Sight,
And all unhop'd at once renew the Fight.
Yet fearleſs * Thou againſt this horrid Foe, * *Stilicho.*
Where noiſy *Heber*'s foamy Waters flow,
Did'ſt form thy March, and e'er the Trumpets ſound,
Thus didſt invoke the God for Arms renown'd.
Whether thou dwell'ſt on *Hemus*' cloudy Brow,
Or frozen *Rhodope* all white with Snow,
Dread Warrior *Mars*, or *Athos*' lofty Height,
O'er which the trembling *Medes* purſu'd their Flight,
Or in *Pangæa*, brown with leavy Shade,
Lead on with me, and give thy *Thracians* Aid:
If ſmiling Glory crowns this happy Day,
An Oak, adorn'd with Spoils, thy Honour ſhall diſplay.
Mars heard, and inſtantly from *Hemus*' Crown
Calls his fierce Train, and march'd indignant down;
Reach my ſtrong Helm, *Bellona*; and my Car,
Terror provide, and Fear the Reins prepare;
Ply all your Hands, for with a Rival Might
My *Stilicho* advances to the Fight,
Who with rich Trophees pays his Victory,
And grateful hangs the hoſtile Creſts on high;
One Signal wakes us both to Martial Rage,
And in one common Chariot we engage.
He ſaid, and ruſh'd into the Field; now here
This drives the Squadrons, and that ſcatters there;
Their Shields and Bulk alike; their Helmets blaze
With flaſhing Flames, and ſhine with equal Rays;

Chaf'd

Chaf'd in the Chace, their Breaſt-plates glow before
And their ſharp Spears are largely drench'd in Gore.
Pleas'd with the View of multiplying Ill,
Megæra ſmil'd at her accompliſh'd Will;
And finding Juſtice mournful and alone,
Inſults her thus, and haughtily begun;
See to thy Wiſh, old Peace revives amain,
And the firſt Golden Age recall'd again;
Our Pow'r is cruſh'd, our Empire overthrown,
And from all Places the poor Furies run.
Turn here thy Eyes; the Sight thy Tranſport claims
What Walls lye ſmoaking in *Barbarian* Flames?
What Carnage my *Ruſinus'* Hand has ſpred?
What Streams of Blood, without Reluctance, ſhed,
To glut the hungry Serpents of my Head?
Abandon Men, and from my Lot retire,
And to the Stars, with ſpeedy Flight aſpire;
Fly to th' Autumnal Quarters, where there ly's
Void ſpace ſufficient in the Southern Skys,
Near the hot *Lyon's* Sign, and *Libra's* Scale;
For here thy Preſence will no more avail.
And, wou'd the ſtubborn Fates Permiſſion yield,
I'd hunt thee ſtill thro' Heav'ns extended Field.
The Goddeſs anſwer'd; Here thy Triumphs end;
Thy frantic Rage no farther ſhall extend;
Thy boaſted Wretch his Pains ſhall quickly bear,
For now, ev'n now the vow'd Avenger's near;

And he who dares both Heav'n and Earth to brave,
To hide his impious Corps, ſhall want a common Grave.
Honorius, promis'd to this joyful Age,
Shall ſoon arrive, and quell the preſent Rage;
Not leſs in Valour and applauded Fame
Than his great Sire, and ſhining Brother's Name:
Who quells the *Medes* and *Indians* with his Spear;
Kings ſhall receive his Yoke, and *Phaſis* bear
His Horſes Hoofs, advancing to the War.
Araxes with a Bridge ſhall be conſtrain'd,
And thou, in Bands of ſtubborn Fetters chain'd,
Shorne of thy Snakes, and from the Day expell'd,
Shalt be in Hell's profoundeſt Dungeon held.
Earth ſhall be common then; no Marks ſhall bound
The Field diſtinguiſh'd, and divide the Ground;
Nor ſhall the ſharpen'd Share afflict the Plain,
But ſudden Harveſts ſhall rejoyce the Swain;
And ſweating Oaks the fragrant Honey rain.
Wine then ſhall flow, and Oyl in ev'ry Part;
No Fleece ſhall wear its curious Dye by Art,
But the pleas'd Shepherd, wond'ring at the Sight,
Shall ſee his Flock in native Colours bright;
And, glitt'ring in the branching Weeds below,
With orient Gems ſhall ev'ry Ocean glow.

RUFINUS.

Tranſlated from CLAUDIAN, Book II.

ARGUMENT.

Rufinus, *allarm'd at* Stilicho's *Approach, procures th* Barbarian *Nations to invade the* Roman *Provinces and beſiege* Conſtantinople *it ſelf.* Stilicho *haſtens t its Relief, but juſt as he was going to give the* Barba rians *Battle,* Rufinus *conſtrains the Emperor to diſ patch an Order to him not to engage, and to ſend bac his Troops.* Stilicho, *tho' with Reluctance, obeys; bu the Soldiers, knowing who had procur'd the Order, re ſolve to revenge it on* Rufinus, *and advance in a Bod to the Imperial City. The Emperor with* Rufinu *coming out, according to the* Roman *Cuſtom, to ſalut the Legions, they contrive to encloſe them, and whil* Rufinus *ſuſpected not their Deſign, fall on him at once and cut him to pieces. The unuſual Inſults offer'd t his Carkaſs, and* Æacus's *Sentence upon his Ghoſt a his Entrance in the Infernal Regions.*

NOW th' *Alps* reduc'd, and all th' *Heſperian* Reign
Sav'd and defended from th' Uſurper's Chain,
Heav'n to due Height the * Victor did prefer, * *Theodoſius*
And ſhone more brightly with this added Star;
When, *Stilicho*, to Thee the *Roman* Pow'r
Commits her Fate in this important Hour;
And both th' Imperial Brothers to thy Hand
Intruſt their Legions, with ſupreme Command.
Rufinus then, whoſe Crimes can brook no ſtay,
And whoſe polluted Jaws ſtill thirſt for Prey,

Project

Projects new Wars, and Scenes of endleſs Woes,
With wonted Rage, to vex the World's Repoſe.
Thus with himſelf; Or how ſhall I ſuſpend
The coming Ruine, or my Life defend?
What Arts employ to ſtem the riſing Tide,
Which rolls reſiſtleſs on from ev'ry Side?
Here fierce Revenge, and cruel Hate abound,
And there embattel'd Armies hemm me round.
What ſhall I now attempt? Nor Arms remain,
Nor any Hope the Prince's Grace to gain.
Th' immediate Danger ſtrikes my Soul with Dread,
And ſharpen'd Swords are brandiſh'd at my Head.
What then is left? but Miſchief to create,
And plunge the guiltleſs People in my Fate?
Pleas'd then I am with the whole World to fall,
In common Ruine thus involving all:
Nor otherwiſe will I conclude the Strife,
Nor quit my Pow'r, before I quit my Life.
He ſaid; and pours unnumber'd Martial Swarms,
As *Æolus* lets looſe th' impriſon'd Storms;
He gives the Reins to War; his barb'rous Art
Marks out the Path to Blood thro' ev'ry Part.
Some o'er the frozen *Danube* ſpeed their Way;
And Chariots roll, where Oars were wont to play;
And from the *Caſpian* Streights ſome ſeek the Prey.
Thro' cold *Armenia*'s trackleſs Snows they wade,
And all at once the wealthy *Eaſt* invade.

The *Cappadocian* Fields now ſmoke around,
And high *Argæus* for his Steeds renown'd.
The guſhing Gore do's *Haly*'s Waters ſtain,
And the *Cilician* Hills oppoſe their Rout in vain:
The lovely Meadows of the *Syrian* Soil
Become the rude *Barbarians* haſty Spoil;
And ſoft *Orontes*, where in ſpritely Dance
To the loud Pipe the ſhouting Quires advance,
And the pleas'd People mix in merry Play,
Now horrid hears the warlike Courſers neigh.
Hence *Aſia* ſighs, and *Europe* in Diſtreſs,
Far as *Dalmatia* the proud *Getes* oppreſs;
From all the Fields between the *Pontic* Main
And *Adriatic*, flies th' affrighted Swain,
And leaves diſherited th' abandon'd Plain;
Like *Libya*'s deſart Coaſt, a lonely Land,
Parch'd with the Sun, nor touch'd by human Hand.
The rolling Ruine o'er *Theſſalia* ſpreads,
No rural Pipes chear *Pelion*'s ſilent Meads;
Th' *Emathian* Harveſt the fierce Flame devours,
The *Myſian* Paſtures, and the *Thracian* Tow'rs.
The Miſchief now above Lamenting grows,
'Tis a wide Courſe of Univerſal Woes;
The Deſolation reaches ev'ry Coaſt,
And Senſe of Ill in frequent Ill is loſt.
Alas! how periſhing is Human Joy!
What trifling Cauſes nobleſt Things deſtroy!

An Empire once by so much Blood obtain'd,
So dearly kept, so honourably gain'd;
The Labour of a thousand Chiefs to raise,
And all the *Roman* Arms in former Days,
One worthless Traytor pushes to the Ground,
And in a Moment basely do's confound.
The City which o'erlooks the *Thracian* Shore,
And proudly rivals *Rome*'s Imperial Pow'r,
No longer is allarm'd with Arms from far,
But sees at hand, the sad approaching War,
And shrilly hears the rattling Trumpets sound,
While the strong Jav'lins on the Walls rebound.
These mount the Works, and those with watchful Care,
To block the Port, a Line of Ships prepare.
The welcome Siege do's impiously impart
A brutal Pleasure to *Rufinus*' Heart;
From his high Tow'r triumphant he beheld
The piteous Carnage of the neighb'ring Field.
Here captive Matrons walk, in Shackles bound,
There one, half-dead, sinks in the Waters drown'd.
This ev'n in Flight is reach'd by swifter Death,
And in the Gate that gasps away his Breath.
His hoary Hairs avail the Sire no more,
And Mothers trickle with their Childrens Gore.
With Joy he smiles; one only Grief he knows,
That his own Hand shou'd deal no deadly Blows.
He sees the fatal Flames roll fiercely on,
And partial spare his guilty Seats alone;

And vaunting in his Crime, is proud to ſhow
Which Side he favours, and avows the Foe;
He only is indulg'd, he boaſts, the Grace
Their Camp to viſit, free from Place to Place,
To meet in Parly, and to treat the Peace.
Oft to the hoſtile Congreſs as he bends,
A Band of Clients on his Steps attends;
And mingling with *Barbarians*, not to want
Barbarian Marks entire in ev'ry Point,
Their hideous Habit he affects, and wears
The Hides of Lions, and the Spoils of Bears,
Thick Bridles, monſtrous Quivers, rattling Bows,
And in his Dreſs his ſecret Temper ſhows.
He who th' *Auſonian* Chair and Rights poſſeſt,
Bluſh'd not t'aſſume, with Inſolence profeſt,
The *Getes* rude Cuſtoms, and their ſavage Veſt:
While by their ſhagged Maſter trampled down,
The vanquiſh'd Laws reſign the *Latian* Gown.
What were the People's Looks? and what were then
The ſtolen Murmurs of unhappy Men?
For none in Public dar'd to vent his Grief,
Or by Complaining gain a ſhort Relief.
This Yoke accurs'd how long ſhall we ſuſtain?
Or when an End to ſuch Oppreſſions gain?
From theſe wild Whirlwinds and perpetual Tears,
Who ſhall releaſe us, and remove our Fears?
Ruſinus there devours the ready Prey,
And here *Barbarian* Troops obſtruct our Way,
Depriv'd of Succour both by Land and Sea.

Around the Fields the roaming Ruin flies,
But greater Horror do's the Towns ſurprize.
Awake at length, and ſtretch thy pious Hand,
O *Stilicho*, to ſave thy ſinking Land.
Here are thy Children, thy ennobled Houſe,
Here firſt thy Arms receiv'd the plighted Spouſe;
Here happy Signs preſag'd thy Genial Bed,
And the pleas'd Court the nuptial Torch diſplay'd.
Auſpicious Leader, do not make Delay,
Wait not for Troops, but come thy ſelf away:
Strait at thy Preſence the fierce War ſhall ceaſe,
And the fell Monſter's Madneſs fall to Peace.
Such were the Sorrows of the ſuff'ring Eaſt,
When ſoon as Spring the Winter's Rage repreſt,
And from the Hills the Snows diſſolving run,
His March the Hero readily begun;
And leaving *Italy* in Peace behind,
Advanc'd intrepid to the Parts aſſign'd.
Rang'd each apart, diſtinctly he commands
The *Gallic* Troops and Oriental Bands.
Such various Tongues, an Hoſte ſo widely ſpread,
Ne'er march'd before beneath one common Head.
Here looſely girt, th' *Armenian* Wings appear,
Clad in green Garments and with curling Hair;
There the fierce *Gauls* with yellow Locks proceed,
Whom the ſwift *Rhone*, or ſlower *Arar* breed,
Or whom, new-born, the *Rhine*'s deep Current try'd,
Or whom *Garumna* waſhes with his Tide,

When ſwell'd with Torrents from the troubled Main,
The refluent River floats the cover'd Plain.
One Soul inſpir'd them all; they feel no more
Their Wounds yet freſh, nor mind the ſprinkled Gore;
The Vanquiſh'd do's not at the Victor rail,
Nor do's the Victor o'er the Vanquiſh'd ſwell.
With Rage of Civil Wars tho' ſtill they glow'd,
And Martial Heat fermented in their Blood,
All now conſpiring in one brave Deſign,
The noble Chief unanimouſly joyn.
Such was the Hoſte, that follow'd from afar,
From ev'ry Region, *Xerxes* to the War;
With their deep Draught, which drank whole Rivers dry,
And with their Arrows hid th' o'erſhaded Sky,
When o'er the Rocks his Fleet he did convey,
And proudly walk'd acroſs the cover'd Sea.

Scarce had he paſs'd the ruggid *Alps*, before
The rough *Barbarians* trembled at his Pow'r;
They roam at large no more, but cloſely held
Their Strength compacted, in one Camp compell'd,
And drew a Line of Works along the Field.
A double Trench is form'd, a lofty Mound
With ſharpen'd Piles ſecures th' included Ground,
And like a ſudden Wall, the heavy Train
Of Carriages are planted on the Plain.

Now Pangs of Fear *Rufinus'* Heart aſſail,
His Looks are anxious, and his Face is pale;

Alter-

Alternate Doubts his tortur'd Thoughts distress,
Whether to fly, or supplicate for Peace,
Or with a bold Revolt, himself to throw
On the sure Friendship of the trusty Foe.
What now avail his Heaps of plunder'd Ore?
His ravish'd Riches, and unnumber'd Store!
His Palaces with polish'd Marble bright,
And Domes contending with the Heav'ns in Height?
He marks th' Avenger's March, and counts the Days,
His Life computing by the Length of Ways;
Grieves to behold an End approach of Woes,
And, always waking, never knows Repose,
Starts from his Bed, and wild with Horrors rent,
Is punish'd in the Dread of Punishment.
But soon his Rage returns, and he resumes
His Zeal of Mischief, that himself becomes;
Then to the Royal Presence boldly ran,
And with a mingled Terror thus began.
By thy Imperial Brother's Star, the Fame
Of thy great Father's consecrated Name;
By thy own Bloom of youthful Years, I pray,
Turn from my Head the lifted Sword away;
From *Stilicho*'s injurious Threats defend;
See how the *Gauls* to my Destruction bend,
And those whose Regions lye, if such there be,
Beyond *Britannia* and the fartheſt Sea.
What listed Legions to the Field are led?
What Armies arm'd against a single Head?

Whence all this Thirſt of Blood? the Cauſe is clear,
'Tis *Stilicho*'s Ambition makes the War:
He ſcorns an Equal, and with lawleſs Soul
Claims all himſelf, to rule from Pole to Pole.
Libya and *Italy* his proud Command
Confeſs, and *Spain* and all the *Gallic* Land.
Not the Sun's Round, nor Nature's largeſt Line
So vaſt a Luſt of Empire can confine.
Whatever Wealth thy happy Sire obtain'd
In Peace, or in ſucceſsful Battle gain'd,
His is the Whole; nor cares his craving Breaſt
To part with Riches he has once poſſeſt.
But let him live in Peace, and govern all,
And let *Rufinus* for his Honour fall;
Yet why ſhou'd he, with lawleſs Arms, prepare
From thee to raviſh thy Imperial Share?
Let him reſign *Illyria*, and the Band
Of Eaſtern Troops, dividing the Command
Of either Army with an equal Hand.
Cruſh his big Pride, and vindicate thy Due,
And heir thy Father's Throne and Legions too.
But if thou meanly dar'ſt to heſitate,
And doſt not inſtantly forbid my Fate,
By Hell and Heav'n I ſwear, this Head alone
Shall not be loſt; the Danger is thy own;
More Blood ſhall mix with mine, nor will I go
An unattended Ghoſt to Shades below,
Nor ſhall the Victor ſafely ſtrike the Blow.

He

He ſaid; th' inglorious Prince a Mandate ſign'd,
With mean Submiſſion, to *Rufinus'* Mind,
And ſent a Herald ſuddenly to bear
Th' extorted Order, and forbid the War.
Mean time the Proſpect of the neighb'ring Foe
Provokes a Hero's Joy in *Stilicho*;
Their Lines and Ramparts only now between,
With a loud Voice he fires his eager Men.
In the left Wing th' *Armenians* march, the right
The *Gauls* compoſe, and wiſh th' expected Fight.
There might you ſee the foamy Courſers bound,
And Clouds of Duſt aſcend, and roll around,
And purple Snakes in ſtreaming Enſigns fly,
With angry Hiſſings thro' the heated Sky.
The Fields of *Theſſaly*, the *Centaur's* Cave,
The River which did young *Achilles* lave,
And *OEta's* gloomy Grove, the horrid Blaze
Of Arms enlighten with their flaſhing Rays;
Cold *Oſſa* thunders with the Martial Sound,
And high *Olympus* ſhakes with Shouts around.
Th' impatient Legions, prodigal of Light,
Glow with freſh Ardor of the coming Fight.
The Rocks and Rivers ſcarcely can reſtrain
Th' impetuous Troops from ruſhing on amain.
And had the Foe adventur'd then t' engage
In open Field, and dar'd to meet their Rage,
Greece had not ſuch repeated Slaughters view'd,
Nor *Pelops'* Cities been in Blood embru'd,
But ſtill th' *Arcadian* Tow'rs, and *Sparta* ſtill had ſtood.

Nor had the Sea blaz'd with *Corinthian* Flames,
Nor hoſtile Shackles drag'd *Athenian* Dames;
For one auſpicious Day had put a Cloſe
To Waſte and War, and giv'n the World Repoſe.
But ſee how great an Enterprize was croſt
By Fortune's Spite, and what a Triumph loſt!
Juſt as th' embattel'd Horſe had form'd their Line,
And the ſhrill Trumpets Clangor gave the Sign,
The Royal Order came, to countermand
The Fight, and reach'd th' advancing Leader's Hand.
Amaz'd he ſtood, with Rage and Grief poſſeſt,
Alternate ſwelling in his troubled Breaſt;
Aſtoniſh'd to behold with what a Sway,
Rufinus bore down all Things in his Way.
He weighs on either Hand the Chances run,
Whether to preſs with Reſolution on,
Or drop the brave Deſign ſo well begun.
He burns with Zeal to curb the growing Ill,
Yet fears to diſobey his Prince's Will:
His Duty awes his Valour; Public Good
On this Side urges and inflames his Blood,
And Dread of Envy now on that withſtood.
Then to the Stars his lifted Hands he ſpread,
And from his Soul thus vehemently ſaid;

Ye Gods, not yet with *Roman* Woes appeas'd,
If to ſubvert our Empire ye are pleas'd,
If in one Fall whole Ages are deſign'd,
To ſink, and ye abandon Human Kind,

et o'er the Globe the ruſhing Main be hurl'd,
r wand'ring *Phaeton* confound the World:
Why is *Rufinus* made your Inſtrument?
o baſe an Author will diſgrace th' Event.
uſt in the Start of Battle we're compell'd
o ſheath the ſhining Sword, and leave the Field.
e Walls and Cities to the Flames deſign'd,
ou I atteſt, with what reluctant Mind,
now ſubmit, and to the deſtin'd Fate,
) Grief! O Shame! permit the *Roman* State.
ecall your Enſigns, Soldiers, from the War,
urn back, and to your ſev'ral Climes repair;
Ve muſt obey; nor let the Trumpet blow,
iſmount the ready Arrow from the Bow,
nd, ſo *Rufinus* bids, releaſe the Foe.
He ſaid; a Clamour inſtantly began,
With ſurly Sound, and thro' the Squadrons ran;
ouder than Billows on the Rocky Shore,
r Thunders burſting with reſiſtleſs Roar.
he Troops of Eaſt and Weſt, with gen'rous Pride,
emand the Fight, refuſing to divide,
heir Leader's Truth unblemiſh'd they defend,
ach claim'd him theirs, and zealouſly contend;
warm, but blameleſs Mutiny aroſe,
nd in theſe Words their common Paſſion flows.
Who ſtrikes the Sword, juſt lifted from our Hands?
nd who to ſlack the bended Bow commands?

Who

Who to the brandiſh'd Spear dares ſet a Rule?
Valour, once heated, knows not how to cool.
The Jav'lin, thirſting for *Barbarian* Gore,
Fly's, of itſelf, impatiently before;
The Weapons tug th' avenging Arm amain,
Nor will the Scabbard the dry Blade retain.
Still ſhall the *Getes* by our Diſſentions thrive?
See a new Face of Civil War revive.
Why, gen'rous Chieftain, why doſt thou divide
United Eagles, Troops in Blood ally'd?
One Body firm are we, and thou our Head,
Prepar'd to march where-ever thou ſhalt lead.
Thee will we follow, ev'n to *Thule*'s Coaſt,
Condemn'd to Night and *Hyperborean* Froſt:
With thee we'll ſeek hot *Libya*'s ſultry Sands,
And *India*'s Ocean, and the fartheſt Lands.
With thee we'll drink *Hydaſpes*' golden Stream,
Take ev'ry Toil, and ſuffer each Extream.
If thou command'ſt the Southern Climes to try,
The Southern Climes and Fervour we'll defy;
Or Infant *Nilus*' ſecret Source to find,
We'll traverſe *Nile*, and leave the World behind.
Where-ever *Stilicho* his Tent ſhall rear,
That is our Country, and our Home is there.

But the wiſe Chief reſtrain'd their eager Zeal,
Deſiſt, he ſaid, your Martial Ardor quell;
Let this dark Storm of threatning Envy fall
Without Effect, and not o'erwhelm us all.

Not Conqueſt's ſelf will for the Shame atone,
To ſeem to conquer for my ſelf alone.
Retire ye truſty Bands, your Rage forbear,
Whom once I led, my Fellows of the War.
Nor more he ſaid, but quick without Delay
Turn'd back, and march'd reluctantly away.
Thus the grim Lyon, with an empty Maw,
Of Prey defeated, and a bloodleſs Paw,
Retreats impatient, when with Darts and Fire
The ſhouting Shepherds make the Beaſt retire:
He hangs his Main, and o'er his Eye-balls hid,
Turn'd on the Ground, draws down the low'ring Lid,
And ſourly growling, with a ſullen Sound,
To find a Paſs explores the Forreſt round.
The Legions then that ſaw themſelves diſmiſt,
Gave a loud Groan, with manly Grief oppreſt;
Their ſhining Helmets are bedew'd with Tears,
And ev'ry Token of Diſtreſs appears:
With the deep Sobs, that from their Boſoms break,
Their Voice is choak'd, and their ſtrong Corſlets ſhake.
Then we're betray'd, they cry, and muſt no more
Serve the lov'd Leader, whom we ſerv'd before.
And doſt thou then thy truſty Bands deſpiſe,
So try'd, ſo prov'd, and crown'd with Victories?
Are we ſo vile? and has th' *Heſperian* Land
More happily deſerv'd thy wiſh'd Command?
What care we now to view our old Abodes,
Our tender Houſeholds, and our Houſehold Gods?

With-

Without thee Nothing pleaſes or delights;
'Tis now *Ruſinus'* Tyranny affrights.
Studious in Miſchief, inſolent and hard,
Some curs'd Deſign perhaps he has prepar'd,
To give us up, abandon'd and undone,
Slaves to th' *Alani* and the hideous *Hunn.*
But our warm Spirits are not ſunk ſo low,
Nor ſuch a Penury of Arms we know;
Tho' to the Weſt remanded, thou ſhalt be
Our Chief, we'll own no other Head but thee;
Our Faith, tho' abſent, ſtill ſhall be the ſame,
Still, unrevok'd, purſue thy honour'd Name;
And ſoon the Victim, due to thee, ſhall bleed,
And thou ſhalt hear, and ſhalt applaud the Deed.
Now from th' *Hemonian* Coaſt, the grieving Ban
Proceeding, reach'd the *Macedonian* Lands
And *Theſſalonian* Walls, without Delay;
Deep at their Heart, their ſmother'd Sorrow lay,
And ſilent to Revenge prepar'd the watchful Way
A Place to favour their Deſign, they wait,
And Time adapted to perform their Hate;
Yet in an Hoſte of Youths compos'd, not one
By haſty Words made the bold Project known;
And all Poſterity thro' ev'ry Age
Shall ſtand amaz'd, that in the Heat of Rage
Such Multitudes the Purpoſe ſtill conceal'd,
Nor once th' important Enterprize reveal'd;

That no free Talk, nor Looseness of the Bowl
Threw out the fervent Purpose of their Soul;
But the same Constancy thro' all prevail'd,
And a whole People the big Thought conceal'd.
Heber and *Rhodope* in haste they pass,
And take their March across the Plains of *Thrace*;
To the fam'd Town at length the Squadrons came,
Which boasts from *Hercules* its honour'd Name.
When *Stilicho*'s Retreat *Rufinus* knew,
And that his own vile Cohorts were in View,
In haughty Triumph he erects his Head,
Thinks all is safe, and deems the Danger fled;
Affects to grasp the Scepter in his Hand,
And proudly thus harangues his trusty Band.
We've conquer'd; and our Enemy is gone;
And now with Ease the Kingdom is our own;
We dread no Foe, for singly whom he fear'd,
Who shall attack thus compass'd with a Guard?
Or dare to face me thus to War supply'd,
Who naked and unarm'd their Pow'r defy'd?
Go, *Stilicho*, and now at Distance due,
Contrive my Exile, and thy Hate pursue;
While Length of Lands and rolling Seas divide
Rufinus safely from thy baffled Pride;
For while I live, 'twill scarcely be thy Chance
O'er the rough *Alps* presumptuously t'advance.
Securely there at Distance wage the War,
And strain the Bow, and cast the Dart from far;

Draw

Draw out the Sword, and try from *Italy*
To reach thy Thruſts, againſt theſe Walls and me.
Can no Examples, plac'd before thy Eyes,
Curb thy raſh Rage, and teach thee to be wiſe?
Did any ever urge me, but their Hate
Caus'd their own Ruin, and procur'd their Fate?
From half the World by me thou art expell'd,
Stripp'd of thy Troops, and forc'd to quit the Field
Now, my brave Friends, the jovial Hour ordains
To form the Feaſt, and pay the Soldiers Pains,
And the large Donative, with gen'rous Pride,
To the new Legions lib'rally divide:
To-morrow's Light ſhall ſmile upon my Vows,
While my Demands, the Prince, tho' lothe, allow
Conſtrain'd t' admit me Partner in his Throne;
By which at once ſucceſsfully I ſhun
The Guilt of Uſurpation, and the Shame
Of a mean Station and a private Name.

The Ruffian Council, who their Wealth had gain'
By reſtleſs Rapine, and by Fraud obtain'd,
Whom the ſame Cauſe had made Companions dear,
Applaud a Speech ſo welcome to their Ear:
They bluſh'd at Nought, and no Reluctance felt;
Their Band of Friendſhip is their common Guilt.
With brutal Mirth, the jolly Scheme they form
What Dames to raviſh, and what Towns to ſtorm;
The trembling Cities greedily ſurvey,
And vainly portion out the promis'd Prey.

Now Night began upon her ſable Breaſt
To lull the Labours of the World to Reſt;
When fierce *Ruſinus*, whoſe uneaſy Mind
Was toſs'd with Cares, at length to Sleep reſign'd;
Scarcely he ſlumbers, when, with dire Affright,
The Ghoſts of thoſe he murder'd, haunt his Sight;
And one, diſtinct to View above the reſt,
Thus ſeem'd to ſpeak, and haſtily addreſt.

Come, quit thy Bed, nor vex thy anxious Heart
All Means to weigh, and new Deſigns to ſtart;
The Day, now breaking, ſhall thy Labours cloſe,
And give to thee thy long-deſir'd Repoſe:
Rais'd high above the Croud thou ſhalt return,
And on their Hands triumphantly be borne.
This, in fallacious Terms, the Spectre ſaid;
Nor did he find, by the falſe Omen led,
The dubious Speech preſag'd his ſever'd Head.

On *Hemus'* Height now ſparkling *Phoſphor* ſhone,
And *Titan* rapid roll'd his Chariot on,
To view at laſt a Sight deſir'd of all,
The World's Redemption, and *Ruſinus'* Fall;
He ſprung from Bed, and bade them ſtraight with Care
The ſpacious Palace for the Feaſt prepare,
And on the Gold, he promis'd to divide,
Stamps his own Image with Imperial Pride;
O'ertops his Prince, and puff'd with Royal Height,
Affects t'harangue the Troops return'd from Fight:

Sure of the Throne, a coſtly Garb he wears,
And wantonly aſſumes luxurious Airs;
As if the Diadem and Purple Veſt
Had crown'd his Head, and his vile Shoulders dreſt.
To the South Quarter where the City bends,
A narrow Space of Land alone extends,
Sav'd from the Sea; while the repining Main
Surrounds the reſt, and threats the neighb'ring Plain.
Here, bright in Arms, th' avenging Troops unfold
Their marſhall'd Numbers regular and bold;
On the left Wing the Foot are plac'd; the Horſe
Poſſeſs the right, a formidable Force:
The gen'rous Steeds reſiſt the Rider's Hand,
Preſs on the Bridle, and the Race demand.
Some with their nodding Creſts the Sight amaze,
And ſhifting Colours round their Shoulders blaze;
Sheath'd all in Steel, and wrought with Art ſo nice,
The ſupple Metal to the Body plies.
The dread Appearance ſeem'd a moving Train
Of breathing Images and Iron Men.
The Horſe were clad the ſame; their Fronts ſevere,
And ample Shoulders, Iron Armour wear:
Each kept his Rank, well-diſciplin'd and true,
A beauteous Horror, and a ſolemn View.
As the Wind falls, the Serpents ceaſe to fly,
And peaceful on the flagging Banners lie.
Arcadius firſt the honour'd Enſigns greets;
Rufinus next with Salutations meets;

Smooth

Smooth to deceive, around the Ranks he moves,
Admires their Ardor, and their Zeal approves;
Each by his Name he calls, and ſmiles to tell,
Their Sires, and Sons, and Families are well.
With Cunning while they meet his vain Deſign,
And buſily in feign'd Petitions join,
Unheeded they prepare to bend their Train,
Caſt in a ſudden Circle on the Plain;
The Space begins to leſſen; either Wing
Wheels gently round, to form a hollow Ring;
And leiſurely approaching o'er the Field,
They join at once, and mingle Shield to Shield.
Thus the keen Huntſman o'er the deſtin'd Ground
His Toils erects, and hemms the Foreſt round;
And thus th'induſtrious Fiſher, in the Sea
Drives dext'rouſly to Shore the finny Prey;
Contracts his Net, and artfully provides
To cloſe the Meſhes, and the gaping Sides.
The reſt ſhut out, the Troops alone ſurround
Him and *Arcadius* on the fatal Ground:
Yet did he not, on his own Schemes intent,
Suſpect the Fraud, nor what the Legions meant.
But boldly faſtning on the Prince's Veſt,
Requir'd him now to finiſh his Requeſt,
To mount the Throne, and in that inſtant Hour
Proclaim him Partner in th' Imperial Pow'r.
When ſuddenly they draw their glitt'ring Swords,
And a big Voice roars out theſe thund'ring Words:

Traitor, couldſt thou conceive a Hope ſo vain,
On us, on us, to fix the ſervile Chain!
Know'ſt thou not whence we come? Shall we endure
To bend ſo low, to recognize thy Pow'r,
To be thy menial Guard, and call thee Lord,
Who have ſo often, with vindictive Sword,
Laws, and their Rights, to diſtant Realms reſtor'd?
Twice we the Rage of Civil War have quell'd,
Twice o'er the rugged *Alps* our March have held;
So many Fights have taught us, with Diſdain,
To ſerve no Tyrant, and to wear no Chain!
He ſhook all o'er; no Hope of Flight appears,
And all around him ſhines an Hoſt of Spears;
He ſtares aſtoniſh'd, while the furious Band
With Swords encompaſs him on either Hand.
Thus the fierce Bear, among the Mountains caught,
His native Haunt, and to the *Circus* brought,
Leaps out diſmay'd, while, ſhouting on his Ear,
The Keeper goads him forward with his Spear:
Uprear'd, he caſts around his glaring Eyes,
And views the Theatre with wild Surprize,
Scar'd with the Multitude's promiſcuous Cries.
When one more daring, of his own Accord,
Sprung thro' the Ranks, graſping his naked Sword;
" With this, with this Right Hand, do's *Stilicho*,
" Whom thou didſt vaunt to vanquiſh, ſtrike the
Blow;

Thus

" Thus executes a juſt Avenger's Part,
" And, abſent, pierces thus thy Traitor Heart.
He ſaid, and plung'd the Weapon in his Side;
Auſpicious Hand! firſt in this Crimſon dy'd;
That thus began the welcome Vengeance, due
To the vex'd World, and ſuch a Monſter ſlew.
All then at once with their ſharp Spears contend
The Trunk to mangle, and the Members rend;
With Groves of Piles they ſtab him o'er and o'er,
And bluſh to draw them back undrench'd in Gore:
Theſe tear his greedy Jaws, and rolling Eyes,
And others make his ſever'd Arms their Prize:
This lops the Feet, the Shoulders that, and one
Cuts from the broken Back the bending Bone;
This ſnatch'd the Liver; that the panting Heart;
And this the Lungs, dividing ev'ry Part.
No Room is left to glut their greedy Rage,
Nor can the Subject their fierce Spite aſſwage:
Ev'n finiſh'd thus, they ſcarcely give him o'er,
And the hew'd Corps is almoſt ſeen no more.
So reek'd th' *Aonian* Mount, when *Pentheus* ſlain
Was drag'd, and mangled by the madding Train;
Or when *Actæon*, at the fatal Cave,
To his own Hounds the vengeful Goddeſs gave.
Can this reverſe the Miſchiefs thou haſt done,
Blind *Fortune*, and thy mighty Crimes atone?
Can one poor Death ſo many Thouſands pay?
Now to the Nations portion out the Prey;

His hated Head to the rough *Thracians* give,
And let the harraſs'd *Greeks* the Trunk receive;
But what ſhall other ruin'd Realms require?
For ev'ry Land there's not a Limb entire.
The People leave the Town, and ſwarm amain,
Free from all Fear, to view him on the Plain;
Nor Shame the Maids, nor Years the Sires reſtrain.
Widows, whoſe Husbands he had murder'd, fly,
With childleſs Mothers, to the common Joy,
Inſult him dead, and now with Fury burn,
His Limbs to trample, and the Monſter ſpurn:
They dip their Feet with Pleaſure in his Gore,
Nor leſs are eager, with a ſtony Show'r,
To cruſh his batter'd Head, which, mounted high
On a Spear's Point, now nodded in the Sky,
And, to the hiſſing Croud in Triumph ſhown,
Returns with fitting Honour to the Town:
His Right Hand too, in Mockery and Scorn,
To ſue for Alms from Door to Door is borne,
And the juſt Puniſhment, by this Diſgrace,
Of the vile Owner's Luſt of Lucre pays:
For imitating Life, they make it ſtrain
And clench the Fingers, at the Touch of Gain.
Learn to diſtruſt Proſperity from hence,
And fear the ſlipp'ry Turns of Providence.
That Hand, which ſcarcely had a Sceptre miſs'd,
Which the aw'd Nobles had ſo often kiſs'd,

Un-

Uubury'd long, and from the Body torne,
To beg an Alms ev'n after Death is borne.
Whoever, puff'd with lucky Fortune, rears
His Creſt aloft, and inſolently bears,
Here let him ſee, with Popular Diſdain
Drag'd thro' the Roads and Streets, that haughty Man,
Who Monuments, that ev'n with Temples vy'd,
Rais'd for himſelf with boundleſs Coſt and Pride:
Ev'n He, to whom the Crown was almoſt giv'n,
Now naked lies, to feed the Fowls of Heav'n;
Who made before the trembling World comply,
Now cannot one poor Spot of Earth enjoy,
But roll'd in Duſt by ev'ry common Slave,
Is piece-meal cover'd, and yet wants a Grave.
Heav'n own'd the Death, and Earth the Load obſcene
Of his vile Corps refuſes as unclean:
The Stars reſpire, and to the Lakes below,
A Gueſt abhorr'd, do's his grim Shadow go.
At his Approach ſtood *Æacus* aghaſt,
And *Cerb'rus* hoarſely bay'd him as he paſt:
The Ghoſts of thoſe he ſlew, around him meet,
And drag him to the awful Judgment-Seat;
In Crouds they gather; as the vengeful Bees
In buzzing Swarms the daring Shepherd ſeize,
That robs their Honey; with their buſy Wings
They ſeek his Face, and ſhoot their little Stings,

And, ſhelter'd by the Rock, their Forces bend,
Their Seats to cover, and their Combs defend.
A Place there lies, where, deeply hid from Light,
Cocytus' Stream and *Phlegethon*'s unite,
Unpleaſing Rivers; *that* is fill'd with Tears,
And *this* a Flood of rolling Fire appears.
Betwixt them both, a Tower its frightful Frame
Erects ſublime, and ſeems a Pile of Flame;
On its left Side, of Adamant compos'd,
Hot *Phlegethon* its burning Waves diſclos'd;
The right Side ſadly ſounds with ſobbing Cries
Of deep *Cocytus*, and inceſſant Sighs.
Hither at Death all mortal Minds deſcend,
And, undiſtinguiſh'd, their laſt Lot attend.
Stripp'd of their Honours, and their Titles vain,
Kings here are mingled with the Vulgar Train.
Minos, the dire Inquiſitor, ſublime
Plac'd on his Throne, examines ev'ry Crime,
Divides the Guilty from the Juſt; and thoſe
Who, with Defiance, to confeſs refuſe,
To his fierce Brother's Rod he hurries thence,
To bear the Pains of hard Impenitence:
For near him *Radamanthus* ſits, who weighs
The Life at large, and rigidly ſurveys;
To Crimes the proper Puniſhments aſſigns,
And Sinners in the Shapes of Beaſts confines.
The Cruel, Bears, the Robbers, Wolves become,
The Traitors Foxes, by impartial Doom;

Thoſe

Thoſe who in Sloth, and wanton Luſt and Wine,
Indulging Riot, ſunk their Hours ſupine,
Are ſent into the Limbs of ſordid Swine.
The pratling Babler, who with leaky Tongue
Bewray'd all Secrets to his Neighbour's Wrong,
Swims a mute Fiſh, and, in the watry Maze,
For Tatling with Eternal Silence pays.
When theſe for full three thouſand Years have paſt
Thro' various Figures, the ſtrict Judge at laſt
In *Lethe* purges them, ſo Fates ordain,
And to their Human Form recalls again.
Then, as he ſate in Judgment to decide
The dubious Cauſes, and in Order try'd,
Lo! from afar *Rufinus*' Ghoſt he ſpy'd;
He view'd him rigidly with frowning Eyes,
And the Throne trembled while aloud he cries;
Hither, thou Scandal of the Worlds above,
Thou Sink of Gold unglutted, hither move;
Who didſt thro' unexampled Crimes aſpire,
And nothing wou'dſt not dare for proffer'd Hire;
Venal Interpreter of Sacred Laws,
The vileſt Vice, which moſt my Vengeance draws;
Who for thy Country's Ruin tempted forth
The dire *Barbarians* of the frozen *North*;
By whoſe unnumber'd Carnages, the Shore
Of crowded Hell has oft been cover'd o'er.

Such

Such open Deeds, 'twere Madneſs to deny,
Sear'd on thy Breaſt the Spots obſcenely lie,
And Blots of branded Sin thy blemiſh'd Image die.
Thy Crimes refuſe Diſguiſe. Whatever Pain
My Stores of Vengeance awfully contain,
Thou ſhalt endure; the Rock that threats to fall,
The rolling Wheel, thou ſhalt ſuſtain them all.
Thy Thirſt unquench'd ſtill flatt'ring to relieve,
The brimming Waters ſhall thy Lips deceive;
The Vultur ſhall from other Food withdraw,
And on thy Entrails glut his greedy Maw.
All other Sinners, who theſe Tortures bear,
But Parts of thee, enormous Villain, were.
What, to be nam'd with thee, did he who flung
The mimic Thunders, as he drove along?
Or *Tantalus*, with his preſumptuous Tongue?
Or *Tityus*, when with unpermitted Love,
Latona's Honour to pollute he ſtrove?
If all their Facts ſhou'd be in one combin'd,
Thou haſt ſurpaſs'd them, Monſter unconfin'd.
Who can inflict, with a vindictive Hand,
The Pains that theſe unequall'd Crimes demand?
How ſhall I juſtly puniſh all thy Deeds,
When one alone all Puniſhment exceeds?
Hence, bear him hence, and clear him from our Coaſts,
The Shame of Shades, and chaſe him from the Ghoſts;
T've ſeen him is enough; now ſpare our Sight,
And cleanſe again the ſacred Realms of Night:

With

With Scourges drive him down below the Ground,
Beneath the *Styx* and *Erebus* profound;
Below the *Titans* Den, below the Womb
Of *Tartarus*, and *Chaos'* horrid Gloom:
Plunge, plunge him deep, where Night's Foundations lie,
Chain'd to a Rock; there let him vainly cry,
While Heav'n rolls round the Stars, and while the Shore
The Billows beat, and bluſtring Tempeſts roar.

The End of the POEMS.

A

FUNERAL ORATION

UPON THE

DEATH

OF

Mr. *PHILIP a LIMBORCH*,

Profeſſor of DIVINITY among the Remonſtrants at *Amſterdam*;

Who died *April* 30, 1712.

Pronounc'd *May* 6 following, being the Day of his Interrment, by

Mr. *JOHN LE CLERC.*

Tranſlated from the *Latin.*

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IF we consider the Nature of Human Society, and especially of the Familiarity which we contract with a Friend, it will appear to be such, that the more strict and united is, the more delightful it becomes, and the better commodated to render Life both useful and pleasant. en, who are but lightly acquainted, and are ac-stomed to perform to each other, none, or very tri-l Services, are in a manner to one another, just as if ey were not in Being. And Persons who live in very stant Countries, and have never travelled from home, d so are neither related to us by Blood, by Neighbourhood,

bourhood, by common Dealings, nor by the Ties of Friendſhip or Benevolence, are almoſt the ſame to us as if they had died ſome Ages ago, and we are to them as if we were not yet born. If this Diſregard, and this Diſunion, as I may call it, of Minds, were univerſal in the World, it would make Life a moſt uncomfortable thing. For ſince no Man can ſingly provide himſelf with all Neceſſaries, nor do whatever it is for his Intereſt to be done, he muſt deſire the Help of others; and to obtain it, he is obliged both to promiſe to aſſiſt them in his Turn, and to be actually beneficial as far as it is in his Power. From theſe mutual Kindneſſes ariſes firſt the Relation of Citizens, and then of particular Friends, than which nothing more advantageous and endearing can be imagined: For this, according to the antient Saying, makes all things common, as Riches, Aid, Counſels, Wiſdom, Conſolations in Suffering, and Rejoicing in Proſperity and good Succeſs: On which Account the old Philoſophers juſtly numbered it among the Virtues; and he who deſtroyed Friendſhip among Men, was ſaid to put out the Sun.

But, alas! this beautiful and excellent Union, like every thing belonging to mortal Man, is diſſolved with Life, ſo that nothing then remains beſide the Memory of it, which is grateful indeed, but carries in it a Bitterneſs of Regret and Sorrow, when we reflect on what we have loſt in loſing our Friends, and how important a Good we muſt continue to want, if we ſhou'd happen long to ſurvive them. They who had not the Light of Divine Revelation, endeavoured to apply a Remedy to this Misfortune, by feigning *Elyſian* Fields, or

For-

Fortunate Iſlands, in which, after this Life was expired, antient Friends were to meet again and live happily together, if they had behaved themſelves worthy of ſuch a Felicity. But ſince the moſt Learned of the Heathens rather wiſhed this, than knew it would be, they were unable to aſſuage their Grief, and remove the Sadneſs of Soul which invaded them under ſuch a Loſs. And we ſhou'd be overwhelmed in the ſame Calamity, unleſs Almighty GOD had given us an Aſſurance of a better Life, by our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt: by which we are appriſed, and have a Certainty of Hope, that in a little time Faithful Friends ſhall be reſtored to each other in Immortality, and obtain the quiet Poſſeſſion of the higheſt Good, and the inexpreſſible Joys of an inſeparable Conjunction, without the Anxiety and Fears which afflict this mortal State.

This Conſideration is a common Support to all Chriſtians, and affects me in particular with a certain mournful Pleaſure, at this time, when I am lamenting the Reverend and Learned PHILIP A LIMBORCH, late Profeſſor of Divinity among the Remonſtrants in this Place, whom I eſteemed and honoured as a Father, and from whom I received an equal Return of Affection, and all manner of Valuable Obligations. For I ſhall not long be abſent from ſo deſirable a Companion; but having obtained of the Divine Mercy the Pardon of all my Offences, I ſhall, when his Good Providence ſees fit, behold him again, and join with him inceſſantly to offer up Thankſgiving and Praiſe to our Common Saviour in the Regions of Eternal Beatitude: And that ſuch may be the Lot of me, and of all his other Friends, I beſeech Almighty GOD with continual Prayers.

But tho' our Trouble is ſomething lenify'd by theſe Reflexions, yet I cannot wholly diſſemble my Infirmity; for I confeſs I am ſo oppreſſed with Sorrow, and Earneſtneſs of Deſire after the Deceas'd, that I am unfit to proſecute my uſual Labours; ſo far am I from being in a Capacity of producing any thing this Day which ſhall be finiſh'd, in reſpect of Study, Invention and Eloquence, or worthy ſo Learned and Honourable an Audience. Yet the Offices of a grateful Mind are by no means to be neglected, and the Ties of an intimate Friendſhip have brought me hither ſolemnly to this Place to perform their Dues. Wherefore I earneſtly beſeech you to hear me favourably, while I ſhall in few Words, and with Simplicity, but with Zeal and Candor, relate thoſe things which may conduce to the Reputation, and do Honour to the Memory of the Dead.

I ſhall firſt ſpeak of the Man, and ſet forth, as I am able, his Virtues, which I wiſh I may be able to imitate, and in ſome manner make them preſent to you by his Sayings, and Actions, and Writings. At the ſame time I ſhall mention his Works. And laſtly I ſhall ſhew that he exactly fulfilled the Character of a Good Man, and of a true Chriſtian Divine.

But it is proper, in my Opinion, firſt to premiſe ſomething concerning his Anceſtors; for we find a Pleaſure in examining into the Race of them who we love, though I acknowledge, it adds nothing to their real Praiſes.

It was not eaſy for thoſe Families which ſeparated from the Church of *Rome*, in *Flanders* and the neighbouring Parts, to preſerve ſafe to Poſterity the Names of their Forefathers, and the antient Deeds and In-

ſtrumen

ſtruments which belonged to them, becauſe they were frequently obliged to abandon their Dwellings, and ſuffer the Plundering of their Goods and Writings. The Founder, therefore, of the Family of the LIMBORCHS, as far as the Memory of this Particular is delivered down to us, was *Nicholas a Limborch*, who appears to have lived and died before the Year 1557, in that Part of the Suburbs of *Maſtricht* which is called the Church of St. *Peter*, and is ſubject to the Biſhop of *Liege*. He is reported to have been 115 Years old when he died; and yet his Limbs were ſo vigorous, that he would uſe his Hands in doing a great many things at ſo advanced an Age: And on this account, it is ſaid, he was ſirnamed the *Old Man*.

He had a Son, *Francis*, who continued Governor and Bailiff of St. *Peter*'s under the Biſhop of *Liege* to his Death. In 1518 he married *Mary Schenke, à Niddegem*, whoſe Family was of *Guelderland*, and from whence ſprung the famous *Martin Schenke*, who won ſuch Fame by his Bravery in the *Spaniſh* Wars. By this Lady, *Francis* had thirteen Children, and by a ſecond and a third Wife, twelve, which made him at laſt the Father of Twenty Five. Of *Mary Schenke* was born, 1530, *Francis Limborch*, Junior, who in his 50th Year married *Catharine Wilſe* at *Mechlin*, with whom ſeven Years after his Marriage he removed to *Emden* in *Frieſland*, a little before his Father's Death, which quickly followed. The Cauſe of his Removal was, his preferring the Opinion of *Memnon*, one of *Simon*'s Brothers, to the Doctrines of the Church of *Rome*; and he was afraid leſt, by the Cruelty of the Times, this Diſſenſion ſhould have coſt him his Life. At *Emden*

in 1563 he had a Son born, to whom he gave his own Name, *Francis*, and who during his Father's Life married *Perina*, Daughter of *Herman à Menſlage*, and lived there in a flouriſhing Fortune for ſome time. But an Inſurrection of the People happening in the Town, who depoſed the old Magiſtrates and placed new in their ſtead, *Francis Limborch* poſitively reſolved not to be concerned in this Affair, and therefore retired with his Wife to *Amſterdam*, 1595.

In this City was born to him a ſecond Son, *Francis*, who in 1623 married *Gertrude Epiſcope*, Daughter of *Rembert*, *Simon*'s Brother, and had ſeveral Children, three of whom were known here to us. The eldeſt was *Rembert Limborch*, who was born 1629, and was bred to the Law, in which he obtained a conſummate Character, and was raiſed, without any Application, to the Poſt of Advocate-Fiſcal of *Holland*, entirely on the account of his Integrity and Learning, tho' he conſtantly frequented the Aſſemblies of the Remonſtrants, and declared beforehand that he would continue to do ſo. The next Son was our *Philip*, who was born *June* 19, 1633. The youngeſt is *Simon Limborch*, who with his Son, who is alſo educated a Lawyer, attended the Funeral of his Brother *Philip*.

Francis, the Father of theſe, had deſigned to purſue his Studies; but at the Perſuaſion of his Wife's Father, *Rembert Epiſcopius*, he followed Merchandiſe during *Rembert*'s Life, which he immediately quitted upon his Death; and reſuming his Studies, applied himſelf to the Law, firſt at *Utrecht*, and afterwards at *Leiden*; from whence returning to *Amſterdam*, he took up the Profeſſion, and began to plead with very good Suc-

Succeſs. And the honourable *Cornelius Hop*, who died a Member of the Council of State, teſtify'd, not long ſince, that he was often choſen with him to determine perplex'd and difficult Cauſes.

In thoſe Parts where his Father then lived, our *Philip* paſſed his Childhood; and in 1647 he was admitted from the inferior Schools to the Academical Lectures, and began to hear thoſe two celebrated Men, *Jaſper Barlæus*, who read Ethicks at *Amſterdam*, and *John Gerard Voſſius*, who taught Sacred and Profane Hiſtory, with a great Concourſe of Auditors. In Philoſophy he attended *Arnold Senguerde*; and having gone through theſe Sciences, he was inſtructed in Theology by the famous *Stephen Curcellæus*, who ſucceeded *Simon Epiſcopius* in the Profeſſorſhip among the Remonſtrants at *Amſterdam*. Of this his Tutor I have always heard him ſpeak, as he truly deſerved, and as it became a dutiful Pupil, with the laſt Reſpect: Which I mention in Honour of *Curcellæus*, and I think I am my ſelf alſo ſomething concerned in it, ſince he was my Grandfather's Brother. From hence our LIMBORCH went to *Utrecht*, to obſerve the Method how the Great *Voetius*, who was living there at that time, and other Divines, taught Theology, and defended their Doctrines.

From *Utrecht* he came back to *Amſterdam* about *May* 1654, where, in *October*, he made his firſt Sermon, by way of Exerciſe, upon *Epheſ.* v. 14. and in *Auguſt* 1655, he paſſed through the Examination in Divinity, and was admitted to preach in publick, which he did firſt at *Haerlem*, upon *Matth.* vii. 12. In the ſame Year he was invited to *Alcmaar*, to undertake

dertake the Function of Ordinary Paſtor in the Church of the Remonſtrants: But the Modeſty of his Youth, which was far from the diſingenuous and ſordid Temper of thoſe who confidently expoſe their undigeſted Learning to the Publick, out of haſte to commence Teachers in the Art which they profeſs, refuſed it, that he might continue longer at his Studies, and prepare a greater Store of Sermons before he engaged to preach ſtatedly. An Example which I cannot but propoſe to them who deſign for the Miniſtry, that they would not bring ſo Sacred and Excellent a Profeſſion into Contempt, by acting like common Artiſans in the meaneſt Trade, and promptly becoming Inſtructors of the People as ſoon as poſſible, merely in order to procure a Subſiſtence to themſelves and their Families, and not advantageouſly to ſerve the Republick, or the City where they dwell, by their Labours. Let the Students in Divinity remember, that as thoſe Mechanicks who puſh out ſo precipitately into the World are very often unable to do any thing in their Calling becauſe they are not perfected in it; ſo theſe crude and forward Preachers never fail to give univerſal Diſtaſte by their immature and faulty Performances.

But to return: Our LIMBORCH, before he took upon him the Paſtoral Charge, publiſhed in 1657 the admirable Sermons of *Epiſcopius* on *Matth.* v. and had a Summons in the ſame Year to be Miniſter at *Goude*, which he accepted, and preached his firſt Sermon upon 1 *Cor.* xiii. 12. and in this Place he continued to diſcharge that Office with extraordinary Benefit and Edification to the Church, till he was ſent for to *Amſterdam*. His Sermons were not ſwelled with quaint De-

corations

corations, and a trifling Tumour of Stile, but were compoſed with a juſt Regard to the Senſe and the Expreſſion, abounded with proper Expoſitions of Scripture, and were ſupported by ſtrong Arguments, and formed in a perſpicuous Method, which approved him to be an exact Scholar of *Epiſcopius* and *Curcellæus*. Such were the Sermons we heard from him here at *Amſterdam*, and at which I have alſo been ſometimes preſent.

Among the Papers of *Epiſcopius*, which came to him by Inheritance, and by other means, there was a Multitude of Letters relating to the Eccleſiaſtical Affairs of the Remonſtrants, which had never appeared in publick: From theſe, LIMBORCH, with his Companion and Aſſiſtant *Chriſtian Hartſoecher*, a learned Preacher at *Rotterdam*, compiled that Noble Body of Letters of Learned and Famous Men, which came out in 1660. And when the Impreſſion was almoſt ſold off, and he had received ſeveral other Letters upon the ſame Subject, he made another Edition in 1684, with conſiderable Enlargements and Emendations. And even i nthe Beginning of the preſent Century, 1704, another Bookſeller having got the Copy into his Hands, he threw in a farther Addition of twenty Letters. From which whole Collection, almoſt the entire Hiſtory of the Remonſtrants Affairs may be deduced, from the Times of *J. Arminius*, as low as to the Synod of *Dort*. And this may be done with the greater Certainty and Truth, becauſe in ſuch Epiſtles Friends wrote to Friends without Artifice, and uſed no Colours to diſguiſe or conceal what was acted.

In the ſame Year in which he printed theſe Letters, he married, *Auguſt* 15, a worthy Maiden Gentlewoman, *Elizabeth van Zorgen*, Daughter of the eminent Lawyer *Nicholas van Zorgan*, who was the particular Friend of *John Utembogarde*. He had no Male Iſſue by her, and but one Daughter, who loſt her Mother in her Infancy, and She her ſelf alſo expired in her Youth.

In 1661 he wrote, in the *Dutch* Language, a Treatiſe in form of a Dialogue, for mutual Toleration, in anſwer to *John Sceper*, who had wrote againſt it. This was the firſt publick Fruit of his Learning, and was well done, and worthy a Divine who was a profeſſed Patron of Moderation and Peace. We are not to imagine that Works of this nature plead with Governments for the Quiet of one Church or Society only; no, they concern the common Liberty and Repoſe of all Chriſtians, and of Human Kind. For what Eaſe and Security would be left, if the barbarous Opinion of ſome fierce and imprudent Divines, that Diſſenters in Religion may and ought to be perſecuted, ſhould take root in the World? By this, not only Nation would be oppreſſed by Nation, Citizens by Citizens, and Chriſtians by Chriſtians, but all things would be confounded and overturned by Rapines, Maſſacres, Burnings, and a general Devaſtation of Towns and Provinces; and Men would become wild Beaſts to each other, or ſomewhat worſe. It is therefore the Duty of all who deſire to ſee Chriſtianity flouriſh, and Human Kind in Safety, both by Speaking and Writing, univerſally to explode ſo pernicious a Doctrine, that it may, if poſſible, be wholly exterminated from the Minds of Men, and eſpecially of Chriſtians,

and

for the future be reputed among the moſt abominable Hereſies.

The Firſt Volume of *Epiſcopius*'s Works having been printed ſome time ſince by *Stephen Curcellæus*, who had the Manuſcripts from *Frrancis Limborch*, our PHILIP put forth a Second Volume in 1661, with an excellent Preface annexed to that of *Poelemburgh*, in which he has nobly defended the Reputation of *Epiſcopius* and the Remonſtrants, and ſilenced, as far as might be, the Slanders which were thrown upon it.

In 1667 he was called to the Office of Preacher at *Amſterdam*, where, upon the Death of the Learned *Arnold Poelemburgh*, who had ſucceeded *Curcellæus*, the eloquent *Iſaac Pontanus* was choſen Paſtor of the ſame Church; but returning quickly after to the Function of Preaching, for which he was wonderfully qualify'd, the Profeſſorſhip was given to LIMBORCH, at firſt for a Year, and then for ever, upon the 19th of *April*, 1668, an Employment he was peculiarly fitted to ſuſtain; and to this he intirely addreſſed his Studies all his Life with uncommon Improvement and Advantage to the whole Society of the Remonſtrants.

Two Years after, he publiſh'd ſeveral Sermons of *Epiſcopius*, which had yet lain private among his Papers. And *January* 9, 1674, he married *Cornelia van der Kirk* a virtuous Widow, and had by her two Children. In the following Year he introduced into the World the Works of his Tutor, *Stephen Curcellæus*, (the greateſt Part of which were 'till then unpubliſh'd) and laid a very high Obligation by it on all the Lovers of moderate Theology. But ſince neither *Epiſcopius* nor *Curcellæus* were able to form a complete Body of Divinity,

Divinity, being hindered by Death, he ſet himſelf at this time to draw up a brief Account of the Remonſtrant Doctrine, which he afterwards carried to Perfection.

But Sickneſs and other Avocations prevented his finiſhing this Work till about the time of my Arrival in this City, that is, about the Year 1683, at which time, and in the Year following, he was pleaſed, out of his great Affection and Modeſty, to communicate ſeveral Parts of it to me: I could not but extremely approve it, and join with many others to prevail with him to make the Publication as ſpeedily as poſſible, which he did in 1686.

I am not afraid of the Imputation of being too far biaſſed by Friendſhip, or even by Prejudice, if I ſay there never before appeared an Inſtitution of Theology in which Truth, Brevity, Perſpicuity, and good Method were more illuſtrious, or in which the Opinions of Adverſaries were diſproved with greater Juſtice and Moderation, or the whole Science of Divinity more fully expounded. Concerning the Author's Veracity in it, as to things themſelves, no one even of another Opinion, can make a Queſtion; for it contains no Doctrine held neceſſary to Salvation, which is not acknowledged by other Chriſtians; in which Particular, I can't tell, if any other Body of Chriſtians can juſtly glory, unleſs ſome may have imitated the Remonſtrants herein. And who will deny that to be true, and neceſſary to be believed, which had its Original from Chriſt and his Apoſtles, and has been admitted by Chriſtians, without Scruple, in all Places and Times? So that what our Author propounds a

a needful Article, is embraced by all; and the Difference lies only in thoſe Points which he thinks are leſs neceſſary, and in which a Man may miſtake without Loſs of Salvation, provided he obeys our Saviour's Precepts in his Life, and has a ſincere Faith in his Promiſes. Add here, that the Remonſtrants judge we are wholly to abſtain from Violence in Matters of Religion, and only to uſe Arguments and Perſuaſion; which Doctrine, tho' truly Chriſtian, yet, alas! is not received by all who would paſs under that Name, or at leaſt, it is not allowed in Practice.

This, now, is the Sum of LIMBORCH's Syſtem, which is ſo conciſely delivered, that ſcarcely a Word or Sentence can be omitted without prejudice to the Senſe; and yet the Perſpicuity of the Stile and of the Matters treated, is no way deſtroyed, for the whole is expreſsed pertinently and clearly, and without any Barbariſms of the Schools. The exact Method in which it is moulded, does not a little contribute to render it perſpicuous, every thing being ranged in its juſt Place, and nothing which ſhould be firſt mentioned, caſt behind that which ought in propriety to follow. A Conduct to which an excellent Judgment was needful, as all the other Parts required great Learning and a Habit of Writing.

The Opinions of Adverſaries are alſo briefly ſtated, and, that no one may accuſe our Author's Fidelity, generally in their own Words, as he has often told me, and any may perceive, who ſhall compare *Ames*'s Works with him as they read. And tho' he points out the Conſequences which ariſe from erroneous Doctrines, yet he does not aſcribe them to thoſe who deny they believe

believe them, but confutes them by ſtrict Reaſoning, and not by Reproaches and contumelious Language. And, which is often unhappily neglected in ſuch Treatiſes, we are here preſented with an entire Body of Chriſtian Morals: which are the principal End of Divinity, and are therefore never to be omitted, becauſe, without them, Theoretical Queſtions are of no uſe. It is not enough that Men know what is true, and what they are to believe, but we are alſo to inſtruct them who believe the Truth in the Duties they are to practiſe: And in this, if we weigh it well, the Uſe of Truth conſiſts. Wherefore all Theological Syſtems are defective which forget this Part of Chriſtian Religion.

That what I have now ſaid is real, and is not magnified or invented in Honour of the Deceaſed, is notorious to them who have peruſed that Noble Work; and they are not his Scholars only, but even moſt Chriſtian Families; for his Book has at preſent had three Editions, and is now ready for a Fourth. I have my ſelf, and I preſume it is the ſame with others, ſo high an Opinion of the Force of Truth, that I believe it is impoſſible for any Man who does not utterly contemn it, to read over this Book attentively, but he muſt receive a deep Impreſſion from it. And perhaps a Time may come, when theſe Seeds thus ſecretly ſown in the Mind, may riſe up into an abundant Harveſt, and render Chriſtians in all Countries more zealous of the Truth, and more gentle and tender toward thoſe who differ from them.

But not to engroſs the Time in ſpeaking of this, I ſhall proceed to his other Works. In 1686, *Iſaac Orobio*,

Orobio, a *Jew* of *Seville*, eſcaping from the Priſon of the *Inquiſition* by pretending himſelf a Papiſt, came to *Amſterdam*, where he practiſed Phyſick with Approbation: He happened once to fall into a Diſcourſe concerning Religion with *Egbert Vene*, a celebrated Phyſician, and a Collegue and Friend of LIMBORCH, who ſpeaking of LIMBORCH's Learning, *Orobio* deſired to ſee him, and accordingly they had a Meeting at Mr. *Vene*'s Houſe, at which I was preſent. *Orobio*, after he had entertained us with ſome Parts of his Hiſtory, produced ſeveral Objections againſt the New Teſtament and the Chriſtian Doctrine; and the Diſpute went ſo far, that it was judged more convenient to manage it by Writing than by Conference, in order to proceed more regularly, and to avoid Digreſſions; and this was at laſt ſwelled into a Volume, which came out, the next Year, under the Title of *Collatio amica de Veritate Religionis Chriſtianæ, cum erudito Judæo*, *A Friendly Conference about the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion, with a Learned* Jew. If I ſhould relate the Affair at large, it would be tedious to them who have the Book in their Hands, or are otherwiſe acquainted with the Story; wherefore I ſhall only ſay, that the Learning and Judgment of LIMBORCH were eminently diſtinguiſhed in the Diſputation. For he not only held a ſhuffling Adverſary cloſe to the Point, by direct Anſwers to his Inquiries, but puſhed him ſo home alſo by contrary Queſtions, that he found himſelf under a Neceſſity of proving the Truth of the Law of *Moſes:* Upon which LIMBORCH convinced him that the ſame Arguments which the *Jews* employ to confirm their Law, might

might be urged with far more Energy to maintain the Chriſtian; and therefore if the *Jews* believe *Moſes*, they ought alſo to believe Jeſus Chriſt, unleſs they will be inconſiſtent with themſelves: And that when a Man is once perſuaded to believe in Jeſus, it will not be difficult to ſolve the Objections which the *Jews* bring from the Old Teſtament againſt the New. LIMBORCH has demonſtrated this ſo evidently in his Treatiſe, as he had done before in the Conference, that we heard the *Jew* declare, Every one ought to continue in his own Religion, ſince it was much eaſier to attack another's than to prove one's own; nay, he went ſo far as to ſay, That if he had been born of Parents who worſhipped the Sun, he did not ſee why he ſhould renounce that Religion, and embrace another: So much eaſier was it, in his Opinion, to ſtart Objections than to diſcover Truth. But the *Jew* being blinded by the Prejudices imbibed from his Parents, and furniſhed to the Combate by the Knowledge of the School-Philoſophy which is taught in *Spain*, was unable to diſcern Truth from Falſhood. In the mean while, from this Accident we are poſſeſſed of an excellent Treatiſe, by which we may provide our ſelves upon occaſion againſt ſuch ſort of Encounters; and for this our Thanks are due to Almighty God, the Author of all Truth, in the firſt Place, and then to LIMBORCH who wrote it.

A little after, he publiſhed a *Dutch* Book of *Epiſcopius*, containing his Diſpute with *William Bome* a Presbyter of the Church of *Rome*, where that Great Man with his uſual Vigor evinces, in ſeveral Epiſtles, that the *Roman* Church is neither free from Error, nor the Supreme Judge of Controverſies. In

In 1692, a *Book of the Sentences of the Inquiſition of* Thoſouſe, from 1307 to 1313, falling into the Hands of one of his Friends, LIMBORCH took the Care of the Publication upon himſelf; and improving this Occaſion to ſearch into the Affairs of the *Inquiſition concerning Faith*, he wrote an Account of it in Four Books, in which he has accurately deſcribed the Original and the whole Government of it, from the Writings of the Inquiſitors. This was prefixed to the Book of *the Sentences*, and was extremely grateful to all who are curious in ſuch Matters. From this Tract may be learned the infinite Villany of that bloody Tribunal, under which *Spain* and *Italy* grone; and from the *Sentences* many Particulars may be gathered relating to the Hiſtory of that Age. And hence, as LIMBORCH obſerves in his *Preface*, the Reader may be appriſed of the Doctrines of the *Valdenſes* and *Albigenſes*, which are known to few.

In 1693 he made a ſecond Edition of *Epiſcopius*'s Sermons, collecting them all into one Volume; and added not only a Preface, but alſo the Life of *Epiſcopius* at large in the *Dutch* Tongue. But the Fame of *Epiſcopius* not being confined to theſe Parts, there were a great many, eſpecially in *England*, who were deſirous of reading his Life, but did not underſtand *Dutch*. Wherefore it was tranſlated into *Latin* by a young Gentleman of Mr. LIMBORCH's Acquaintance, and publiſhed in 1701, and was received extremely well by them who underſtood how to value *Epiſcopius*'s Merit.

But in 1694 an Accident happened, which, in the Opinion of all equitable Judges, made wonderfully for

for the Honour of LIMBORCH, and of the Remonſtrant Divinity. I ſhall relate it the more nakedly, becauſe the Perſon who was principally concerned in it is ſince dead. There was a young Gentlewoman in this City of Twenty-two Years of Age, who took a Fancy to learn *Hebrew* of a *Jew*, and was by this Opportunity gradually ſeduced by him into a Reſolution of quitting the *Chriſtian* for the *Jewiſh* Religion. Her Mother, when ſhe came to underſtand it, employed ſeveral Divines to diſſuade her from this unhappy Deſign, but all in vain, for their Arguments had no other Influence than to confirm her ſtill more in *Judaiſm*; becauſe they went to prove Chriſtianity *à priori*, as Philoſophers ſpeak, omitting generally the Authority of the New Teſtament; and to the Paſſages which they quoted from the Old, ſhe returned the common Anſwers of the *Jews*, which ſhe had been taught; nor were they able to make any Reply which could give her Satisfaction. While the young Lady, who was otherwiſe Miſtreſs of Senſe enough, was in the midſt of this Perplexity, Mr. *Vene*, whom I mentioned before, happened to be ſent for to the Houſe, to viſit a ſick Perſon; and hearing the Mother ſpeak with great Concern of the Doubts which diſturbed her Daughter's Mind, he mentioned LIMBORCH's Diſpute with *Orobio*, which put her upon deſiring LIMBORCH might diſcourſe with her Daughter, in hope he would be able to remove her Scruples, and bring her back to the Chriſtian Religion, which, ſhe profeſſed, would be the greateſt Joy ſhe could receive. LIMBORCH accordingly came to her the ſecond Day in *Eaſter* Week, which was *April* the

the twelfth, and proceeding with her, in the ſame Way and Method he had uſed with *Orobio*, he quickly recovered her to a better Judgment. For whereas ſhe inſiſted, he ſhould, in the firſt place, prove from the Old Teſtament that God had commanded the *Iſraelites* to believe in the *Meſſiah*; he informed her, it was proper, firſt to eſtabliſh the Truth of Chriſtianity, and that afterwards he would ſhew her from the Old Teſtament that which ſhe deſired, as he really did. In the firſt Conference, he prevailed ſo far, that ſhe owned ſhe was not able to anſwer him; and at ſeveral other Interviews in the ſame Week, he ſo entirely ſatisfied her, that ſhe had no Doubts remaining.

Mr. LIMBORCH ſent the Sum of theſe Conferences in a Letter to our Friend and Acquaintance, Mr. *John Locke*; from which, if it ſhould ever be publiſhed, they who have a Curioſity to know LIMBORCH's exquiſite Method, will underſtand the whole Affair more exactly: for the narrow Limits of this Oration will not ſuffer me to enlarge upon it. I ſhall only add, that whatever ſome may whiſper, the Mother declared ſhe thought it was the Hand of Divine Providence which brought LIMBORCH into her Houſe, and the Daughter herſelf ever after honoured him as a Father. Away now with them, who ſay that Reaſon and Order are of no ſervice in Religion! We have in this an illuſtrious Example of the contrary, ſufficient even to ſilence the moſt Obſtinate.

In 1698, the famous *John Vander Waeyen*, Profeſſor of Divinity at *Francker*, wrote a Book againſt me, περὶ τοῦ Λόγου, *i. e.* concerning the *Word* or *Reaſon*, mentioned in the Beginning of the Goſpel of St. *John*;

and, upon this Occaſion, inveighed ſeverely not only againſt me and the Remonſtrants, but alſo againſt LIMBORCH, traducing him as a Slanderer, becauſe he had ſaid, in his Syſtem, that *Francis Burman*, a Divine at *Leiden*, had *merely tranſcribed* Spinoza *without any Judgment*. But LIMBORCH producing Paſſages from both, made it appear that he had ſaid nothing which was not ſtrictly true; he alſo confuted other Notions of *Waeyen*, in the ſame Paper, which, leſt it ſhould be loſt becauſe of its Smallneſs, he inſerted in the third Edition of his Theology. There were ſeveral others who defended *Burman*; but the Fact was ſo notorious, that LIMBORCH thought they needed no Anſwer, eſpecially ſince the Writings of his Adverſaries were read by none, or could not be read without the utmoſt Diſpleaſure. Upon which account I think I juſtly commended him in my Diſſertation, *An ſemper reſpondendum Calumniis Theologorum? Whether a Man is obliged always to anſwer the Calumnies of Divines?* which I dedicated to him.

And tho' he might have uſed the Privilege of his Age to lie by, and withdraw from Buſineſs, he refuſed it; and in the laſt Year of the former Century, printed, in *Dutch*, a Treatiſe *Of the way of dying well, and of comforting the Sick*, and undertook a Latin *Commentary upon the Acts of the Apoſtles, and the Epiſtles to the* Romans *and to the* Hebrews; which came out in 1711, and began to be read by all, and will continue to be read by thoſe who deſire thoroughly to underſtand thoſe Parts of Scripture; and this, with his other Writings, will carry down the Memory of the Author to lateſt Poſterity.

Theſe

These are the Works of this excellent and learned Man, by which he has so profited or will profit his own and future Times, that he will ever receive the Thanks of all impartial Men and Lovers of Truth. He has left behind him some other Pieces which he had not yet resolved to publish, as a Treatise containing the cruel and unwary Opinions of some Protestants *concerning Punishing Hereticks*; another *Of the Origin and State of the Controversies about Predestination and Grace*; and a third, *of the Method of Preaching*. In writing all which, and in executing the constant Offices of his Function, which he diligently attended, he spent his Life.

Last *Autumn* he began to be afflicted with a very troublesome Distemper in the Skin, which Physicians call a *Herpes*, or a *St. Anthony's Fire*; and this grew more inflamed at the Approach of *Winter*, so that he could scarcely perform his daily Lectures at the *Christmas* following. The Disease still increased, with a tedious Itching, and Pustules broke out over his whole Body, which hindered him from Sleeping, yet he did not lie down with it at first; but when the Continuance of his Illness had exhausted him, and he could sit up no longer, he at length took his Bed: where tho' he had no Fever, and no fresh Pimples arose, and the former were dryed away, yet he had such an universal Distaste and Languor, and was so weakened that he could not recover his Strength; and thus, upon the last of *April*, he rendered up to Almighty GOD the Spirit which he gave, in the Seventy Ninth Year of his Age. A very great Age, and to which few arrive: but to his Family, his Friends, and the Society of the

Remonſtrants, his Death was untimely; to whom he was yet able to have done abundant Service by his Labours, Advice and Example.

I ſhall not here, Honourable Auditors, break forth into Lamentations, to expreſs the exceeding Affliction with which the Death of my Collegue has fill'd me. Many of you know in what Friendſhip we liv'd for Seven and Twenty Years; and they who knew it not, will learn it from this Oration wherever it ſhall come. I ſhall rather proceed to deſcribe his Accompliſhments and Virtues, and paint in few Words my Friend, as in a Tablet, to be conſecrated in the Everlaſting Temple of Memory.

Tho' he never propos'd the Underſtanding of Languages as the end of his Studies, yet he had, to my knowledge, made large Advances this way, and read over many of the Antient and Modern Writers, and would have excelled in this Part of Literature, if he had not rather choſen that which was more important. For he had an admirable Genius and a tenacious Memory, as appear'd to all with whom he converſed. And had he pleas'd to have apply'd himſelf to the Mathematicks, he wou'd, undoubtedly, have ſucceeded very well, for he was abſolute Maſter of Arithmetick. He was ſo perfectly acquainted with the Hiſtory of his own Country, eſpecially for a Century and a half, that he even retain'd the minuteſt Circumſtances, and the very Times of each Action, as if they had been imprinted in his Mind; ſo that ſcarcely any one could deceive him in this Particular. He was grave without Sullenneſs; courteous without Diſſimulation; and gay and facetious as the Occaſion and

Subject

Subject permitted, without the leaſt Scurrility and Malice. By theſe Endowments he was acceptable and pleaſing to all who fell into his Company, dear to his Friends, and beloved of his Relations and Neighbours, who always ſaw him with Delight, and wiſhed ſtill to enjoy his Converſation. He had Friends many and learned, both in his own Country and in Foreign Parts, as appears by the Letters he ſent and received; which ſtill lie private in his Cabinet, except ſome few, which were publiſhed with Mr. *Locke*'s in the Year 1708.

If you regard the peculiar Qualifications of a Divine, you will find them all eminently in him. He had, above all things, a Paſſion for Truth, and purſued the Search of it Day and Night, by reading the Holy Scripture and the beſt Expoſitors. He never ſwerved from it when he had diſcovered it, but ſo fully poſſeſſed his Heart and Memory with it, that whatever Queſtions were put to him in Divinity, he reſolved them, to Satisfaction, without any Labour. This is evident from his Letters to Mr. *Locke*, where he has happily explained the Nature of Liberty; of which that Great Man had not an exact Idea. His Candour was known to all, and was joined with ſo much Humanity, that no one could ever take offence at what he ſaid. In his Inſtruction he obſerved the greateſt Perſpicuity and the juſteſt Order; to which his Memory, which retained whatever he had wrote almoſt to a Word, doubtleſs contributed very far: And tho' a long Courſe of Teaching had given him an Authority with thoſe about him, and his great Age had added a Reverence to him, yet

he was never exaſperated at others differing from him, but would both confute them, and ſuffer himſelf to be confuted by them without Reſentment: and toward his Pupils, he kept a Medium between Severity and Indulgence. His Command of Temper ſhewed it ſelf illuſtriouſly in his Diſpute with *Orobio*, which I mentioned, and will always be admired in the printed Conference, by them who know how eaſily Anger kindles in the Breaſts of Divines, and impoſes it ſelf on them under the ſpecious Appearance of Zeal; eſpecially when they are to defend the very Principles of Religion before Gainſayers. For becauſe theſe are wont, and juſtly, to be received by all Chriſtians with Reverence, ſome good Men can hardly bear to have them rejected by *Jews* and other Infidels, which yet they muſt patiently endure, that ſo they may be able to recover them from their Errors. They are to be oppoſed with Gentleneſs and Arguments, and not with ill Language and Rage. Of this Complexion was the Piety and Religion of *Limborch*, which was alſo the more pure and ardent, becauſe it was not ſullied with Superſtition and perverſe Opinions. His Behaviour to his Neighbours was ſuch, that all who knew him, or had any Dealings with him, ever commended it. In a word, he lived with the perfect Temperance which ought to be in a Chriſtian and a Divine, whereby he preſerved the Vigour of his Mind, and the Health of his Body an advanced Age, which is the height of ſome Perſons Wiſhes; and finally, with perfect Underſtanding and a Fulneſs of Hope, reſigned his Soul into the hands of GOD his CREATOR.

AN

AN

ORATION

Concerning the

Excellence and *Uſefulneſs*

OF

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY,

Pronounced *September* 6, 1712,

By Mr. *LE CLERC*,

Upon his being choſen PROFESSOR of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory among the Remonſtrants at *Amſterdam*.

Tranſlated from the *Latin*.

AN

ORATION

Concerning the

Excellence *and* Uſefulneſs

OF

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

ALL the Arts and Sciences, in the Invention of which Mankind boaſt themſelves, derive their Excellence and Value from the Benefit they are of to the World: Which is an Opinion not raſhly aſſumed, becauſe our Life being very ſhort, and almoſt wholly employed in providing things of immediate Neceſſity, we are obliged to prefer ſuch as are more uſeful before the leſs; otherwiſe, while we purſue the laſt, the Portion of Time, which Nature has allotted us, would expire, and we ſhould be conſtrained to ſit down in the

the want of Things which are of the greateſt Conſequence to us. If a Man upon a Journey, who has but a ſlender Viaticum with him, ſhould at every turn either loiter at an Inn, or ramble in By-Roads, he would quickly ſquander away what he carried out, and never be able to reach the Place whither he intended to go, but would make himſelf ridiculous to all. This Life of ours, as wiſe Men have obſerved, is a Journey, and lies often through intricate and difficult Ways; wherefore we ſhould never make a Stop, where we have no Buſineſs to detain us, and ſhould thriftily husband our Allowance, that we may arrive as commodiouſly as poſſible at that Place, where we ſhall want nothing.

The Wiſe, therefore, have always judged, that we ought to beſtow the leaſt Meaſure of our Time upon thoſe Arts which conduce little to our obtaining the Happineſs to which we are travelling, and that we ſhould lay forth the larger Space of it in ſeeking and acquiring Things which are profitable and neceſſary. Thus they ever preferred thoſe Sciences which relate to the Service of Life, and forming the Manners, far beyond them which only entertain the Mind with Speculation, and the Pleaſures reſulting from it. For we are not ſo liberally furniſhed at preſent, as to afford to dwell long together on Contemplation, without ſuffering an Interruption: Innumerable Occaſions call us aſide, and compell us to neglect other Matters, and attend wholly to our ſelves; how we may readily procure ſome Convenience or Good, if we happen to want it, as we frequently do. Among the Sciences therefore, which inculcate Prudence and moral Behaviour,

haviour, we are to proſecute them chiefly which moſt advance this End.

Since the Shortneſs of Life permits us to attain a clear Knowledge but of few things by our own Experience, the Wiſe in all Ages have endeavoured to deviſe a Remedy for this Unhappineſs, not only by compoſing Counſels and Precepts drawn from Practice, but alſo by Relations of Events which befell our Anceſtors in Times long ſince paſt; believing they might be able, by this Invention, to ſupply what was deficient in the Life of any particular Man, from the Variety of another's. And this Method of Inſtruction was, from a Greek word, called *Hiſtory*, which ſignifies a Knowledge ariſing from Things either beheld or heard. It is not my Deſign to enlarge in praiſe of Hiſtory: I ſhall only ſay, it is juſtly reputed among thoſe Parts of Learning, which are of daily and needful Uſe, and therefore ought to be principally eſteemed by them, who are perſuaded, that the greater Profit is to be choſen before the leſs. And, in truth, there is no part of Literature which has been more cultivated, or has received more univerſal Applauſe both from the Learned and the Unlearned: For a Man is never better ſatisfied, than when by reading the Virtues or Miſcarriages of others, he can become his own Teacher, and inſtruct himſelf how he ought to proceed, or in what Point of Conduct he has failed, by Examples, which inſinuate themſelves kindly to the Mind, rather than by the Severity of Precepts and auſtere Reproofs.

As the Subject of Hiſtory is of two kinds, one reſpecting Civil Prudence, and the other Religion;

Hiſtory

Hiſtory is alſo conſtituted of two Sorts, which are properly ſtiled *Civil* and *Eccleſiaſtical*. The firſt, you know, reports the Actions of Commanders of Kingdoms and Cities, or of Kings and Nations; and the laſt the Affairs which paſſed formerly among the *Hebrews*, and ſince our Saviour's Birth among the Chriſtians, as far as Religion is concerned in them. Of the *Hebrew* Hiſtory, contained in the Old Teſtament, I ſhall ſay nothing, but ſhall apply my ſelf to the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of Chriſtians, the firſt Period of which is only to be found in the New Teſtament: And concerning this I may venture briefly to affirm, That if Civil Hiſtory has any Uſefulneſs in it, as it certainly has very much, yet abundantly more Advantage may be gained from Eccleſiaſtical, if juſtly underſtood. For as much more momentous as thoſe Things are which relate to the Knowledge of the Deity and the other Life, than thoſe which conſiſt in the underſtanding of Human Affairs and the preſent World; ſo much is Eccleſiaſtical to be preferred before Civil Hiſtory.

And ſince the Province of teaching Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory is committed to my Care, I believe, honourable Auditors, I cannot make a more pertinent Introduction to this Employment, than by endeavouring this Day to ſhew, ſomewhat largely, the Excellence and Uſefulneſs of that Science. While I attempt to do this, I deſire you will be pleaſed to lend me your Attention with your wonted Benevolence. The Subject I treat is important; and though it is commonly thought to be well enough known, I can aſſure you it contains much more in it, than it may ſeem to promiſe at firſt ſight.

I ſhall begin with repreſenting of what noble and various Uſe Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory is, if we read it as we ought; and then I ſhall ſhew you what Caution and Diligence are required to our obtaining this Benefit from it; becauſe if we read it unwarily, and in a careleſs manner, as the Cuſtom is, inſtead of the Improvements we might have expected, we are in more Danger than People imagine, of depraving our Judgment and Manners; in which, I preſume, your Candour and good Senſe will perſuade you to agree with me, when I have gone through my Oration.

I. 1. Among the Uſes of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, I might mention all thoſe good Effects which ariſe from the reading of any Hiſtory in general. Civil Hiſtory, as the * Maſters of the Art aſſure us, gives Leſſons of Virtue, and excites us to it, by painting out Vice in its own Colours, and inflaming us with a Hatred of it. It is impoſſible, they think (unleſs all Sparks of Goodneſs are extinguiſhed in him) for a Man to read illuſtrious Actions, without Emotion and Wonder, and a ſecret Deſire to imitate them, if he has Power and Opportunity to perform the like. Who can obſerve Virtue celebrated and rewarded, without an ardent Zeal to deſerve the like Praiſe, and a Love of Virtue, by which it is obtained? Who can read of Virtue ill-treated and oppreſſed, without a ſenſible Commiſeration of the Good, and Indignation againſt the Evil, who were their Enemies, and afflicted them? Every one admires and magnifies the Divine Provi-

* *See* G. J. Voſſius, Art. Hiſt. c. 5.

dence,

dence, when he ſees in Hiſtory enormous Crimes ſuffer Vengeance at laſt, which became the heavier by being delayed; and on the other hand, Virtues, which were for ſome time unknown and deſpiſed, at length break out into Luſtre, ſo as to ſcatter the Clouds of Malice, and receive the Applauſe of all the Beholders, or at leaſt to be approved by Poſterity, and propoſed as Examples to After-Ages; while the Vices of the Bad are purſued with Execrations, and provoke an implacable Hatred in them, whom they can no longer injure.

If, as we read of noble or degenerate Actions, Virtue kindles in us ſuch a Love of it ſelf, and Vice ſuch an Averſion, in Civil Hiſtory; Eccleſiaſtical will produce the ſame Impreſſion with much more Vigour. Who does not admire the Virtues of the Founders of the Chriſtian Religion, and of them who followed the Apoſtles Steps; when he ſees Men with the greateſt Fortitude and Patience travelling over Sea and Land, not for the ſake of Gain, or of Honour, or Pleaſures, but ſolely out of Love to Human Kind; in their Courſe certainly expecting Poverty, Defamation, Diſtreſſes, and the moſt barbarous Deaths? And for what did they encounter all this? namely, to publiſh Heavenly Truth and Virtue to the World; which, inſtead of the Gratitude and Affection it ought to have ſhewn them, treated them with Injuries, Reproach, Calumny, and Perſecutions, like the vileſt Ruffians? Who does not now deteſt the Manners of thoſe Tyrants and their Officers, by whoſe Hands thoſe righteous Perſons ſuffered? There is none of us, but, if it were put to his Choice, would much

much rather be crucified or beheaded with St. *Peter* and St. *Paul*, Apoſtles of our LORD, than with *Nero* to have the *Roman* Empire in his Power; and, which fell not to that Emperor's Lot, expire with the Acclamations of all the Potentates of the Earth.

From Civil Hiſtory alſo, the Admirers of it aſſert, may be learned the Art of governing a State in Peace and War: But it is obvious how many Miſtakes may be committed in Deductions made from hence. Particular States, if we eſtimate the thing by the immoveable Rules of eternal Truth, may properly be looked on as ſo many Factions, conſpiring to prejudice their Neighbours, to whom they frequently do ſecret Miſchiefs in time of Peace, and whom they always ſuſpect, and are watchful to annoy. And whoever is moſt reſolute and active in executing ſuch Deſigns, purchaſes to himſelf and his Friends, Riches, Power and Pleaſures, from the Wants, the Calamities and the Misfortunes of others; and obtains a Reputation of Dignity and Glory, who ought more juſtly to be ſtiled a common Plunderer, and a ſagacious Robber. But juſtly to determine the Rights of a Community, and ſecure the Obſervation of the Laws, you will ſay is the Part of a great and prudent Man: I confeſs it, provided thoſe Laws are agreeable to the Rules of everlaſting and immutable Juſtice. But how many, and what egregious Faults are to be found in every Government, whoſe Hiſtory is recorded, is notorious almoſt to every one. Therefore a great many Evils in this Matter deceive, and have always deceived the World, under the Appearance of Good. But if we mark the Riſe of that Cœleſtial Society,

which

which is called *the Chriſtian Church*, we ſhall diſcern nothing in its Conſtitution which is not exactly righteous and juſt, nothing which is not conſiſtent with the eternal Wiſdom of GOD, nothing which is not beneficial to all Mankind, and may not with Safety and Advantage be drawn into Imitation; and this will furniſh us with Examples of the Art of Governing, infinitely more excellent and accompliſhed. There is as great a Difference, therefore, between Civil Hiſtory and Eccleſiaſtical, as there is between GOD and Men, as between an uncertain and ſhadowy Light and the Fulneſs of Meridian Splendor. Whence it follows, that if Civil Hiſtory deſerves to be read, Eccleſiaſtical is far more worthy to engage our Attention and Study. But I ſhall not compare this Part of Hiſtory with another, but rather conſider it in it ſelf.

2. To Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, whoſe firſt and principal Part is compriſed in the Apoſtolical Writings, we owe the Knowledge of the Beginning of the Chriſtian Religion; from whence we infer its Divine Original: For if the Hiſtory of the Actions and Sayings of Chriſt and his Apoſtles is true, the Chriſtian Doctrine is alſo Divine; ſince the Miracles related in thoſe Books could be done only by GOD, or his Miniſters. And the Truth of this Hiſtory appears, firſt from the perpetual Conſent of all Chriſtians, if we ſearch upwards through all the Hiſtorical Monuments, from the preſent Age to that of the Apoſtles. It was always univerſally believed, that JESUS and his Diſciples lived in the Reign of *Tiberius*, that the things actually befell them which are written in the New Teſtament,

Teſtament, and that they delivered the Doctrine therein recorded, and which Chriſtians have ever ſince profeſſed has continued with them true and entire. And upon Teſtimonies of this nature, though not of equal weight, depends the Certainty of all the moſt important Hiſtories which are extant in any kind.

It cannot be objected againſt the Chriſtian Hiſtory, that it was forged by the Apoſtles; for they could not propound from a Falſhood of this ſort any Profit or Advantage among the *Jews*, or Heathens, who were then in poſſeſſion of the Empire and Secular Preferments, oppoſed them to the utmoſt, and accounted the Teachers of this Faith as impious and irreligious Perſons; neither could Men illiterate and rude ſtrike out a Doctrine of the moſt conſummate Wiſdom, and which far excelled all the Inventions of Human Wit. They have not, like *Plato* and *Xenophon*, the Scholars of *Socrates*, publiſhed their Maſter's Sayings and Actions in a beautiful and elegant Stile, or endeavoured to render them more credible by laboured Arguments and Reaſonings. But they have expreſſed themſelves nakedly, without the Ornaments of Rhetorick, with which the Learned uſually impoſed on the Vulgar; and have even omitted frequently the Circumſtances of Times and Perſons, which are commonly mentioned in order to add Credit to the Hiſtory; and their Diction is ſuch through the Whole, that there is nothing in it to pleaſe, beſides the Excellence and Dignity of the Things they offer. So great was their Confidence in Truth! It is upon this Hiſtorical Narration, from which Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory takes its Riſe, that our Faith is

 founded:

founded: In this we are furniſhed with a perfect Rule of Manners, and hence we receive whatever GOD has revealed by Chriſt and his Apoſtles. To which, Civil Hiſtory, when allowed its full Merit, has nothing comparable.

3. From the ſame Source we derive our Knowledge of the Spreading and Preſervation of the Chriſtian Religion. In the *Acts of the Apoſtles* we ſee how the Goſpel was firſt publiſhed in *Judea*, and received by the *Jews*, and how it was afterwards diffuſed almoſt through the whole *Roman* Empire, and embraced even by the Pagans. From hence, I confeſs, to the ſecond Century, there is as it were a Gap in Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, no Memorials of that Period remaining, either becauſe none deſerving Belief were compoſed, or they have long ſince periſhed: But in the ſecond Age we find the ſame Faith profeſſed by Chriſtians, both in point of Hiſtory and of Doctrine; a Syſtem of which, *Juſtin Martyr* and *Irenæus* have tranſcribed into their Works which are now extant, from the ſame ſacred Books as we at preſent poſſeſs. And unleſs the Divine Providence had preſerved the New Teſtament ſafe and entire, I know not what would have at length become of the Chriſtian Religion. For unskilful and ill-deſigning Men, under the Pretence of antient Traditions or Interpretations, were ſo given to alter, to detract, or to add to the Records of Revelation left us by the Apoſtles, that Truth would have finally diſappeared under a Cloud of Interpolations, or have been choaked up by the buſy Inventions of Men, as by Thorns, and brought forth no Fruits worthy the Goſpel.

We

We ought, therefore, ſincerely to thank Almighty GOD, for maintaining, amidſt the Darkneſs of Human Wit, the great and glorious Light he had kindled up in the World. Farther; thoſe ſacred Books were ſo widely diſperſed, copied out by ſo many Hands, tranſlated into ſuch a variety of Languages, and read and repeated in ſuch a multitude of Aſſemblies, that it was impoſſible they ſhould either be forgotten, or univerſally corrupted by Agreement. If any Errors have ſlipped into particular Copies, by the Ignorance, the Heedleſneſs or Fraud of Tranſcribers, yet the Harmony of the Fathers, in their Quotations of Scripture, ſufficiently declares, that the Sum of the Chriſtian Faith has, in moſt Articles, always continued undepraved. And hence it is, that the various Readings which have been, for ſome time, diligently extracted from ſo many Manuſcripts, Verſions, Expoſitors and Fathers, have introduced no new Doctrine into Chriſtian Theology, nor any Fact of conſequence into our Hiſtory; but either contain the old Articles, or Facts which ſerve additionally to prove the Truth of the Goſpel.

Men of ill Principles, whoever they were, and whether of a greater or ſmaller Communion (for we meaſure not Truth by Numbers) have left nothing unattempted to make Doctrines paſs for antient, which were never heard of in the Apoſtles Days; and, having no regard to the Apoſtolical Canon, to obliterate the Memory of the truly antient. By which Arts Chriſtianity has been reduced into extreme Danger of periſhing utterly; while they, who were called Chriſtians, contradicted and diſſerved it, through Impru-

dence or Deſign. But even in this Particular the Divine Providence, without which Religion had been loſt, is to be admired; which preſerving it in a ſurprizing manner, by means of the ſacred Volumes, has clearly ſhewn that Almighty GOD concerns himſelf to ſupport it.

4. But to leave theſe Things, which have inſenſibly carried me from the Argument I propoſed; is it not alſo a ſingular Benefit of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, that it gives us to underſtand, the Ruin of the *Jewiſh* Commonwealth happened, according to our LORD's Predictions, in the ſame Age in which he lived? Many Particulars of the Event, I own, are taken out of the *Jewiſh* and Heathen Authors; yet they are alſo collected and confirmed from *Euſebius*, and later Chriſtian Writers. Hence the Authority of the Goſpels, which were publiſhed before the Deſtruction of the *Jews*, is greatly increaſed; nor were theſe Propheſies of CHRIST obſcure, for he plainly foretold the very Time of the Calamity, namely, within the Compaſs of One Age.

5. By Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory we ſee how an End was put to the antient Idolatry of the Heathens, in the *Roman* Empire. It was a thing in itſelf infinitely abſurd, and had been long ſince exploded and laughed at by moſt Philoſophers, and the *Roman* Nobility no longer believed it; yet the Solemnities continued to be performed in the wonted manner, out of reſpect to Cuſtom and the Superſtition of the People, who were ſtrangely moved with ſuch like Ceremonies, and the Auguries and Divinations; leſt, if any Miſchance had happened, they might have imputed it to the neglecting of the Old Religion,

gion, and ſo have withdrawn their Obedience to the Magiſtrates as guilty of Impiety. Therefore this ridiculous Worſhip of the Gods was kept up by the Example and Authority of Princes and Rulers; but it fell of its own accord, as ſoon as the Chriſtians obtained a Toleration. For after *Conſtantine* declared himſelf of that Faith, the Power of Chriſtianity immediately grew ſo ſtrong, that he proceeded to forbid Idolatry by Laws, as other Chriſtian Princes have done ſince. The ſuperſtitious Gentiles indeed were worthy to have the ſame Uſage returned upon them, which they had given the Chriſtians; but it did not become Chriſtians to ſuppreſs Superſtition by Secular Authority and Edicts, when they had before triumphantly routed it by Reaſon; ſo that the Towns and Cities were aſhamed of it, and it was forced to take ſhelter in Villages, whence (from the Latin word *Pagus*, a Village) came the Appellation of *Pagans*. I would not that our Brethren ſhould have been upbraided with uſing Force in Matters of Religion, againſt which they had largely and finely declaimed, while Idolatry flouriſhed.

But before it was aboliſhed by the State, the Chriſtians compoſed a Body in the *Roman* Empire, by no means contemptible; upon the account of their diffuſive Charities, in relieving the Poor with Food and other Neceſſaries, and of the intimate Union which was between them who aſſembled in one Church, and between the Churches themſelves, the Governors of which met together, and ordained by their Authority whatever was for the Intereſt of the Society. Wherefore *Conſtantine* judged this Agreement of theirs would be no ſmall Confirmation to his Power, and valued not the Hea-

thens who were ſplit into Factions, and had no common Band to cement them.

6. Since we are not the firſt who, profeſſing Chriſtianity, differ from others who alſo call themſelves Chriſtians; there is no Man, at leaſt no one who is ſtudious of Divine Learning, whom it does not import to know in Theological Doctrines the Senſe of the antient Chriſtians, both of them who immediately ſucceeded the Apoſtles, and of others who lived at a greater diſtance; and this is to be learnt from Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory. In human Affairs ſcarcely any thing is permanent; and Theology itſelf, which ought always to be the ſame, has had its Viciſſitudes. Chriſtians have departed leiſurely from the Original Truth, and the Primitive Simplicity of Doctrine, and have been toſſed to and fro by a Torrent of Human Diſputations and Reaſonings, as by a Tempeſt. The old and genuine Precepts were gradually repealed, and others, new and ſpurious, were raſhly ſubſtituted in their ſtead. And, which is wonderful, it went ſo far, that Chriſtians, who had been reproached at firſt by the *Jews* and Heathens with the Imputation of *Novelty*, fell foul on themſelves, and mutually taxed each other with the ſame Accuſation; as I might prove by abundant Inſtances, if it were to my Purpoſe; but I ſhall only mention one, which is very proper at this time. There were formerly, as at preſent, Controverſies about *Free-Will* and *Predeſtination*. The Primitive Chriſtians earneſtly contended againſt the *Manichees*, and other Patrons of Neceſſity and Fate, that all Men had a Freedom of Will; ſo that they were able to ſin and to abſtain; and that they committed

Sin,

Sin, and brought on themſelves the Puniſhment of it by their own Fault. They did not allow there were any Decrees of GOD which reverſed this, or excluded any one from Eternal Salvation for the Fault of another. This is evident from the firſt Apology of *Juſtin Martyr*, and the *Philocalia* of *Origen*, which conſiſts of Paſſages collected out of his Works by *Baſil* of *Cæſarea*, and *Gregory Nazianzen*, and carries the greater weight in it, becauſe it was approved by the Judgment of thoſe two Divines, who were, without diſpute, the moſt learned of the *Greek* Church. I know it is vulgarly pretended that *Origen* was condemned; but this was long after his Death, nor was it for theſe Opinions. The *Greeks* were always of the ſame Perſuaſion, even after *Origen* was cenſured; and ſo were the *Latins*, before *Auſtin* of *Hippo* broached the contrary Doctrines for true, and planted them among his *Africans*. Where now are they who object Novelty to this Opinion? Let them who preſume to make this Charge, be ſilent, or confeſs they have never read the firſt Chriſtian Authors.

I have not ſaid this, becauſe I would have other Writings beſide the Apoſtolical admitted for a Rule of Faith. Far be it from me to deſire that any Man ſhould be made equal in this Affair to CHRIST, and his Apoſtles who were inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt: But they deſerve to be rebuked, who being themſelves *Innovators*, abſurdly impeach others of *Innovation*. However, to ſpeak my own Obſervations freely, I am convinced that no Chriſtian Society at this Day agrees in all things with the Fathers, either ſeparately or united in Council. Nor is there any Chri-

ſtian Church, whatever ſome may boaſt of ſuch an Agreement, which would bear to ſubſcribe to the Fathers, if they were to hear their Opinions truly explained; and this not only in Articles of leſs Conſequence, but alſo in ſome which ſeem moſt momentous. All modern Chriſtians have quite another Notion concerning the Sacred Trinity, than was maintained by the Church of the fourth Century. The Subtilties of Philoſophers had led the Antients into an Error; but the Divine Simplicity of the Apoſtolical Canon recovered Poſterity to the Truth, even without their Knowledge.

7. Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory gives us to underſtand the Manners as well as the Doctrines of the antient Chriſtians. Unleſs we read it careleſly, or with Prejudice, we ſhall readily diſcern that the Founders of the Chriſtian Religion were ſhining Examples of all Virtues, none like which are to be found in their Succeſſors; who, if I may be permitted to ſpeak the Truth, had more in them to be avoided, than to be followed. Yet there were good Men then, as there were alſo in the next Ages; but let us not deceive ourſelves, they were not much more numerous than at this Day. The Enemy of Human Kind, as our SAVIOUR foretold, who was inſtructed in future Events as well as every thing elſe by his Father, mingled a wild Plenty of Tares * among the Evangelical Wheat, while they who ought to have watched, were lulled in a profound Slumber; and hence the Tares ſprung up in far greater Plenty than the wholeſome Grain. The Net

* Matth. xiii. 24, &c.

of

of the Preaching of the Goſpel drew a large Multitude of † Fiſhes to Shore, but moſt of them were not ſound: Nor ſhall the Tares be ſeparated from the Wheat, nor the good Fiſhes from the bad, our LORD has appriſed us, till he who is to pronounce Sentence on the whole World ſhall appear from Heaven to Judgment. If there is any thing in this which gives us occaſion to cenſure Chriſtians, who ought to form their Manners according to the Holy Rule delivered them, it may alſo ſerve to eſtabliſh our Faith in CHRIST, ſince we ſee the State of his Church in future Ages was not unknown to him. Therefore after the Premonition he has given us, let us not be ſurpriſed to ſee That come to paſs, which, if we conſider the Genius of the Chriſtian Religion, ought not to have happened. Thus it was of old, thus it is in our Time, and thus it will be in ſucceeding Generations.

II. If Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory had been written as it ſhould have been, all the Advantages I have enumerated might have been obtained from it by every Reader without Difficulty or Hazard. Falſhood would have been ſo diſtinguiſhed from Truth, and Good from Evil, that it had been apparent at firſt View what we ſhould ſhun, and what we ſhould imitate. But it muſt be acknowledged that Hiſtorians have, either through Miſtake or Partiality, ſo blended Things certain with uncertain, falſe with true, noxious with beneficial, ſhameful with excellent, that a ſtrict Attention and Judgment is neceſſary to prevent their infu-

† Matth. xiii. 47, &c.

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ſing themſelves promiſcuouſly into the Mind. And by what Arts we may thus ſecure our ſelves I ſhall now ſhew, as I promiſed at the beginning.

1. And principally, the Apoſtolick Hiſtory of the New Teſtament being excepted, we ſhould read the Antients only with a Deſign to know their Opinions and Manners, as if we were no way concerned in them; and not to ſee how they ought to have thought and acted according to our Sentiments. And before we paſs Judgment upon them, we ſhould conſider their Learning, and the Sanctity of their Lives. And when theſe Particulars are well determined, and not ſooner, we may ſafely make a Concluſion concerning the Men. But if our Judgment anticipates our Knowledge, we ſhall ſeem to diſcover in them what they ſhould have maintained, and not what they really held; and we ſhall pervert their Meaning and Actions, in order to contemplate in them the Conceptions we had taken up before. If we conclude that the Followers of the Apoſtles, and their Succeſſors, muſt have been Perſons of Learning, and that they agree with us, who believe our ſelves not to be miſtaken: If we take it for granted they were ſingularly pious and devout; then, according to the Meaſure of our own Learning and Probity, we ſhall have every where before our Eyes Men of Learning, Judgment and Religion, even where there are none.

They who are of the *Roman* Church imagine they diſcern their Doctrines, Conſtitutions and Practices, even as early as in the third Century; but, on the contrary, they who have ſeparated from her, be they more or fewer, find as eaſily the Opinions and

Practices

Practices in which they differ from the former, in the ſame Primitive Writers. Thus, according to the various Judgments of the Readers, will the Fathers be thought to favour every Party, who are indeed directly againſt a great many modern Doctrines, and cannot be truly ſaid to agree entirely with any.

2. Nor are we only to ſit down to Reading with a Mind upright and void of Prepoſſeſſion, but the Languages in which the Eccleſiaſtical Authors wrote, are alſo to be learned with Application. It is ſuppoſed, you'll ſay, that he who takes their Works into his Hands, is already perfect enough in *Greek* and *Latin* to read the Fathers in either Tongue. I grant it; yet beſides the vulgar Uſe of thoſe Languages, which is common to all who have written in them, there is an Eccleſiaſtical Dialect, as I may ſay, conſiſting of Words and Forms of Expreſſion, which are familiar to the antient Chriſtians, but never occur in purer Authors; large Collections of which are made by ſeveral learned Men. Unleſs theſe Peculiarities of Terms and Phraſes are juſtly regarded, many things in Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory will not be underſtood, and we ſhall ſeem to underſtand others, which we really miſapprehend.

We may here, indeed, ſerve our ſelves of the Labours of the Learned in this Kind, which we ſhould, by all means, call in to our Aid; but to uſe them rightly, it will coſt us much Time and Exerciſe, nor ſhall we till after long Practice be able to act without them, and underſtand the Eccleſiaſtical Writers of our ſelves. Beſides, theſe Collections, like all Books of this nature, have conſiderable Defects, which can't be

be ſupplied without great Study and Diligence; and few obtain ſuch a Degree of Eccleſiaſtical Learning, as to venture to be wiſer than the reſt. And though a reaſonable Allowance in this Caſe is to be made, yet there are, after all, ſeveral Teſtimonies of Eccleſiaſtical Antiquity cited every Day, which can never be underſtood without ſome Study of thoſe Subjects. If there happens to be a Paſſage in an antient Writer, which is controverted at preſent among differing Parties of Chriſtians, as there are many ſuch; can any one ſafely make a Judgment of it, without ſome Knowledge of the Eccleſiaſtical Stile? No certainly; nor will any ſenſible Man, I believe, be of another Opinion.

3. To this we muſt farther add the Knowledge of the Philoſophy which obtained among the Chriſtians for ſome Ages. For this is abſolutely neceſſary to our underſtanding their Theology, which did not long continue, as it ought to have done, in the Primitive Apoſtolical Simplicity, by which even illiterate Perſons were able to underſtand the Syſtem of Chriſtian Divinity, and teach it to others. The Divine Doctrine was adulterated among the Antients, as well as in the Ages juſt above us, with Philoſophical Dogmas and Terms; which, unleſs they are underſtood, render the Theology altogether dubious and obſcure. The *Platonick* Scheme was admired by the firſt Chriſtians above all others, not only as it ſtood originally in the Works of *Plato* himſelf, but even in that Form of it to which 'twas afterwards reduced, which was full of confuſed and difficult Queſtions, and uncertain Expreſſions; a Specimen of this we have in *Photinus* a

Platoniſt,

Platoniſt, who lived in the third Age. As no Man can underſtand the School-Divines who flouriſhed ſix or ſeven hundred Years ſince, unleſs he is tolerably skilled in the *Ariſtotelian* Philoſophy, as it then poſſeſſed the Schools; ſo it is impoſſible to underſtand the Fathers of the four or five firſt Centuries, without ſome Knowledge of the *Platonick*. *Origen*, who was paſſionately pleaſed with it, and was in great Reputation over all the *Eaſt*, not only before his Condemnation, but even after his Memory had received that Blemiſh, occaſioned Chriſtian Theology by his Example, to be conformed to this Philoſophical Plan. And hence, in order to underſtand the Divines of thoſe Ages, it is neceſſary we, ſome way or other, become Maſters of the *Platonick* Philoſophy, both with reſpect to Things themſelves, and to the Stile which the Uſe of it has introduced.

I will illuſtrate this with one celebrated Inſtance. No Controverſy was ever agitated with greater Heat, than that between the Council of *Nice* and the *Arians*, concerning the Divinity of the Father and the Son. The whole Chriſtian World engaged in the Diſpute, and innumerable Volumes were written, a multitude of which are ſtill extant. The *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers, though purſuing another Subject, yet always take occaſion to deliver their Opinion of this Point. The Members of the Synod, as every one knows, contended that the Father and Son were ὁμοσιοι, *of the ſame Subſtance*; but the *Arians* maintained they were only ὁμοιουσιοι, *of a Similar*, and not of one *Eſſence*. And for ſeveral Ages it was never doubted but the Doctrine of the *Nicene* Aſſembly was the ſame as ours is at

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preſent, *viz.* that the Eſſence of the Father and Son are *numerically one*; whereas the *Arians* believed it to be *ſpecifically two*. And this was truly the *Arian* Opinion; but the *Nicene* was utterly different, as would readily be diſcerned, if the *Platonick* Philoſophy and Dialect were well underſtood: For the *Platoniſts* called Things ὁμοούσια, which were not *numerically of one Nature*, but *of one Species*, as is plain from *Photinus*, *Porphyry*, and others. The *Nicene Fathers* meant, therefore, that the Father and Son were *two* Subſtances *in Number*, but *one in Species*; as * learned Men have ſo demonſtrated a few Years ago, that it cannot be denied. Away now with them who ſeek for a Rule of Faith in the Harmony of the Fathers, and glory that they agree with them in this Article!

4. Unleſs we are willing to be deceived in Hiſtorical Facts, or at leaſt to be in continual danger of miſtaking, we ſhould not haſtily give credit to any Author. Affection and Prejudice betray'd Men into Errors, no leſs formerly than now, as is clear from thoſe Writings which have outlived the Ruins of Time; wherein we ſee ſuch Bitterneſs and Anger, and ſuch invenom'd Reproaches between thoſe of differing Opinions, that more abuſive and furious cannot be found among the Moderns. They who ſide with the Church of *Rome* would not have us believe them concerning their Doctrines, who have ſeparated from her, whom they are perpetually upbraiding with Partiality and Slanders; how juſtly I ſhall not conſider: And they

* Petavius, Curcellæus, *Dr.* Cudworth. *See alſo the Lives of* Euſebius Cæſarienſis, *and* Gregory Nazianzen, *in* French.

of

of the Separation treat their Adverſaries in the ſame manner, and declare the *Romaniſts* are not to be credited concerning ſuch as they have once pronounced Heterodox; and that they commonly impute to them Doctrines they never maintained, and Crimes which they heartily abhor. To which of theſe ſhall we give ear, in their Complaint againſt their Adverſaries? To neither; but let us examine into Things, which alone can be a Foundation for our Belief. That which is built only on the Teſtimony of an Adverſary we ſhould leave in Suſpence, and not think any Particular ſufficiently evident which does not appear from things themſelves. And thus let us act towards the Antients, and with greater Caution, becauſe we have often nothing concerning the condemned Party remaining, beſides the Teſtimonies of their Enemies. If we will not allow what the Side which overcame by the number of Voices, reports of the Vanquiſhed with Partiality, to be wholly falſe; yet at leaſt let us not raſhly conclude it is true. But the Victors, ſay Some, were the Party whoſe Opinion was the right. I will not ſay this is frequently uncertain, but I ask, Whether they who are in the right always behave themſelves well, and contend for Truth? And again, whether the Erroneous are always in a Fault, and neither do nor ſay any thing juſtly? No wiſe and honeſt Man will deny, that there are too many lying and bad Perſons on both Sides: Therefore let them who are of the right Opinion, not be diſpleaſed if we leave their Teſtimonies undetermined, when we are able to form no certain Concluſion from the Matter itſelf.

Since

Since the Laws of Right and Wrong, which ought to be no leſs obſerved in Eccleſiaſtical than Civil Affairs, are eternal and unchangeable, in the firſt Place, *the* * *Credit of the Witneſſes*, to uſe the Words of *Calliſtratus*, *is diligently to be examined*; as for inſtance, whether the Witneſs, whom we are hearing, *is an Enemy to him againſt whom he depoſes, or a Friend to him for whom he teſtifies.* By this Rule we ſee how equally they proceed, who believe an implacable Adverſary concerning his Opponent, which is a daily Practice in them who write Hiſtories of Hereſies.

They † *ſeem not to be proper Witneſſes, who are liable to be over-awed to give Teſtimony by the Power of another*, as *Licinnius Ruſinus* rightly judged: Wherefore the Laws rejected the Evidence of a Slave, ‡ *unleſs there was no other Proof to eſtabliſh the Truth.* The Teſtimonies therefore of the ſecond or lower Order of Prieſts is not much to be regarded, whom the Biſhop, by his Authority, could eaſily command as he pleaſed. Hope and Fear have ſuch an Influence on the Minds of Men, that he muſt have an uncommon Conſtancy who is not ſwayed by thoſe Paſſions, and has the Fortitude to oppoſe them, upon whom his Hopes and Fears depend.

It was the Opinion of *Venuleius*, which *Juſtinian* afterwards enacted into a Law, ‖ *That he could not be produced as a Witneſs, who had before given Teſtimony againſt the ſame Man*; without doubt, becauſe between two ſuch there was a manifeſt Quarrel. In virtue of

* Leg. 3. de Teſtibus. † Leg. 6. ibid. ‡ Leg. 7. ibid.
‖ Leg. 23. ibid.

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this, they could not have been Witneſſes, and much leſs Judges, when the Cauſe of the Heterodox was debated, who had often inveighed againſt them openly in Words and Writing. Such apparent Enmity would have prevailed with equitable Judges not to hear, at leaſt not to admit them to ſit on the Bench, and give Sentence. *In general*, ſay the Emperors *Valens*, *Gratian* and *Valentinian*, † *We decree that no Man ought to be his own Judge; for ſince the Laws have diveſted all of the native Liberty of bearing Teſtimony againſt themſelves, it is very unjuſt to allow them to pronounce Sentence in their own Cauſe.* Though this ſeems a Preſcription of common Equity, yet it is managed quite otherwiſe in Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory. Here a ſworn Enemy is Evidence in his own Caſe, and ſits as Judge upon the Reputation of his Adverſary; and they who have the Majority of Suffrages, are commonly believed in their Teſtimony and Deciſion concerning themſelves and their Antagoniſts: Which, you ſee, cannot be done without the higheſt Injuſtice; and far be it that I or any in this Place ſhould be guilty of it.

It happened, I know not how, that by the old Laws of the *Romans* they who had been condemned of Calumny, were not yet diſqualified from bearing Witneſs in Court; and therefore *Papinian* ſays, *That what was omitted by the Laws, ought not to be omitted by the Conſciences of the Judges*; which Words *Juſtinian* deſervedly paſſed into a Statute. And ſo we, who are Judges as it were of the Antients, and weigh their

† Cod. Th. lib. 2. Tom. 2. pag. 1.

Evidence, when we have ſeveral times convicted any one of Calumny, cannot afterwards regard him as one of a ſound Reputation, unleſs we trample this Ordinance under foot.

It were alſo to be wiſhed that, as *Juſtinian* appointted, * *the Adverſary were ſummoned by the Judge, or by the Defendant, to be preſent and hear the Depoſitions*; that is, before we paſs Judgment on any Perſon or his Opinion from the Teſtimony of an Adverſary, we ſhould read in his own Writings what he has ſaid for himſelf. But ſince moſt of the Writings of thoſe who were formerly condemned are periſhed, what now remains, but that we proceed with Caution, and anſwer, after the *Roman* manner, NON LIQUERE, *it does not appear?*

5. Therefore we ſhall thus demean our ſelves, in examining the Teſtimonies of Eccleſiaſtical Writers, as we ſee upright Judges do in Civil Affairs; unleſs we ſuppoſe, which is perfectly abſurd, that there is one ſort of Equity in Eccleſiaſtical Matters, and another in Civil. And ſince in other Points we admit nothing for true, unleſs it agrees with right Reaſon, and very juſtly reject whatever is repugnant to it; when the Truth of Doctrines is debated in Hiſtory, or Eccleſiaſtical Writers, beſides right Reaſon, let us alſo conſult Revelation, and by the Conſent of both (for they never differ, but always mutually illuſtrate each other) let us embrace or explode an Opinion, according to the Verdict which theſe two bring

* Novel. 90. c. 9.

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in upon the Caſe. We cannot oppoſe to theſe the Agreement of the Antients, who never had any other Rule to diſcern Straight from Crooked, that is, Truth from Falſhood. And GOD has never ſaid that a Conſent of Chriſtians ſhould be believed againſt plain Revelation, or the evident Diſcoveries of Reaſon; nor ordained that Truth ſhould follow the Majority, and be ſought for there. He has promiſed the Chriſtian Religion ſhall never be extinguiſhed, but not that no fatal Errors ſhall be imbibed by many who profeſs it. He has not taught us that Antiquity ſhould be a Token of Truth, nor commanded that Cuſtom Immemorial ſhall be admitted in the ſtead of Eternal Right. * *Every Man* (to uſe the Words of *Lactantius*) *ought in that Matter, which concerns the Diſpoſition of his Life, to truſt himſelf, and depend on his own Judgment and Senſes, for diſcovering and weighing the Truth, rather than believing another's Errors, to be deceived, as if he were himſelf void of Reaſon.* GOD *has given to all Men Wiſdom, as their chief Portion, that they might both find out Things they have not heard of, and ponder what they hear; for becauſe others are before us in Time, are they before us alſo in Wiſdom, which being diſtributed equally to all, cannot be ingroſſed by our Predeceſſors.* Excellently and judiciouſly ſaid! as is the reſt alſo which follows.

6. What I ſaid concerning Doctrines, I would have to be underſtood alſo concerning Examples of

* Inſt. Div. lib. 2. c. 7.

Virtues and commendable Actions. There is n Virtue nor laudable Action, which Reaſon and Re velation do not enjoin. Whatever is obtruded on u beſides their Precepts, or contrary to them, is a Deceit and Fiction. Therefore let us imitate wha ever is founded on them, and reject or condemn th reſt. If all the Fathers, and all Chriſtian Church beſide the originally Apoſtolick, ſhould have ap proved ſuch Deviations (a Fact which never wa nor will be,) but if it had ſo happened, it woul become us to act in this manner. However, ſince has often fallen out, that many have embraced Thing inconſiſtent with Reaſon and Revelation, let us no regard them though they may glory in their Num bers. Things fooliſh, ſuperſtitious, impious and cru have too frequently pleaſed the Many; which yet w ought no leſs to deteſt, than if they had always bee abhorred by all.

And taking the Rule of Reaſon and Revelatio for his Guide, *let every one for himſelf employ t ſtricteſt Application to learn what were the Lives a Manners of the Antients* (you will know theſe to b the Words of *Livy* *, which I ſhall accommoda to my preſent Purpoſe) *and ſee by what Men, a by what Arts*, in the Times of Peace and of Pe ſecution, the Chriſtian Church was founded and e larged. *Let him obſerve how Diſcipline gradually d clining, Men firſt became negligent in their Manners, a continuing to degenerate, they at laſt ſunk apace, a*

* In Præf.

plunged into Depravity with great Precipitance, till the Thread of the Hiſtory brings him to the preſent Age, in which we are neither able to bear our Vices, nor the Remedies of them. Now the chief Fruit and Benefit of Reading is to collect the inſtructive Leſſons, which ariſe from every eminent Example upon Record; and thence thou mayſt underſtand what thou and thy Church *ought to imitate; and by ſeeing what was ſhameful in the Undertaking, and infamous in the Event, what you ought to avoid.*

I might add much more to this Purpoſe, but a careful Obſervation of theſe Directions will enable us to receive all the Benefits which are to be obtained from Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory. The Time, I am aware, calls on me to conclude this Oration. If you ſoberly attend to what I have ſaid, and apply it practically, nothing in Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory will hurt you, but the whole will be profitable: You will underſtand what to avoid, and what to follow; provided you will remember that every thing, from whatever Hand it comes, is to be meaſured by the Eternal Rule of Truth and Virtue, which right Reaſon and Divine Revelation have given us. And conducting your ſelves according to this Method, you will love what is commendable, and abhor what deſerves Reprehenſion, whereever it is found. You will never depart from Juſtice and Equity, nor fall into an Error, if you weigh all Teſtimonies in an equal Balance, and admit none unleſs manifeſtly clear, and forbear to determine concerning the reſt. You will never be deceived by obſcure Forms of Speech, nor vainly

imagine your ſelves to be of the ſame Opinion with the Fathers, when you really diſſent from them, if you diligently apply your ſelves to underſtand the Philoſophy and Dialect they uſed. You will never diſcover that which is not in the Fathers, nor overlook what they actually maintained, if you read their Writings without Prejudice, and not with a Deſire to find in them what ſerves your own Party, and contradicts another, as is commonly done. For it ſignifies very little to us what we find in them, if we make it a ſettled Reſolution with our ſelves, as we ought to do, That ſincere and uncorrupted Truth is not to be ſought for but in the Apoſtolick Writings; and that whatever is neceſſary, is to be abundantly found in them.

In the mean while, you will underſtand what were the Primitive Manners, nor ſhall you be infected with pernicious Superſtition, or any Bitterneſs or Inhumanity againſt thoſe who differ from you; all which were formerly too frequent among Chriſtians. And diſcerning of your ſelves what are new, and what antient Doctrines, it will not be in the Power of any to upbraid you, as * ſome have done, with Ignorance of them, even when you have the Antients on your Side; from whom others, who are continually boaſting of Antiquity, often diſſent. You will ſee and reflect with infinite Pleaſure, how Judaiſm and Heatheniſm languiſhed and came to nought, at the Riſe or Eſtabliſhment of

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* *Biſhop* Bull *upbraided* Epiſcopius *with this.*

Chriſtianity. You will contemplate the wonderful Preſervation and Divine Original of the Chriſtian Religion, not without the ſincereſt Gratitude toward Almighty GOD. And, laſtly, receiving far greater Advantages from Eccleſiaſtical than Civil Hiſtory, you will find your ſelves confirmed in your Chriſtian Faith; nor will it ever be objected to you, that your Manners contradict the Holy Doctrine you profeſs: Which I beg of GOD to prevent, through his only Son JESUS CHRIST.

LETTERS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

London, Octob. 4, 1711.

To W. B. *Esq;*

SIR,

BESIDES the Business of the Office, I must own that I have often been in so unhappy a Temper, that I was no way fit to write. I thought it was proper to mention This, in order to excuse my Delay, which is really owing to this, and proceeded not from any Disrespect.

The Publick Affairs bear such an Aspect, that I have no Inclination to say any thing of them.

Dr. *Grabe* has printed an Essay on the antient Book, call'd *The Doctrine of the Apostles*, in which he proves, 1. That the *Arabick* Doctrine, which Mr. *Whiston* mentions in his *Historical Preface*, is merely a Translation of the first *Five Books*, and part of the *Sixth* of the *Clementine Constitutions*. 2. That this *Arabick* Doctrine is not the same with the Doctrine of the Apostles. 3. That, by the Preface and last Chapters, it is no *Apostolical Writing*. He shews, that Mr. *W.* never

ver read, nor heard read, this *Arabick* Manuſcript, which he ſo poſitively affirms to be part of the loſt Canon of Scripture. Mr. *W.* has publiſh'd his Anſwer to this, but I have not yet read it.

I have heard, with a ſenſible Concern, that Dr. *Lucas* is not likely to preach again. His Memory failed him one *Sunday* in the Pulpit, ſo that he was forced to come down. And this Infirmity continuing upon him, has, I am informed, cauſed him to reſolve to put in a Curate, and live at a ſmall Diſtance from *London.*

The Loſs of ſuch a Man is very great, at a Time when Temporal Ambition and Remiſneſs abound too much among thoſe very Perſons, whoſe particular Buſineſs it is to teach and practiſe better. Leſſons of Mortification, and Humility, and the Love of Heavenly Things, are lifeleſs, and make little Impreſſion, unleſs ſupported by Example. The firſt, indeed, give us to know our Duty, but the other animates, and leads us on to do it. At preſent we do not want Knowledge and Learning, but we want Integrity and Reſolution of Mind, and a vigorous Principle of Action, to put in Practice what we underſtand. I am afraid a General Lukewarmneſs and Languor in Matters of Religion prevail among us; and that Inoffenſiveneſs, and common Decency and Sobriety, are the higheſt Degree of Holineſs, which Men ordinarily propoſe to themſelves; and they ſeem ſo little inclined to carry it farther, that they are rather willing to mollify and abate their Duty, and drive as thrifty a Bargain with Heaven as poſſible, (if on ſo ſerious a Subject this Phraſe may be allowed,) and ſcrupulouſly adjuſt the Account between that and the World, ſo as not to deal too hardly with the latter. Now

Now this Scheme of Life not only impoveriſhes Piety, and ſinks the Spirit of it among Men, and conſequently tends to make them fall ſhort even of ſuch a Degree of it, but is altogether without Excuſe in any one who profeſſes to be a CHRISTIAN; at leaſt, it would have been judged ſo in the Primitive Ages. If this ſhould ſeem to ſavour too much of Rigidneſs and Enthuſiaſm, I deſire any Perſon to read over carefully the Books of the New Teſtament, and the authentick Remains of the Firſt Ages; and then to look abroad on the preſent Times, and obſerve where are now to be found that Purity of Manners and unfeigned Humility, that ardent Love of GOD and our Neighbour, that Self-denial, Forgiveneſs of Wrongs, and real Concern for our Religion and the Salvation of Mankind; and, to procure it, that reſolved Indurance of Reproaches and Pains? Where are thoſe Fervors of Zeal, thoſe Raptures of Love, that eſtabliſhed Faith, that earneſt Hope of a better Life, that Charity and diffuſive Benevolence, which were the juſt Glory of the Firſt Chriſtians? The Faith and Virtues, by which they were ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed, are regarded as the Attainment only of an Apoſtle, and above the Power of a Chriſtian now to arrive at; and we do not think ourſelves obliged, nor do we endeavour to come up to them. Thus, by believing ourſelves weak, we actually become ſo; whereas if we did but make a hearty Reſolution, and go about it with a full Purpoſe, and a Perſuaſion of the Poſſibility of the Thing, we ſhould, no doubt, find it poſſible, *Poſſunt qui poſſe videntur.* Virg.

And,

And, in this common Decay of Piety, if a Man will not make Example his Standard and Argument, and govern himſelf by modern Practice and Opinion (the pernicious Manner of moſt Perſons,) but will ſeriouſly examine, what he ſhould and may be, by ſacred Scripture, and conſider the Purity and Holineſs which Chriſtianity requires, and the exceeding Benefits it propoſes; and ſhall ſee in the Hiſtories of the Firſt Chriſtians how this Religion ſincerely exerted itſelf in them, it will beget in him a more excellent and venerable Idea of it, and provoke him to follow the ſame Steps, and obtain the ſame Recompence of Reward.

And it ſeems neceſſary that a Man ſhould purſue ſome ſuch Method as this, in order to preſerve himſelf againſt the Infection of an almoſt Univerſal Degeneracy.

I am,

SIR, &c.

J. H.

London, December 13, 1711.

To W. B. *Eſq;*

SIR,

I DESIGNED to have proſecuted the Subject of my laſt immediately, but was unavoidably interrupted.

The Unhappineſs of Temper which I mentioned, is a Melancholy and Sinking of Mind, to which I am

am too obnoxious: Things both Publick and Private make too deep an Impreſſion upon me, and affect me ſo nearly that I cannot always regard them with that Equanimity I would chuſe to do, and which would not only preſerve me from much Uneaſineſs, but alſo better enable me to act rightly upon any Occaſion. This timorous Concern, I am convinced, is very often highly blameable, as proceeding from an unwarrantable Diffidence; and therefore I purpoſe to endeavour after a *compoſed and ſettled Temper*, which, I agree with you, *cannot be too carefully preſerved.*

In my laſt, I obſerved that a Decay of Piety is too viſible, and, I feared, the Cauſes of it were our having a mean and low Idea of Goodneſs, and our negligent and lukewarm Compliance with the Faſhion of the moſt Part. And I may add, that much Prejudice of this Kind ariſes alſo from our beginning to enter upon Life with a miſtaken Notion of it. Where is the Man who does not make the Delights, and Praiſe, and Promotions of the World, his Principal Deſign, and the Object of his moſt Subſtantial Hopes; and accordingly purſue them in the Firſt Place, minding other things in an inferior Degree, though he acknowledges them to be of a more worthy Nature? Do we not ſet our Hearts upon the Former, reckon upon them, and propoſe them to ourſelves as deſerving our chief Care; and, if we obtain them, begin, as it were, to take up our Reſt, and enjoy ourſelves, as if the End of Life were anſwered? But the Laſt, which, indeed, we call the Beſt, are followed with Indifference, and are made to bend and comport to the other; or, if we apply ourſelves to them zealouſly and in earneſt, is it not

not at the Streſs, when we are alarmed by the Fear of approaching Death and Judgment? And do not this Zeal and this Application go off, as our Security of Life returns? Which is a Reaſon to ſuſpect, that they proceeded not from Election and Preference; and our Concern at ſuch an Hour is a plain Indication that we miſtruſt our former Conduct, and think it will not bear the Teſt, when we come to be accountable for it. Thus the Practice of Mankind, I think, declares they look on the World as a Place of Fruition and Inheritance, and that they do not care to embrace the contrary Opinion.

'Tis true, every one complains of the World as full of Troubles; and ſo indeed it is, and that very fitly; for, were it not, it would do us greater Miſchief, and intoxicate us more, ſince even now we love it but too well: Yet we ſeldom conſider how much we are the Authors of our own Burdens, by raſhly judging and miſconſtruing Circumſtances and Events, and, principally, by expecting more from things than they are either able, or intended to afford us. We forget that we are here as in a PALÆSTRA, a Theatre of Contention and Combat, to paſs through Probationary Exerciſes and Toils, and that, according to our Behaviour in them, the great Superviſor and Umpire of the Strife will beſtow upon us a triumphant Palm and the Robe of Victory, or diſmiſs us with Shame and everlaſting Contempt. The Conqueſt is not without Difficulties, for elſe our Fortitude and Care and Reſolution could not be made appear in it; and the Whole is ſo diſpoſed, as to employ our Application and Vigilance and Integrity. *There is no Diſcharge in this*

this War, but every one muſt undergo the Trial, and give Proof of himſelf in it; and the Scriptures frequently admoniſh us of our Duty in Expreſſions taken from *Warfare*, and the *Athletick* Games; ſuch are the Texts which follow:

Put on the Armour *of Light.* —— *Know ye not that they who run in a Race, run all; but one* receives the Prize. *So run that ye may obtain. And every Man who ſtriveth for the Maſtery, is temperate in all things: Now they do it to obtain a* corruptible Crown, *but we an* incorruptible.

I have often thought, and am perſuaded, that if we duly reflected on ourſelves, we ſhould perceive Pleaſures are as unfit for us here, as they are difficult to be obtained; and that it is our own Fault if * Afflictions prove not a Benefit to us; for there is a Virtue in Suffering which makes the Mind ſober, and turns it inward upon itſelf, and cures it of the Wantonneſs and intemperate Elation, which Proſperity is apt to bring: And the Providence of God ſeems to judge ſomething like this, by its Dealings with good Men, chuſing rather to exerciſe, than to indulge them.

Now if this is the Condition of the World, and the Eſtabliſhment of the preſent Life, how greatly muſt we be diſappointed if we look on it in a contrary View? We cannot change the Natural Conſtitution

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* *Our Soul, whoſe Country's Heav'n, and God her Father,*
Into this World, Corruption's Sink, is ſent;
Yet ſo much in her Travail ſhe doth gather,
That ſhe returns home wiſer than ſhe went. *Dr.* Donne.

of things, and if we will act directly againſt it, this will create us Vexation of Spirit and Trouble, which we ſhould not otherwiſe have known. We ſhall *ſow the Wind*, and *reap the Whirlwind*. If we did not prevaricate in Religion, we ſhould truly believe Paradiſe was then loſt, when Sin began; and that Labour and Care is the common Sentence of Mankind, that is, of Fallen Creatures; and that our Buſineſs here is not to Enjoy, but to Endure and Obey.

I am,

SIR, &c.

J. H.

London, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1730.

To W. B. *Eſq;*

SIR,

IT was not till laſt Night that I heard the melancholic News of your Loſs of excellent Mrs. *B—n*; not having received any Advices concerning *B--chh--h* till then, ſince the Favour of your laſt. My Purpoſes of writing again were unexpectedly interrupted; and for above a Month I have been ſo diſabled by a Wound with a Bodkin in the Ball of the Thumb, that I have not uſed a Pen but for Neceſſity.

We ſincerely condole with you in your Affliction, which muſt ſink the deeper, as you have had ſo long Experience of her genuine Virtues in all the ſeveral Relations of Life, and as this Viſitation has

over-

overtaken you in that Scene of Years and Health, which renders ſo invaluable a Companion more endeared and wanted. From the time I firſt had the Happineſs to be acquainted with your Family, my Eſteem of her has always increaſed, by a Diſcernment of a Temper, Principle and Conduct, which muſt embalm her Memory in the Minds of all who knew her. She is now diſmiſs'd from the Burden of a decay'd and broken Body, and awakened into a Life, in which the Labours and well-performed Duties of this probationary State multiply her preſent Joy, and where ſhe ſees and poſſeſſes what ſhe here deſired and hoped: And, perhaps, while ſhe is exulting in this new Felicity of Condition, and waiting for the final Crown, at the Revival of the Body, her Spirit may taſte an additional Pleaſure by expecting the Arrival (in their proper Seaſon) of Relatives or Friends, whom ſhe left running the Race of Righteouſneſs, and ſtriving for that Prize which ſhe has already obtained.

It will not be eaſy to ſuggeſt any Topics of Conſolation, which your own long Obſervation on the Viciſſitudes of Human Life will not readily offer to your Thoughts. Sorrows of others, and Sorrows of our own, if at diſtance, make different Impreſſions from Sorrows perſonal and preſent; and there are unqueſtionably Seaſons, in which the firmeſt Minds feel Preſſures, which require their utmoſt Strength to ſuſtain. Your Views and Notions are too much enlightened not to adminiſter, from ſo cultivated a Treaſure, Reflexions adapted to this ſolemn Situation; and you will weigh, againſt the diſtaſtful and adverſe Events

in Life, the Benefits, Advantages, and Favours, which have occurred in the Courſe of it; many of which are ſtill ſubſiſting.

Theſe things, Sir, are offered to you from a Heart touched with an affectionate Veneration to the worthy Lady deceaſed, and a Senſe of the Impreſſions you muſt undoubtedly ſuffer by her Removal. Your great Command of Mind under Afflictions, I have often obſerved and admired; the preſent Trial, I conclude, is the moſt intimate and acute. Will you not therefore make this an OPUS PALMARIUM, your Crowning Inſtance of all that Obedience of Virtue, which ſo much Experience, Study, and Conſideration, have furniſhed to a Mind ſo long importantly employed? Did I write to a Perſon leſs knowing than myſelf, I ſhould (if I had leiſure) enlarge upon what might then be thought uſeful and inſtructive; but to You this is needleſs. What therefore I may propoſe to your extenſive Knowledge and Judgment is briefly this; That from all I have felt, or expect to feel in my Tract of Life, the Aid from exerciſed Reaſon may do ſomething; but the Sheet Anchor of all good Hope, the chief Support of Heart in doing Good, and enduring Evil, is founded in the Goſpel. Read over the Books of that, for where can ſuch effectual Precepts, Promiſes and Examples be found, to ſuſtain and animate us in every Condition, as what are there exhibited by the bleſſed Teachers and Practiſers of that heavenly Diſpenſation?

May the Almighty ſhed upon your Spirit the Conſolations there promiſed, and make the Remainder of your

your Days ſerene and acceptable, till all Exerciſes of uncertain mortal Life are cloſed by a peaceful Admiſſion into a Life of Happineſs perfect and immutable!

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, and

faithful humble Servant,

JABEZ HUGHES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Letter was written in Anſwer to One received from a Friend, giving the Author an Account of the Death of the Maſter and two Sailors belonging to the Guernſey *Man of War, who were drowned in* Woolwich Reach, *as they attempted, in very ſtormy Weather, to get on board the ſaid Ship in the Long-boat from* Woolwich.

London, February 12, 1717.

To Mr. D——

My real Friend,

YOUR laſt Letter found me in ſuch a Diſpoſition of Mind, as was peculiarly adapted to the melancholic Subject. For ſeveral Days I had

been thinking ſolemnly of the awful Sentence which is pronounced upon our whole Kind, *Death*; which is ſuch a Rebuke to the Vain-Glory of us tranſitory Creatures, that he who thinks ſeriouſly of it, will ſurely ſay with the Son of *Sirach*, *Pride was not made for Man.* It is likewiſe ſo ſtrong a Diſſuaſive from all irreligious and guilty Behaviour, that none but a ſtupid and unreflecting Mind can reſiſt it. At preſent, under my afflicted Circumſtances, it ſinks very deeply into my Thoughts, and ſaddens me, perhaps too much. I know not how to open my Eyes on our Part of the viſible Creation, great and ſhining as it is, without Tears; and in a Scene ſo ſhort, ſo uncertain, and ſwiftly-ſhifted, am at a Loſs how to rejoice, or take Pleaſure in any thing of this brittle and obnoxious World: Since even mighty Man himſelf, *rich with a thinking Soul!* with all his Philoſophy, his Power, and Skill, which governed Kingdoms, and exerted itſelf in Eloquence, Invention and magnificent Works, is haſtily tumbled into the Grave, and vaniſhes in a few Particles of undiſtinguiſhed Duſt; and the Saying of the Pſalmiſt is literally executed upon him, *Thou changeſt his Countenance, and ſendeſt him away.* Thus *Man lieth down, and riſeth not till the Heavens be no more.*

But this is not the laſt of Man; his Body indeed is diſſipated, but the Immortal Spirit ſtill continues, and enters upon a new Scene of an untried and permanent Life, and muſt give an Account of its Conduct here, according to which its future Condition will be determined. Yet, as you juſtly obſerve, none are more careleſs about this, than thoſe who have particular Reaſons to uſe the greateſt Care, for they *that go down*

to the Sea in Ships, and do Buſineſs in great Waters; who ſee the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep, live in an eminent manner under the Protection of his Providence, and ſtand every Moment upon the Verge of an eternal World. Theſe therefore ſhould be doubly ſolicitous to approve themſelves before him, both in Thankfulneſs for the Deliverances he affords them, and becauſe of their peculiar Dangers.

I cannot but be of Opinion with you, that to them who are well-prepared, an unexpected and ſpeedy Death is moſt deſirable; for in the tedious Diſſolution of a long and irkſome Sickneſs, a Man *dies daily*; his bodily Pains are great and ſtrong, while the Powers of the Mind are weakened, and leaſt able to help him; beſide the Sorrows thrown on him by the Griefs and Afflictions of Relations and Friends at ſuch a time. —— But God alone knows to chuſe aright for us——

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I am,

Dear Sir,

Moſt heartily yours,

JABEZ HUGHES.

Be pleaſed to accept the following Lines.

In vain we reach at Joys; in vain
Thro' Labours ſtruggle to Renown;
Soon as the hop'd-for Good we gain,
And call the flying Bliſs our own,
The with'ring Hand of cruel Fate
Throws all the brittle Building down,
And cuts the Thread of Life, and cloſes up our Date!

Pompous awhile fantaſtick Man appears,
And idly vaunts his Span of Years;
Then yields to Heav'n the wand'ring Breath it gave,
And ſilent waſtes, forgotten in the Grave!
So the gay Flow'rs, that on the bloomy Plain
Bluſh in their Morning Pride around,
At Noon, with ſudden Showr's of Rain,
Are waſh'd away, and ſcatter'd on the Ground.

Extract from a LETTER, *in Anſwer to the foregoing.*

"I KNOW not how (ſay You) to open my Eyes "on our Part of the viſible Creation, great and "ſhining as it is, without Tears; and in a Scene ſo "ſhort, ſo uncertain, and ſwiftly-ſhifted, am at a "Loſs how to rejoice, or take pleaſure in any thing "of this brittle and obnoxious World; ſince even "mighty Man himſelf —— is haſtily tumbled into the "Grave, and vaniſhes in a few Particles of undi-"ſtinguiſhed Duſt."

Tho' I am charmed with the moving Oratory of this Paſſage, my Reaſon will not allow me to approve the Practice.

If this ſhort Scene of things was our whole Portion, and when the Body is diſſolved and moulders into Duſt, the Soul were likewiſe to *vaniſh into ſoft Air*; yet ſtill (even on that Suppoſition,) if the Bleſſings we enjoy, overbalance the Evils we ſuffer, it would become us to rejoice, and be thankful for the unmerited Favours we receive; and, (as *Lucretius* rightly argues,)

argues,) we ought, when called away, to riſe content, and obey the Summons, like a well-treated Gueſt from a plentiful Table.

But ſince we have Reaſon to believe, that tho' the Body indeed periſhes, the Soul ſurvives Immortal; and, if the Man has led a virtuous Life, ſhall take its Flight, when its preſent brittle Tenement falls to pieces, to purer Regions, and a more happy Climate, there to converſe with beatified Spirits, and improve its Faculties to all Eternity; ſince, I ſay, we have an aſſured Expectation of ſuch tranſcendent Bliſs hereafter; This, methinks, ſhould make us triumph even in the midſt of Sufferings: And what you mention as a Source of Sorrow, *viz. the Shortneſs of this preſent State*, appears to Me, on the contrary, the moſt ſolid Ground of Comfort and Conſolation, eſpecially in times of Trouble and Diſtreſs. The Reflexion of Mr. *Norris* on this Subject is, I think, no leſs rational than witty;

Sure 'tis but vain the Tree of Life to boaſt,
When Paradiſe, wherein it grew, is loſt.

— *London, February* 21, 1717.

To Mr. D——

Dear Sir,

IN order to judge exactly concerning a Man under a Dejection of Spirit, it ſeems neceſſary to conſider the Kind, the Degree, and the Duration of the Affliction

Affliction he ſuffers, and the ſeveral Circumſtances of Aggravation; his natural Conſtitution muſt alſo be regarded, whether it be robuſt and gay, or weakly and melancholic; and tho' it is every one's Duty, and Intereſt, to govern his Hopes and Fears, as much as poſſible, by the Rules of that beſt practical Philoſophy which Religion teaches, yet he muſt not imagine this obliges him to undertake the extinguiſhing thoſe implanted Paſſions, by which he feels Pain and Sorrow. In the Life to come, theſe Paſſions ſhall indeed be diſcharged, becauſe then the End of them will ceaſe; but here we cannot ſpare them; for they help to make us Humane, and to do many uſeful Actions; and therefore we may *weep beautifully*, in a moral Senſe, and be *virtuouſly ſad*. Thus far certainly is lawful; but, on the other hand, Religion ſhould always preſerve us from murmuring againſt God in his Providence, from Unthankfulneſs for good things, becauſe we alſo receive Evil, and from giving up our Hope and Truſt in him, and disbelieving the Promiſes he has made us of Support, and of Deliverance at laſt.

Under all my Grief and Depreſſion, I am ſenſible, the firm Expectation of a Life to come is a mighty Prop and Refuge to me; and that it does not free me more from my Sorrowfulneſs of Heart, may ariſe, among other things, from this; That the Cauſes of Grief here, are very much Phyſical, and ſtrike on the Imagination; but the Comforts of Religion work upon the Underſtanding, and the Reaſon; and, in the loud Tumult and Hurricane of Paſſions, the Mind is interrupted in applying them by Reflexion, Meditation and Study; and therefore tho' Religion, in a ſincere

cere and faithful Heart, will finally prevail, yet it is a War for a while; and we are hindered from perceiving the Service Religion does us, till we are in a calmer Situation of Thought, and have leiſure to look back, and examine. - - - - - - - - - - -

Your new-contracted Acquaintance are a very proper Relief to you, both as a Man of Buſineſs and a Philoſopher; a Converſation thus compoſed diffuſes a pleaſing and cordial Gaiety over the Mind. I would not turn Task-maſter to you, but I muſt intreat you to be diligent, and finiſh Buſineſs as ſoon as you can, for the Seaſon of Rambling in the Fields is approaching, and I ſhall want you here to make ſome of our uſual Excurſions; the Spring is beginning to lead up her chearful Dance, and I may quickly ſummon you in that moſt beautiful Deſcription, *The Winter is paſt, the Rain is over and gone: The Flowers appear on the Earth; the Time of the Singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The Fig-tree putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vines with the tender Grape give a goodly Smell.*

I am,

Yours moſt affectionately,

JABEZ HUGHES.

London, March 21, 1717-18.

To Mr. D——

Dear Sir,

IT is natural for you to delight your Friends frequently with Letters, which you can eaſily continue to a conſiderable Length, and enrich with a variety of grateful and profitable Subjects; for you live, if I may venture upon the Expreſſion, in a moſt happy Climate of Temper; and the Weather of your Mind is always calm, ſerene and ſhining. It is the Sweetneſs of Spring with You all the Year. But I am under a different Heaven, and dwell in a low Region, vexed and troubled with Tempeſts. I ſuffer a *Scythian* Winter, ſevere and tedious, and ſee the Sun by ſhort Viciſſitudes; and ſince the Luſtre and Warmth of your Converſation is at preſent withdrawn, it is very obliging in you to ſupply it by your acceptable Letters.

The melancholic Subject, to which you ſurrendered your Thoughts in the Walk you mention, not only prohibits us, to fix our Affections too intenſely upon the Things of this Life, but yields us alſo this uſeful Leſſon; That as Labour and Pain are the unalienable Inheritance of the Sons of *Adam*, the Duty of us, as Creatures of this World, is faithfully to execute the various Tasks impoſed upon us by the preſent Eſtabliſhment of Things. To proceed upon any other

other Scheme, is to act out of Nature, and thereby to act unwiſely; and will involve us in greater Inconveniences. For there is no flying from this Neceſſity of *Practice*, by any Expedients the Cunning of Man can deviſe. The Rich indeed may tranſfer the Toil of the Hand upon the Poor, and in ſome Reſpects that of the Head too; but if they attempt wholly to excuſe themſelves from the pains of contriving, and conſidering, and to find a Deputy for all theſe; the Event is ſo far from releaſing them from Fatigue and Trouble, that they become more wretched than the Peaſant who guides the Plough. For by this Negligence, their Affairs are perplexed, and their Eſtates confounded, and they find themſelves obliged to ſet in to Buſineſs, after they have contracted a liſtleſs Habitude of Indolence and Eaſe. There are two Sorts of Perſons, who ſeem very much manumitted from the Vexation of this buſy Scene, the Religious Man, and the vain, thoughtleſs Trifler. The firſt enjoys the ſerious Happineſs of a Man, but he knows ſometimes his Diſturbances too; the other is gay, blitheſome and ſporting, but the Happineſs he poſſeſſes is idle, childiſh and deſpicable, and worthy only of a Kind of Creature, as it were, between a real intellectual Being, and mere Matter; ſuch an Animal is not of Dignity enough to feel Affliction or Sorrow, and triumphs fantaſtically in the Illuſion of a giddy Dream; while the other experiences the *ſober Certainty of waking Bliſs.* - - - - - - - - - - - - -

P. S.

Wedneſday Morning, *April* 2, 1718.

P. S.

I have not time now to continue this Subject, and add what I deſigned concerning that ſorrowful * Perſonal Caſe you mentioned; and I dare not adjourn the ſending this Letter, leſt my Credit ſhould ſuffer.

London, June 3, 1718.

To Mr. D——

Dear Sir,

YOUR delightful Letter makes me ſincerely cry out with *Milton*,

How charming is Divine Philoſophy!

And the magnificent Subject itſelf received a wonderful Energy and Grace by this beautiful Circumſtance, which I reflected on as I read, that all thoſe excellent Thoughts proceeded from the Heart of my Friend, and were not the gay Expreſſions of a merely Speculative Writer.

I hear thee, my better Genius, and I obey thy Call, and gladly liſten to thy lulling Lore! Having ſpread before me the rich Ornament and Furniture of this

* *See the Preface to a Collection of* Original Poems, Tranſlations, Eſſays *and* Letters, *by Mr.* Henry Needler, p. 6. *printed for* J. Watts, 1728. In Twelves.

fair

fair Planet where we dwell, thou biddeſt aſcend; and I take Wing readily, and aſcend; and am by thee wafted from Orb to Orb, in the unmeaſurable Expanſion, viewing

Worlds above Worlds, impoſſible to climb!

While I am thus travelling in Spirit over the unfathomable Works of God, the great Promiſe pronounced by JESUS to his Followers, of preparing Manſions to receive them, devoutly riſes in my Mind; and I am all on fire to explore where thoſe ſhining Seats may be; and, if it were poſſible, to gain a Glimpſe of the Heavenly *Jeruſalem*, the immoveable City which is reared by the Eternal King, and which ſeems to require, even of Omnipotence itſelf, ſuch Solemnity of Preparation, and a long Revolution of Ages, to finiſh and adorn it. My Heart glows within me, and I lift up my Imagination all I can, to conceive the tranſporting Scene of Myriads, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand, uttering Hallelujahs to Him who liveth for ever, and ſolemnizing a Cœleſtial Sabbath.

From ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
Angelic Bow'r and bleſt Abode,
Ye awful Hoſts, who dwell on high,
Aſſemble to the Throne of God.

Thither, ye Cherubim, who guide
The meaſur'd Motion of the Stars,
And o'er the glittering Orbs preſide,
Informing the revolving Spheres;

Who on the num'rous Worlds around
Pour down, from blazing Suns, the Day,
In all your Pomp of Glory crown'd,
With prompt Obedience wing your Way.

To your Creator's Name inſpire
The Song; and with melodious Noiſe,
The Harp, and Sweetneſs of the Lyre
Touch skilfully, and give them Voice.

Let the deep Organ utter round
Its ſwelling Notes, and waken Joy;
And the clear Trumpet's Princely Sound
Break loudly forth, and fill the Sky.

And let the bright Arch-Angel raiſe
The pealing Symphony Divine;
And in th' Abundance of his Praiſe,
Your Choral Voices gladly join.

Thus have I, by your Occaſion, kept a ſhort Holiday from Buſineſs, and leſs grateful Employments, and ſmoothly melted away ſome Moments in the Tranſports of theſe Contemplations; but *deſcend we from this Top of Speculation now.*

My Voice grows hoarſe, I feel the Notes decay. I muſt riſe, however unwilling, and

——————*twitch my Mantle blue,*
To-morrow to freſh Cares, and Labours new.

I am,

Yours moſt affectionately,

JABEZ HUGHES.

P. S.

P. S.

You will be ſo juſt as to accept this in part of Payment, and I do not offer it to you for more. The Verſes above, you will remember. If my Spirits had held, I ſhould have added more; but I cannot yet finiſh the Scheme I have formed for them; and indeed I think here are enough bad Verſes for one Letter.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Letter was writ in Anſwer to one received from a Friend, preſſing the Author to finiſh ſeveral imperfect Poems, in which were theſe Lines;

Life, like a Viſion, glides away
With nimble Wings, and will not ſtay;
Then let us ſnatch the paſſing Hour,
And wiſely uſe our utmoſt Pow'r,
Friendſhip's prevailing Charm to prove,
And leave ſome Traces of our Love;
That when grim Death ſhall ſeize his Prize,
And Unrelenting cloſe our Eyes,
Our Friends with chearful Voice may ſay;
" Thou ſhalt not wholly Fate obey;
" Thy better Part is left behind,
" The Picture of thy living Mind!

To Mr. D——

Dear Sir,

ALL thoſe inceptive Works you recite againſt me, muſt ſleep yet longer, till Leiſure, and a more erect Mind ſhall enable me to reſume them. As ſoon as that Hour happens, I ſhall readily comply with your Requeſt. At preſent I am inſolvent, and very innocently ſo, and crave your Indulgence. The Thing, called *Fame*, is hardly any Motive to me; and, if it were, is far beyond my Power; yet, with all my Defects, I truſt there is too much Affection in your Friendſhip, if you ſurvive me, to let me fail of ſome tender Remembrance in his Thoughts, whom I ſo truly love.

When from the Luſtre of the Light,
My ſwimming Eyes ſhall cloſe in Night,
And Earth's dank Boſom ſhall receive
The breathleſs Relicks that I leave;
My Soul, in Manſions of the Sky,
Shall taſte unutter'd Joys on high.
Below, my noiſeleſs, humble Name,
Which neither ſought, nor hop'd for Fame,
Shall dwell a while in his dear Breaſt,
Who has my living Heart poſſeſt,
And in a Friend's religious Mind,
The beſt of Monuments ſhall find!

Pray do not cenſure me for carrying my Letter to no greater a Length. I am ſo little qualify'd for writing Verſes, that I am ſoon out o Br eath.

— *Sapp*

——————— *Sæpe ego longos*
Cantando puerum memini me condere ſoles;
Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina. Virg.

I wiſh you all that *Vernal Delight and Joy*, which the Country, at this Seaſon, is apt to inſpire; and am

SIR,

Moſt affectionately Yours,

London, May 28, 1719.

JABEZ HUGHES.

To ALEXANDER POPE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

THERE is ſomething ſo ſingularly handſome in your being pleas'd to honour me with the laſt Volumes of your excellent *Homer*, that I am impatient to return my Thanks immediately for ſo acceptable a Favour. I have often heard my dear Brother mention your preſenting him with the Volumes, which were publiſhed in his Life-time, with much Pleaſure, as an obliging Expreſſion of Friendſhip; but thus to complete your valuable Gift to one, who never had the Happineſs of being perſonally known to you, is particularly genteel and kind.

I am the more touch'd with this unexpected Regard, as proceeding from an Author, who had always appear'd to me diſtinguiſhed by a certain peculiar Felicity and Elegance of Genius, from which the principal and inimitable Graces of Poetry ariſe; and tho', from this Prepoſſeſſion, I believed your Tranſlation, when

when you began it, would be performed with great Beauty and Merit, I muſt own the Succeſs is beyond my Expectation, and I am ſurpriſed to ſee with what Vigour you have ſupported ſo long a Labour; with what a wonderful Warmth of Imagination, a Copiouſneſs and Power of Expreſſion, and fine Harmony of Numbers you have conducted it to the end. We know the Privilege *Horace* indulgently allowed to *Homer* himſelf in the length of ſo extended a Courſe; but you have certainly waved it in the Tranſlation, and are *awake through the whole.*

In a Word, Sir, I Congratulate you very heartily on your happy Concluſion of this Noble Undertaking, by which you have enriched our Tongue with an admirable Verſion of the moſt celebrated Poem of Antiquity, and have acquired to Yourſelf the Immortality of your applauded Author.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, and

moſt obedient humble Servant,

London, May 16, 1720.

JABEZ HUGHES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.